



# BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. IX. No. 1.

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*JANUARY, 1881.*

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LEWISTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '82.  
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# THE BATES STUDENT.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

TERMS—\$1 a year, invariably in advance; Single copies, 10 cents.

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## EDITORS.

F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. H. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: C. H. LIBBY.

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## COMMERCE AND LIBERTY.

REVERENT truth is expressed in the somewhat irreverent maxim which enjoins us to give the devil his due. The justice of this maxim doubtless arises from the ignorance which men have fallen into as to the many transmigrations of his satanic majesty.

Liberty has more often than not been personated as the incarnation of evil; and yet the work of discrimination has been going on through the long generations, and history has gradually developed the fact that license is the enemy of liberty, while liberty itself contributes the choicest aspiration to human life.

The greater part of liberty is in the honesty of other people, and the greater part of the honesty of other people with which we come in contact is included in our commercial dealings with them. In other words honesty is founded upon commerce; rather commerce and honesty are synonymous terms, and liberty grows out of them.

Thus far in the lapses of time the English race is the race of commerce; and, as we all know, it is also the race of liberty. The French are keen observers, and it was Montesquieu who remarked of the Great Charta that "the English have made the protection of foreign merchants one of the articles of their national liberty." And a British writer, whose influence is great to-day, observed a hundred years ago that it was as England forsook her wars for the maintenance of her foreign possessions on the Continent, which possessions were lost

under Henry the Sixth, and devoted her attention to her maritime interests, that she began to flourish, and "became much more considerable in Europe than when her princes were possessed of a large territory, and her councils distracted by foreign interests."

There is beneficence as well as wealth in commerce, and that beneficence is inherent in commerce and more of a reality than what the teachers of morals are apt to suppose. The volume of modern commerce is so large, commercial relations have become so intricate, the problems to which they give rise are so complex, that the necessities of the case demand a height of honor and integrity such as has not before been witnessed since the world began. The system of credit which crops out in checks and notes and bills of exchange is alone ample proof of this proposition. The commerce of the United States is indicated by her exports and imports, which made a total of \$1,157,415,000 in 1879. The grain crop of 1879 alone amounted to 2,500,000,000 bushels, and the cotton crop for 1880 was more than 5,750,000 bales. Then the production of hay and fruit and garden stuff, of dairy products and live stock, of iron and coal and petroleum, of the precious metals, and of the hundred and one other natural products, as well as the whole catalogue of manufactured goods, makes a total whose bulk is simply amazing. It is stated that \$18,000,000,000 worth of commodities are

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moved in the United States annually. Most of this is, of course, moved by rail. And this brings me to a question which bears on the topic as to whether or not there is a beneficent impulse inherent in commerce.

A New York merchant, who has paid a good deal of attention to the transportation problem, asks the significant question in the December *Scribner*: "Can Americans, whose forefathers abolished the law of primogeniture and entail to avoid the evils of vast accumulations of wealth in the hands of individuals, afford to leave unregulated new agencies far more potent to that end than any which were at that time dreamed of?" Mr. Thurber came to this question after considering the colossal fortunes amassed by railroad magnates during the last twenty years in this country. I think it is not a random assertion that the one prominent prospective danger which threatens the liberties of our country is the despotism of a railroad monarchy. A hundred thousand miles of railroads, representing a capital of \$5,000,000,000, retaining the ablest legal talent, becoming a controlling influence in courts and legislatures, and also entering the halls of Congress with no bashful face, forms a political power which may prove a despotism to take possession of a new world. The most ominous feature of the railroad question is the consolidating into few and fewer systems of all the lines of the country. To offset this menacing prospect we have the fact that the nature of commerce is alien to that of despotism, and that left to itself (as much as we can speak of a commerce being left to itself) it ever tends towards benefiting man.

The great volume of commerce, which is rapidly becoming larger and larger, can alone be carried on by means of great combinations which are so near the verge of, when they are not quite, great monopolies. Naturally the first thought of the

people is that these great combinations of capitalists connected with the railroad management must be broken up so as to prevent the amassing of fortunes by the railroad kings; and also that the people may have the benefit of the earnings of the roads in the reduction of rates. But what are the actual facts? The great consolidation which Commodore Vanderbilt effected reduced the charge on freight on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad from \$2.38 per ton per mile in 1869 to 79 cents per ton per mile in 1879; and on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad from \$1.50 per ton per mile in 1869 to 64 cents per ton per mile in 1879. The tendency for the last year or two towards combination has been exhibiting wonderful development; and yet the fact remains that the condensations of many smaller roads into a fewer larger systems is resulting in a material decrease of the rates charged. This is no place to enter into a discussion of this subject, and I will content myself by copying the following paragraph from an editorial in the "Investor's Supplement" to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, of New York: "A greatly increased business, at a considerable lower average charge, is the characteristic feature of the situation, and this can not be too prominently or too often presented, for its bearings in every respect—financial, legislative, and economical—are of the first importance. Mr. Poor compares the operations of thirteen leading roads for 1873 and 1879, and finds that the miles of road operated increased 20.83 per cent., and the tonnage of freight increased 47.27 per cent.; but the receipts therefrom increased only 3.84 per cent. How plainly this statement shows the decrease in rates we need not urge. In case of these roads, in 1878, the average charge per ton per mile ranged from 73 cents to \$1.80; in 1879 from 64 cents to \$1.72; the average for the thirteen roads aggregated

was \$1.15 in 1878, and \$1.02 in 1879. These roads received in 1879 about one-fourth of all the railroad freight earnings in the United States; on the rates of 1873 they would have taken in \$230,000,000 instead of \$116,000,000; for the whole country the rates of 1873 would have taken in \$922,000,000 instead of \$386,500,000."

In the light of such figures as these the incidental gathering together of a few millions, through a series of years, by the chief men of the railroads, looks very insignificant in comparison with the saving which these same men have caused to the people of the country in the decrease of rates charged. Mr. Edward Atkinson has computed that a quarter of a ton of grain and meat, that constitutes the year's subsistence of an adult in Massachusetts, is brought a thousand miles at the measure of one day's wages of a common laborer. Mr. Atkinson also says in the same *Sunday Herald* (Boston) of last May, that "in respect to the railroad, it will be observed that the curve of the increase in the production of grain is almost coincident with the increase in the miles of the railroad. The great capitalists who control and extend these lines are the true communists—they reduce the cost of subsistence and bring about equality in consumption."

The problem to escape material harm from these great railroad capitalists seems to lie rather in restraining these combinations, in truly discriminating between the good and the bad combinations, and not in endeavors to outroot all great combinations. The work of legislators would seem to be that of physicians whose highest ambition is satisfied in aiding nature; for there certainly is a tendency in all disordered commerce to work out its own cure, but it is just as important that the legislature should do its part; though a small part, yet done in the right way, that small part may save disaster.

I have left myself no room to speak of

the many suggestive thoughts which arise in connection with the relation which commerce sustains to liberty. Examples are not wanting where repudiation and intolerance go hand in hand; where liberty and commerce and honesty are equally absent. But commerce is no insignificant factor in finding its way into those dark corners of our beloved country, and creating a sentiment of honor therein.

Perhaps the readers of the *STUDENT* will pardon me for touching thus briefly upon a theme which may not seem exactly fitting for the columns of a college magazine. My only excuse is that this is an age of commerce, and that the education which fails to take note of trade and its influences is an education which is partial in a significant sense. And to adapt a college education for those who are to follow a business life, as well as for those who are to enter a profession, would seem to be what an academical course should do. Does it do it at present?

E. A. S., '73.

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### MORNING BY THE SEA.

The larks that soar far out above the bay,  
The early morning songsters in the grove,  
Herald again the dawning of the day,  
With all their myriad joyous notes of love.

A crimson glow spreads up along the sky,  
A purple flush reflected from the hills away,  
The soft white clouds, that slowly drift on high,  
Are mirrored on the bosom of the bay.

The ships, with folded wings, at anchor ride,  
And calmly wait to catch the fav'ring breeze,  
Or outward drift upon the turning tide  
That bears them on their way to distant seas.

Now watch the crimson glow above the deep  
Melt into fire, and swiftly upward stream;  
See! See! a thousand shining lances leap  
Far up the Eastern sky with golden gleam.

Wide open Morning swings her gates of gold,  
With radiant smile she floods the landscape  
o'er;

The glow is caught, now all her charms behold  
Reflected back from hill and sea and shore.

In dazzling chariot now the god of light  
Begins his journey up the Eastern heaven;  
The immortal steeds mount up the glowing height  
By Phœbus' sovereign hand obedient driven.

From Natures' grand cathedral on the hill  
The wild-bird choirs send up their tuneful lays,  
The bells from distant spires peal forth until  
They wake the city with their deep-toned  
praise.

Once more we see the happy day begin,  
From cottage roof the blue smoke upward  
curls,  
With song the sailors wind their anchor in,  
The fisherman his snowy sail unfurls.

J. L. W.

#### THE STUDENT IN POLITICS.

IT is a favorite idea of the college student that when he goes out into the world he is going forth from the arsenal of his *Alma Mater*, well equipped with the weapons which shall aid him in immediately and easily taking a prominent position among his fellow-men in almost any department he shall choose. And of late years it has been the custom of college journals to assure their readers that the hope of the country in the future must rest upon its educated men. On the other hand in past times it has been claimed that literature is separate from politics, and that the student is more profitably employed in his library than in the political campaign.

Both of these statements are true. The time has been when a man, unless he were possessed of extraordinary powers of mind and body, could not well take a prominent position in both literature and politics. But the nineteenth century, among other revolutions, has overturned the facts upon which this fact rests. Before the year 1800 literary men who were great in

political affairs were the exception. Now they are the rule. More is required both of the scholar and of the politician than was deemed at all necessary one hundred years ago, and every year is more and more clearly demonstrating the fact that to be a complete politician, using the word in its better sense, one must be acquainted with books, and that under the system of free government, which is growing evenly with civilization, the true scholar cannot separate himself entirely from politics.

These statements are so plainly true that they go with the saying, and no long list of illustrations is necessary to prove them.

Glance at England's statesmen for the past century, and then open the pages of her great reviews and note the articles,—political, literary, historical, æsthetic, of every sort in fact,—contributed to their columns by the men who have stood forth as leaders in the politics of their time. That men of their positions should write such articles is a sure indication of a great change from the times before. The gulf between the former century and the present is broad and deep, and the space between any condition in our lives and the corresponding condition in the lives of our forefathers is great. But in nothing is the difference more apparent than in the condition of the scholar and statesman in times past and present;—their former almost necessary separation and their present almost necessary union. This may be attributed, nay, must be, to innumerable causes, but principally, I think, to two,—the growth of constitutional government and the effect of labor-saving machines in the increased facilities for acquiring knowledge.

Let us notice England, as the nation whose history in many respects affords us the best example. Constitutional government, which is the pride of the

Englishman, and the *sine qua non* of the American, undoubtedly is not entirely a growth of the nineteenth century. The germs of it existed as far back as the traditional age of England, nay, according to Taine's theory, which he uses as the key to his whole brilliant work on English Literature, they may be found away back among the barbarians who were the forefathers of the present Englishman, and in whose sturdy, courageous, simple characters were elements which must, in England's climate and position, develop a government such as she now possesses. However true or false the theory may be, it does not concern us now. It is certain that the germ of this form of government was planted long centuries ago; that it had developed a vigorous strength when John signed *Magna Charter*; that Cromwell found the trunk strong enough to bear up against a tyranny supported by the traditions and fealty of many generations; and that it was ready to burst into blossom when James the Second was declared to have forfeited the throne of England, and first a constitution was declared for Englishmen.

But it has remained for the nineteenth century to see the fruit of this long growth. And a part of the fruit is that scholarship and statesmanship are no longer separated in the minds of men. That constitutional government and literary statesmen are related to each other, as cause and effect, I hold to be undeniable. Where power is arbitrary, and is located in a king who may raise or depress at his will, the effect on men is that as a rule the one who wishes to succeed will find that by accommodating himself to the opinions and needs of his royal master, a more certain road opens to him to success than in any other way; and to please one man, even if he is a king, or perhaps, as has often been the case, to please a king's mistress, does not necessarily imply great intellectual power

or acquirements. A fine voice may charm away a province when it lies in one person to grant the province; a pleasing manner with a bold and commanding spirit may make of a great king a mere tool for costly pleasures, which an oppressed kingdom pays for. Wolseys and Buckinghams are not uncommon figures in history. But to command the wills of millions of people requires something more than ready wit and courtly manners.

But though a constitutional government was nominally established, it was not till a century or more afterwards that England could feel sure of the ground she was standing on. The breach between Whigs and Tories in those days was of far greater extent than is the difference of belief that now separates Conservatives and Liberals. Then, it was a contest between parties for different forms of government; now, it is to determine only in what directions and how the government shall grow. Then, the one man power was plainly to be felt; now, it is the will of the many that controls.

The effect of all this on the scholar and statesman is plain. The man now who can best meet the demands of the people, is the man who is most sure of success. And one of the demands of this century is intellectual acquirement. It is a necessity. The maxim has been sneered at and derided, but it is an almost axiomatic truth that "knowledge is power." Of two men equally gifted by nature, the one learned, the other comparatively unlearned, he who can call to his aid the wisdom, the experience, the methods of thought and action of generations before him, is certain to outstrip the other in the race for advancement. This is true in every department, and is just as true in politics. The man who lacks this high intellectual culture and power may be successful to a certain extent,—just so far as his *personal* influence can reach; but if he aims at higher

things, as a rule he must take the wall and give way to some man with, perhaps, less natural ability, but who knows more. And he will always find men who know more, for such men seek their rewards under free governments; and where prizes are open, contestants are never wanting. Take the leaders of the three great Republics of the world, Gladstone (for I reckon England a Republic in every thing but the name), Gambetta, and Garfield,—they are acknowledged leaders of men, and they have won and hold their places by the power of their intellects.

It is hard to exaggerate the effect of constitutional government in producing such results. But with this cause I must join the other which I have mentioned, and that is, labor and time-saving machines.

It would be curious, did time and space permit, to trace out the inter-dependence of government and labor-saving machines, for there is certainly a logical and apparent connection between the two.

It is difficult to estimate the effect that the steam engine has had upon political economy. We are accustomed to pride ourselves upon our advances in a material way. We use the telegraph and wonder how our fathers ever existed so long without it. We look into our vast factories and machine shops and see great masses moving with an accuracy and effectiveness that seem to belong only to a reasoning being, and we think with pity of the ones before us who had to do all these things by hand, and even then could not accomplish a tithe of the labor that these machines perform.

But one is apt to overlook the greatest gain which these things have given to the world. It is not alone in the number of yards of cotton manufactured, and the increased business done, that their value is to be traced. Wonderful as has been their effect on the world of matter, it has been even greater on the intellectual world.

Think of it. Every one of the labor-

saving machines has saved time, and time is more precious to man than any commodity in all the thousand and one articles which busy commerce transports from place to place. Who can estimate the time saved by our railroads? When our government was established it took weeks for Congressmen to reach the capital from the more remote colonies. Now California can send her Representative clear across the continent in a day or two. Now add to the railroad the myriad other contrivances that save the time of mankind, and multiply the sum by the countless daily savings of each one of these machines, and the additional amount of time left to the world is enormous—inconceivable.

What becomes of this time saved? It is applied to new work, say you? True, but to a higher class of work. It increases the class of men who are able to live without continuous manual labor. While accomplishing greater results, it has shortened the hours of the operatives from twelve or fourteen hours a day to nine or ten. It gives these same operatives a chance to spend this extra time in rest, in mental culture, or in earning more money, which is simply storing up leisure for the future, either for themselves or for somebody else.

The result on our civilization is apparent, though I believe that the credit is rarely given where it belongs. Compare now our civilization with that of past ages, and how does it differ? We cannot claim to be much ahead of the ancients in a mere literary point of view. We may still look to their writings for masterpieces of eloquence, poetry, and philosophy. But we differ from them essentially in the agents who produce our literature.

Until the present century it has been the few to whom the stored up wealth, or its equivalent, time, of former generations gave the opportunity to follow literary

pursuits, who have, for the most part, furnished the literary work of the world. The lower classes of society formerly held the place that our machines now do. They had no time, no means, to cultivate their higher faculties. It was a constant, daily struggle for existence. Of course, such is often the case now. We shall not see toil and poverty removed from the world till the golden age of the millennium shall come. But the time is past when there is no hope, because there is no time, for the laboring man to better his condition,—and he is constantly doing so. We may well lament the lack of education, which is, indeed, widely prevalent. But it is a significant fact that our schools and colleges are growing at least equally with our other institutions.

In the last decade our population increased about 30 per cent. In seven years, from 1870 to 1877, our colleges increased from 266 to 371, or about 31 per cent. Add to this the fact that our colleges have been steadily raising their standard of requirements, and that the qualifications that would admit a man to Harvard fifty years ago, would now hardly pass him into the second year of an ordinary fitting school, the effect of which is, that what amounted to a fair college education of half a century ago is now oftentimes attained by men who never entered a college.

But how does this affect the matter of the student in politics? Let us see. If what has been said is true, it has much pertinency. If it is a fact that in our time and our government there is a demand for educated and intellectual men, then these matters are worth consideration by every student. Our government is a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." It is the duty of every man, student or not, as a citizen, to care for its interests and as far as his influence goes, to make it successful. But it is especially the duty of the student, because,

since the field of true statesmanship which lies open before him, affords ample scope and reward for the exercise of his intellectual abilities, he has a special inducement to turn his attention thither. And if the student has made good use of his opportunities, he may expect to succeed. But if he has not, he will be surprised to find how quickly men who have no such chances as himself will leave him behind.

There are, it seems to me, some glaring defects in our college system, in its methods of preparing men for life. No man who attends to his business can go through college at present without getting good mind discipline. The course which he must pursue cares well for that. And I appreciate the fact that everything cannot be crowded into a course of four years, and the other fact that the true purpose of a college course must be rather to create mental activity, accuracy, and grasp than to supply a man with a stock of knowledge which shall suffice to carry him with ease and comfort through the rest of his life.

But a college course, in attaining these ends, should not withdraw the student entirely from the active life in which he must mingle when he leaves his *Alma Mater*. Now, for illustration, no student can graduate from college without more or less knowledge of mathematics, but he may and often does leave it with no practical knowledge of his country's history. You say he may read it if he chooses, and is to be expected to do so of his own accord. Granted, but he doesn't do it just the same.

The writer had occasion to read some time since Bancroft's and Hildreth's Histories of the United States, from our college library, and though they were not by any means new books, yet, sad to relate, there were plenty of uncut leaves. And yet these are standard works,—are almost necessary to an understanding of United States history,—are a key to American politics,

and to human nature acting in the planes to which many a student desires to ascend? Why are they not read? I believe it is safe to say that they would be if students were led to them, for they are in themselves their own reward. But many a student reads history only when he has an essay to write, and just enough of it to fill out his required number of words. This is "putting it strong, yet I state but the facts"; and I know them to be true, for I have not only observed them of others, but have studied history in just that same way.

But the student must take all this, as many other things, after he leaves college! He may do it if he will. Undoubtedly almost every one could do it. But striking into reading history without any particular taste for it, natural or acquired, is much like taking a plunge into cold water. Other folks may enjoy it, and get good from it, but the nerves shrink from it, and unless the necessity is strong, one is likely to compromise the matter of the cold bath by adding some warm water and the matter of history by substituting fiction or business or pleasure.

History is only one thing. There are others which might be alluded to did space permit. The student who enters into politics has an advantage over other men. He has an intellect which has passed through years of training tending to develop his reasoning powers. But at the present and in the future much will be demanded of the one who is to succeed—more than in the past. For students have ceased to be an exceptional class, and thousands every year are leaving their *Alma Maters* all over our country and starting into the race for success. The man who is to take the prizes in this crowd of competitors must be well equipped with the bone and sinew

which intellect and education alone can supply. The time is past when one can reasonably hope to compete with the men with whom he will be matched, without this equipment.

The field of politics, then, is open to the scholar, and furnishes ample range for the exercise of his powers, and ample rewards for his labors. But he must remember that while the field has been widening year by year, the requirements which success demands before it surrenders itself, have been growing also, and that the statesman, the politician, in this age must be a fuller man, a broader man, a better informed man, than the great leaders of the last century. O.

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#### A PARODY.

Maud Muller on a winter's day,  
Went out on the ice to play.

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks  
Of red banged hair, and her crimson socks.

She straddled about from ten till two,  
And then a hole in the ice fell through.

On the bottom of the pond she sat,  
As wet and as mad as a half-drowned rat.

A man with a hickory pole went there,  
And fished her out with her auburn hair.

And her mother is said to have thumped her  
well,  
Though just how hard Miss Maud won't tell,

And hung her over a stove-pipe to dry,  
With a thumb in her mouth and fist in hereye.

Alas! for the maiden; alas! for the hole,  
And 'rah for the man with a hickory pole.

—*Ex.*



A horizontal number line with a solid dot at 0.

### Personals and Correspondence.

We have made arrangements for a number of sketches, stories, and miscellaneous articles which, we think, will prove more attractive to the students and alumni than the usual crop of essays, Junior parts, etc. The editorials besides treating of matters connected with the college will occasionally discuss some of the more important educational topics of the day. The exchange department will be conducted in the same liberal spirit which has marked its course from the beginning. In order to carry out our plans for the coming year it will be necessary that we have the hearty co-operation of our college men. The latch string to the door of our sanctum will always hang within the reach of those who wish to assist us, either by literary contributions, or cash.

institution which, in a large measure, has a reputation yet to make, than would appear at a single thought. By them, in no very limited degree, is the feeling of lower classes toward an institution governed, and their attitude toward instructors molded. They have passed the half-way mark in the course, and are consequently supposed to be cognizant with the virtues and failings, more especially the latter, which are peculiar to the college and its officers. Their opinion of a college law or a Faculty mandate must necessarily have large influence with members of a lower class not yet familiar with many things pertaining to college life in its various phases. How often during the Freshman and early part of the Sophomore year does every student, in considering what his course shall be upon some question arising upon a matter of common interest, ask the question, "How are the upper classes preparing to act upon this subject?" And it is almost invariably the case that when the decision of the upper classes becomes known, the lower classes govern their own action accordingly. College students do not always follow too closely that great principle of common justice, that "every man is innocent until proven guilty." They are altogether too apt to allow their better and clearer judgment to be biased. A Freshman is apt to think that an instructor or a regulation which is unpopular with those criterions in college life, the members of the Senior class, must necessarily be unpopular with him, forgetting that a fair investigation might place the fault upon the class rather than upon the regulation or instructor.

Such being the case, it would seem fitting that the members of these two classes particularly should cultivate a respect for their *Alma Mater*, and give expression, on

all proper occasions, to kindly rather than hostile sentiments toward the institution with which they are allied. Our own college is at this time laboring under financial difficulties, a costly law suit on its hands, and now, if ever, needs the cordial support of all its undergraduates as well as its alumni. Pecuniary assistance of course is impossible, but at least all can give cordial and zealous support to the executive officers and Faculty of the college in their endeavors to place the affairs of the institution upon a firm and permanent footing. Of course there are many things which it would be desirable to change, and many more are lacking, but now is not the time to seek a remedy. Every friend of the college is hoping that a just court will compel the execution of the will of Mr. Bates in its true sense and intent. If such be the issue, then let each student believe that failings and abuses, if such exist, will be remedied. Until that time it is but justice that each class should extend to each incoming class a friendly hand, covering the faults of the college with charity, exerting thereby an influence favorable to the institution in all its workings.

That we, as students, fail in taking the daily exercise required for perfect health, is self-evident. An eminent hygienist recommends four hours of muscular labor, or its equivalent in some sort of exercise, for those engaged in sedentary pursuits. Comparing this statement of what ought to be, with what exists in many educational institutions of the country, we find there is a deficiency—arising in part from indolent habits, and perhaps thoughtlessness. But this requirement of four hours may seem more than is absolutely necessary. Admitting it for the moment to be so, and diminishing it one-half, we venture the statement that not more than one-quarter of our students meet even this

diminished requirement; perhaps they may in summer, but not in winter.

The benefits of regular physical exercise are familiar to any intelligent person who has given the subject consideration. He is, moreover, aware of the dependence of the mind's power and activity upon the condition of the body; he also knows that a man with a large intellectual capacity should have a healthy, physical organization to sustain and balance it; and that a man having a brain capacity proportionally large in respect to his body, should devote more care to his physical condition than a man whose brain capacity is proportionally smaller. It is said that if the sea were always calm, its inhabitants would suffocate; so it is with the mind of the student, when there is a lack of bodily exercise. By as much, therefore, as we consider the pursuit of knowledge a useful and dignifying employment, by so much must we consider health valuable.

It is a fact that students who give too much attention to athletics, are not scholarly, and the truth of this statement is derived not only from observation but from logical reasoning. But at the same time, this lack of scholarship is not attributable to the "muscle" which its possessor has, but rather to the distractions of mind which said "muscle" causes. Strong men are more liable to excess in muscular efforts than weak men. Hence it is that too much time is devoted to baseball, boating, etc., by some, while exercise is entirely disregarded by others. As a result, some leave college strong in body but weak in mind; others strong in mind but weak in body. Either case is as lamentable as the other. A graduate should be strong both in mind and body, and he will be so if in his course he has combined hard study with abundant exercise.

The rivalry in athletic sports existing among colleges, draws more or less at-

tention to the subject of "muscular scholarship." Many believe that precious time is spent in sports, thus proving detrimental to college work; others have a contrary belief. No doubt there are extremists on both sides of the question; but by considering these different views candidly, every student, knowing his own duties and needs better than we can tell him, can best establish for himself a systematic routine of labor and study.

In a former number of the *STUDENT* there appeared an article beginning thus: "What is the use of this study? I cannot master it; why then waste my time upon it? I shall never teach it; I shall never make it a specialty; I can never excel in this branch. Why, then, spend so many hours in trying to accomplish what I am confident I shall never make use of after I get outside college walls?" Expressions like these, the writer affirmed, were too often heard among our students. We do not differ from him in the opinion that some benefit might accrue from each of the studies in our curriculum, yet we do think that the interrogatory, with which the article began, expresses a need greatly felt at Bates,—namely, elective studies.

There are branches of study which some would like to pursue longer than the time now allotted to them. Take Greek, Latin, and the Modern Languages as studies of this class. There are many students who would desire to take these branches a year or two longer than our present course provides. But as a student can elect no substitute for a study that is distasteful to him, he is obliged to worry through as best he can. Now as we have learned by experience that it is almost impossible for a man to do justice to a study he detests, we ask if it is not presumption to expect students to do conscientious work in such studies? Were our students allowed to elect a part of

their studies, we think this difficulty would be avoided. Certainly there would be better work done by men who are now called lazy and dull in some of the higher branches of mathematics.

We are well aware that in order to introduce electives, more professors must be employed. We are also well aware that our financial condition is not very flattering, but we do hope that the day is not far distant when the college pocket-book will warrant the introduction of electives at Bates.

During the last few days of the fall term, the examinations were the principal subjects for thought and consideration; and while some, after the ordeal had passed, breathed more easily, others became painfully aware that a vacation, not as they had anticipated of pleasure and rest, but of tiresome study, was before them. "Well, what did you think of the examinations?" was a very common question, and the answer, "They were very fair only they didn't give us time enough," was equally common. Now we do not wish to criticise the action of the Faculty with any fault-finding spirit, but we desire to call their attention to a subject of great importance to many of the students. We believe that the time allotted for writing our examinations should not be limited. There may be time enough now for those who are quick, but that doesn't make it any more consoling for those who are not thus favored by nature. So long as classes are made up of dull scholars, as well as apt, so long will this limitation of time bear heavily upon many. The Faculty will doubtless admit that slowness of speech does not necessarily prove ignorance any more than rapidity of expression always indicates profundity of knowledge. Indeed, is it not true that some of our very best scholars are unable to express themselves unless considerable time

is allowed them? Under the present system is it not true that many men who have studied faithfully and thoroughly through the term, produce discreditable papers at the examination *for lack of time*?

Thus this limitation precludes to many all hope of distinction in their classes and throws a "wet blanket" over their ambition. Does it pay to discourage such men unnecessarily? Is it not damaging to the cause of good scholarship, to say nothing of the desirability of according justice to every man?

We do not at this time criticise in any respect the length or nature of the examinations. No doubt our professors intend to make them reasonable in length; and as to the nature of the questions, they are generally fair. Granting the right of the Faculty to decide upon the number and the nature of the questions, will they not allow us to take what time we need in answering them? Of course it stands to common sense that a man will get through as soon as possible. If it was any particular advantage to the Faculty to limit our time, there might be some excuse. But that can hardly be, for our professors, to a man, seem perfectly willing to spend a great deal of time, and put themselves to considerable trouble, when asked to do so by a student. Now, since the present system is clearly of no advantage to the Faculty, and as clearly a positive disadvantage to the students, can there be any propriety in further delaying the change so earnestly called for by those interested?

The *Acta Columbiana*, in its issue of December 24th, extends an invitation to the representatives of twenty-three college papers to meet at New Haven, April 15th, 1881, to form an Inter-Collegiate Press Association. The object of this association is stated in the call, as follows: "Its chief ends will be to build up a social and quasi-professional friendship among the

different editors, and to increase as much as may be possible the present efficiency of the college press—having due regard to local demands and differences."

No one who has watched the rapid growth of college journalism will deny the practicability of such an organization. The day has long since passed by when college papers were few in number and insipid in quality. To-day there is not a literary institution of any positive merit in the United States but has its periodical. Those published by colleges are, in most cases, conducted by men of marked ability. If this is true, what a great advantage it would be for the representatives of such papers to meet together, socially, to develop a friendly interest in each other; professionally, to discuss the best methods of advancing the welfare of the college press of America. It is not stated whether all colleges are to be admitted to the above association. We presume, however, that such is the intention of the originators of the plan.

Among the many good counsels given us by our learned instructors, we believe we have never heard "thinking" suggested as a means of disciplining the mind. There is discipline in the study of calculus; no doubt about that. There would also be discipline in memorizing Webster's Unabridged, and after the feat was accomplished, a discipline emulated by everybody, equalled by few and excelled by none, would be acquired; and besides the mere discipline, a fellow would get a pretty good idea of the meaning of words. But time is precious, and it is every one's duty to improve it in the most economical way. Life is too short to study anything for discipline only, when there are so many things the study of which insures both discipline and knowledge.

When we consider that the act of learn-

ing is merely repetition, either oral or mental, we naturally try to determine in our own mind the best method of securing it. In our opinion, that method is thought. Every useful fact is soon forgotten unless brought repeatedly before the mind's attention. How often the remark is made: "Mr. X— can't learn anything. It all goes in at one ear and runs out at the other." Mr. X— is certainly unfortunate. His complaint is considered hereditary and beyond the range of any known remedy. He is pitied by his friends, and "ground" by his merciless professor. Now, the prime difficulty with X—, is *thoughtlessness*; the prime remedy, is *thoughtfulness*.

### LOCALS.

Oh, how lonesome it seems.

Prof. Angell has not yet returned.

Students are about as scarce as hen's teeth.

Some of the Seniors are striking out full beards.

The snow plow no longer breaks out our paths.

Sophomores are not numerous enough to cut up shines.

Schoolmasters, how do you like warming up spare beds?

Prof. Angell's father is very sick at his residence in Providence, R. I.

Skill manipulates the snow shovel and broom, and tugs at the bell rope.

A larger per cent. of the students are teaching this winter than ever before.

As indigent students walk down town they quietly laugh in their sleeves to think how indignant some men would be in a little while if they would only pile their wood on the campus.

'84 has two new members, Mr. Tiffany of New York, and Mr. Wilson of Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

It is pretty hard to get up much enthusiasm in the gymnasium when the *ligum-vitæ* balls of the bowling alley are frozen solid.

The first day of the present term there were six Seniors, three Juniors, four Sophomores, and seven Freshmen at prayers.

First Senior—"Why, Mr. X., what's the matter with the right side of your moustache?" Second Senior—"Best girl's been chewing it."

The exchange editor wishes to state that students desiring to examine the exchanges, after he is through with them, will be accommodated on application.

Prof. Stanton offered a prize, last term, to the Sophomore who should find twelve of the winter birds, before spring. We learn of two, at least, who have found the required number.

After a student has made a clean flunk, and the professor asks: "Mr. A., have you looked at this lesson?" the poor fellow begins to wonder if there is any place in this world where life is never a burden.

First Soph.—"Don't you think Mr. Z. would make a better professor than minister?" Second Soph.—"He won't do for either. He isn't honest enough for a minister, and is too honest for a good college professor."

We wish to call the attention of the students to the business houses whose advertisements are found in the present number. Every firm here represented is reliable and should receive the hearty support of the gentlemen of the college. So long as our merchants are willing to assist us, so long ought we to show them by our patronage that we appreciate the favor.

Times have changed in Parker Hall. An eye witness thus describes a scene he once saw there:

"To arms! to arms! My braves!" he cried,  
And round him rallied heroes tried.  
"On! on! my braves!" and through the hall  
With loud resounding echoes fall  
The steps of warriors four by four.  
They charge and crush—ye Gods!—a door.

The bowling alley is out of repair, at least it was at the close of last term. In short, it needs repairing; it needs a new alley made for it. Surely, the physical vigor of one hundred and twenty-five students ought not to languish for the lack of a little filthy lucre, rightly and judiciously expended.

A better feeling in regard to co-education is noticeable since the number of our lady students has increased. Especially is this the case among a few individual students. May the causes of this healthy change of opinion continue to increase until every gentleman can say he takes an "unusual personal interest" in co-education.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the article "Commerce and Liberty," by Edwin A. Smith, which appears in this number. The writer points out the dangers which are sure to threaten us if railroad monopolies are to be tolerated in this country. The article is well written and deserves the careful perusal of every student.

Prof. S. and a theologian came up from Brunswick on the same train. When the cars arrived at the Chestnut Street crossing both desired to leave the train. The theologian jumped from the platform and landed safely on *terra firma*. The professor, not calculating the distance accurately enough, landed in the middle of a big snow drift. "Well—I—guess—I—held—on—too—long," said he as he wriggled out of the snow bank.

One morning last term, even before the crow cawed, a student was heard shamb-

ling through Parker Hall and singing, "Oh! how I love to sing to you." Whether there was anybody who loved to hear him sing, we are not prepared to state, but we do feel confident in stating that there were at least forty boys who prayed about that time that he might be afflicted with an incurable case of lockjaw.

Some of the denizens of Parker Hall have been talking about fitting up a private bathing room in one of the unoccupied rooms, with the consent of the Faculty. If every one in the building would go in and share equally in the expense, a good and convenient addition to our comforts of life could be had at a comparatively small cost.

What a blessing is sociability! It is an oasis in this desert of college life. How it melts the heart to have a beloved classmate quietly burst into your room without rapping, nonchalantly flop into the best chair, familiarly put his feet against the top of the stove with an energy sufficient to disjoin the funnel, carelessly tip his cap on the crown of his head, complacently roll his quid from cheek to cheek, patronizingly eject the "expressed juice of the weed nicotian" in the direction of the coal-hod, and demurely ask: "Got any tabac in your pants?"

How sublime it is to stand by the garden gate and look off into the clear expanse above,—into the blue arch of heaven studded with highly glistening gems, to ponder upon this wonderful work of the creator, and compare its vastness and magnificence with the greatest of men's work, to feel all those powerful emotions usually experienced when in the presence of an overpowering scene of towering sublimity, and then to hear through the pervading stillness a tender voice, as if wafted from the region of the spheres: "George, how rough your upper lip is!"

"Shine yer boots, sir," said a boot-black to a gentleman who was hurrying down town the other morning. "Haven't time," was the curt reply. "Better stop," urged the grinning urchin, "guess I kinshine an acre an hour an' have 'em all done by sunset."

### PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'74.—A. J. Eastman is preaching at Worcester, Mass. We understand he is having great success in his labors there.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is Superintendent of Schools and Principal of the High School, at Montpelier, Vermont.

'76.—W. H. Merryman is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Poland, N. Y.

'76.—G. F. Adams is meeting with good success as a physician, in Vermont.

'76.—H. Woodbury is again teaching in Baring High School.

'76.—Rev. A. L. Morey, we are glad to learn, is recovering from his severe attack of diphtheria.

'79.—R. F. Johonnett is teaching the High School at North Auburn.

### EXCHANGES.

As we take our seat in the exchange editor's chair,—which, in theory, is beautifully upholstered in velvet, with silk trimmings, but in practice a rather shaky cane-seated affair, built when our grandfather was young,—we cannot but look with pity upon those who are deprived of the honor which Fortune has conferred upon us. To sit here in our sanctum and watch the growth and development of two or three hundred colleges and institutions of learning; to place your finger on the pulse of buoyant, energetic youth and note the health

or disease of student life throughout the United States, is a privilege which very few are accorded during life. And yet in spite of our favored position we do not feel puffed up with pride. We shall continue to associate with our friends just as if Olymian Jove had not vested us with the authority of chief scribe. At times we shall be pleased to test the quality of the choice Havanas or fragrant cigarettes with which editors are supplied by enterprising advertisers.

As we look over the long list of our exchanges, and realize something of the task we have undertaken, our heart almost sinks within us, but as we do not believe in making back tracks in anything, we shall do the very best we can in this department of the STUDENT. We do not intend to use literary soft soap in our treatment of the productions of others, but plain, forcible English. True merit will always be appreciated and slovenly work condemned wherever found. With these thoughts in mind we take up our pen, dip it in the ink and proceed to a chat with our exchanges.

Here is the *Chronicle*, published by the students of the University of Michigan. It comes to us from a State which a few score of years ago was on the frontier of civilization in the western world. Then the woodman's ax resounded from the hills and valleys now teeming with a multitude of cities and villages. But the schoolmaster was abroad, even in those days. A log cabin, fitted up with half-split logs for seats, a three-legged stool for the master, and a bunch of birch switches, was considered a well-furnished temple of learning. To-day no less than eighty colleges are scattered over the country lying between us and Michigan. After due comparison with other papers, we have concluded that in point of literary merit the *Chronicle* is the ablest representative of college journalism in the West. The edi-

torials are short and to the point. In the last number received, the poem entitled "Winter" implies that the writer has no fears of frost-bitten ears, cold beds, and all the discomfures of Arctic weather so long as his Mary Ann smiles benignantly upon him. This is the way he writes:

"I glory in thy wildest rage  
And bid thy powers defiance;  
Exult, when 'round me tempests wage  
Fierce battles as of giants.

"For in my heart, Spring, bathed in light  
From Love's sun shed, is dwelling,  
And Hope, with Summer's promise bright,  
Of joy fulfilled is telling.

"And could I see in two dark eyes  
Of endless depth, love gleaming,  
And see reflected paradise  
In one sweet smile soft beaming,

"Then Heaven itself were here below,  
And, Winter, all thy powers,  
Might snow and bluster, freeze and blow,  
For golden were the hours."

From the article, "Some Definitions of Education," we clip the following sensible thoughts:

"Too many look at education too much as an average American does at his breakfast; something to be gulped down in the shortest possible order before proceeding to real work."

"He who *merely lives* thoughtful, earnest and wide-awake, must become in some measure educated. He who expects to *sleep* under classic walls and become cultured by some encrusting process will wake some day to find himself buried deep in the leaves and litter that come with changing years."

The local departments are always full of matter interesting to college students, if not to the outside world.

One of the finest periodicals, typographically speaking, we have ever seen is the *Williams Athenæum*. It is printed on heavy paper, in large, full type, and is in every respect a credit to its publishers. The literary departments are not as full as they ought to be. The editorial department contains some sensible remarks about social culture, while in college:

"It is the custom of many to go through their four years' course having only a pass-

ing acquaintance with most of their classmates. They spend a good deal of their time in their own rooms, and when a friendly tap is heard at their door, they generally answer, "busy." They go off alone on their walks, and if, during some exciting game of ball, they appear on the campus, it is always with a book in their hand. Nor can they afford to lose time while waiting for the distribution of the mail, so they poke a ten-cent edition of Shakespeare under their nose. Such men may be "bright and shining lights," but they don't give forth heat enough to warm any one but themselves."

The *Archangel*, published by the students of St. Michael's College, Oregon, is the only exchange we have yet received from the Pacific Coast. Its columns are nearly all filled with short school-boy essays, which, although exhibiting some talent, are on the whole too puerile to be found in a college paper.

We have received *Vick's Floral Guide* for 1881 from the veteran seedsman, James Vick of Rochester, N. Y. To say that the book is a good one and no more would be doing an injustice to the publisher. In our opinion, the present issue is far superior to anything of the kind that has yet appeared. The ladies will be more anxious than ever to send for some of the seeds for which Vick has grown so famous.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Vassar Miscellany*, *Oberlin Review*, *Lasell Leaves*, *Harvard Advocate*, *College Herald*, *Harvard Daily Echo*, *College Journal*, *College Mercury*, *Yale Record*, *Kenyon Advocate*, *Amherst Student*, *Reveille*, *Southern Collegian*, *Undergraduate*, *Berkeleyan*, *Brunonian*, *Arcadian Athenæum*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Concordienis*, *Tripod*, *Niagara Index*, *College Courier*, *Independent*, *Washington Jeffersonian*, *Lantern*, *Hesperian Student*, *University Press*, *Colby Echo*, *Wabash*, *Sunbeam*, *Acta Columbian*, *Collegian* and *Neoterian*.

Miscellaneous: *Texas Sun*, *Vick's Illustrated Floral Guide*, *Agents Herald*.



## COLLEGE WORLD.

Princeton is to have a new chapel, to cost over \$80,000.

There are 170 colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.

The *Harvard Register* has been a financial failure, and there is a prospect of its being discontinued.

The graduating class at Middlebury College are obliged to foot the bills for the annual Alumni dinner.

With the death of the *Harvard Lampoon*, the *St. Louis Student Life* and the *Columbia Spectator* remain the only two illustrated college papers in this country.

The immortal seven co-ed's at Wesleyan formed a secret society last week, called Sigma Pi. It is rumored that they intend to make things lively for the fair Freshwomen of '85.

At Vassar a committee has been appointed to compile a song book, and a tax of two cents a week is levied on each member of the Senior class to supply the parlor with flowers.

The Yale Alumni of New York held a jubilee in that city recently. Some of the men were dressed to represent the peculiarities of the Faculty. Dignified lawyers and doctors participated in this festival of fun.

Williams College eating club makes the following offer: Four dollars to the man who can eat the most apples in two hours; one dollar to the second; entrance fee, thirty-five cents. Good apples furnished, and a band of music.—*Ex.*

The German universities certainly believe in developing stomach capacity, whether the brain is cultured or not. The Leipzig students, numbering 35,000, consume 105,000 gallons of beer a day, or three gallons per capita.—*Ex.*

Harvard Freshmen must now get 40 per cent. in their studies to save a condition, instead of 33½ as heretofore.

Bowdoin comes in for a share this time. Mrs. Stone, of Malden, has given an additional \$5,000 to repair the foundation of Memorial Hall; Mr. Mackay, the bonanza king of San Francisco, has given \$50,000 to found a scholarship; a wealthy gentleman, of Philadelphia, has also given \$50,000.

The following endowments have been made recently: Lafayette College, \$10,000; Bowdoin, \$15,000; Williams, \$20,000; Rochester, \$25,000; Syracuse University, \$30,000; Dartmouth, \$50,000; Wesleyan, \$50,000; Amherst, \$106,000; Oberlin, \$157,000; Sydney, \$500,000; Yale, \$1,000,000; Princeton, \$1,200,000.—*University Press.*

The *Œdipus Tyrannus* is to be produced at Harvard next spring. The following is the assignment of parts; *Œdipus*, Mr. Geo. Riddle; *Teocasta*, Mr. L. E. Opdyke; *L. S. Priest*, Mr. W. H. Manning, '82; *Creon*, Mr. J. H. Adams, '81; *Teiresias*, Mr. C. Guild, '81; *Messenger*, Mr. O. Wister, '82; *Servant of Laios*, Mr. G. M. Lane, '81; *Messenger from Within*, Mr. A. W. Roberts, '81.

The 600 Harvard students who board at Memorial Hall, employ 96 persons to prepare their meals. The soup kettle holds 220 gallons, the oat meal kettle 31 gallons, and that for the cracked wheat 45 gallons. The great range is 25 feet long, while the great charcoal grate will easily broil steak for 650 men. But the most astounding parts of the culinary arrangements are the two great ovens, one for baking meat and the other for bread and pies. The first will cook at one time 2,000 pounds of meat and the other 250 pies. About 90 loaves of graham and 75 loaves of white bread are consumed daily. The expense to each student is about \$4.75 per week.—*Ex.*

## CLIPPINGS.

A gambler says: "The only hand in this world which blesses those who grasp it is a full hand."

Recitation in Greek. Mr. R——s—"Then they were seen carrying off the dead corpses of each other."

"Late to bed and early to rise weakens the stomach, the brain, and the eyes."—*Prof. Wilder, in "Health Notes."*

"Early to ryes and late to bed makes a man's nose a cardinal red."—*Ex.*

Scene—Young Ladies' Boarding School. Prof.—"What can you tell of Pluto?" Miss D.—"He was the son of Satan and when his father died he gave him Hell."—*Ex.*

Remarkable instance of precocity. Student in Latin, translating—"Socrates, on the first day of his life, discoursed at length on the immortality of the soul." Sensation.—*Lasell Leaves.*

Senior asks Professor a very profound question. Prof.—"Mr. W——, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior—"Then, I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."—*Ex.*

A Sophomore who had written three and a half pages on "Spurious Discourse," said: "If the gentleman who corrects this doesn't swear before he's through with it, he is a man with no spirit."—*Mercury.*

Said an eloquent speaker, in one of the college literary societies: "In America, where a wood-chopper may become President, none of us boys need despair of becoming men and women of renown."—*Coll. Herald.*

Freshman—"Say, Tom, I wish I was a Sophomore." Sophomore—"Why so?" Fresh—"Because then I could raise some siders." Soph—"Why, you fool! if you only tried you could raise better ones now than I can." Fresh—"No I couldn't." Soph—"Why not?" Fresh—"Because if

I tried, I am afraid I'd have them *razed* for me."—*Amherst Student.*

Prof. in Pedagogy—"In administering corporal punishment *two* ends should be kept in view." We are conservative, and believe this to be an ill-advised innovation on the orthodox method which requires only one.—*Chronicle.*

The students of Harvard are about to give a representation of *Ædipus Tyrannus*. This is eminently correct, but one difficulty is in the way. How are they going to introduce the number of "ponies" that will be needed, on an ordinary stage?—*Ex.*

At the recent election in a Connecticut town a clergyman put his ballot for Representative into his vest pocket with other papers. When the return of the town was made up it read as follows:

John M. Smith (Rep.).....	101
William Richmond (Dem.).....	80
Mrs. Anderson desires the prayers of the congregation for her husband gone to sea.....	1

Mrs. Anderson was not, apparently, elected!—*Harvard Echo.*

A query—

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in the corner,  
Devouring Limburger cheese,  
He fastened his gripper  
On a lively old skipper,  
And said: "What the thunder are these?"

Obituary on a moustache:

We shall look, but we shall miss it,  
There will be no downy hair;  
We shall linger to caress it,  
Though we know it is not there.

—*Ex.*

How doth the little busy boy  
Improve each shining bower,  
To gather honey all the day  
From every maiden flower.

Perhaps his age is seventeen,  
Mayhap it's but eleven;  
No matter, he can honey get  
Each day in all the seven.

Ah, happy, happy little boy,  
To draw such dainty ration,  
In innocence so to indulge  
In super-osculation.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

## BATES COLLEGE.

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Professor of Mathematics.

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### CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

#### TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 30, 1881.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

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Single copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents and stamp.

The STUDENT will be furnished to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.

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MISSING NUMBERS.—If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of the Magazine when due, we would thank him to inform us, and the mistake will be immediately rectified.

Literary communications should be addressed to the "Editors of the Bates Student." All subscriptions and business letters to

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# BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. IX. No. 2.

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*FEBRUARY, 1881.*

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LEWISTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '82.  
1881.

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*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

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F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. H. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: C. H. LIBBY.

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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

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FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 2.

THE VALUE OF BIOGRAPHY.

I HAVE often wondered why Biography occupies so little of thought and conversation. Science, Poetry, Philosophy, History, and Fiction have each their devotees and enthusiasts. Science attracts an apparently quite large and select company of admirers; Poetry charms a class of minds differing from the preceding, almost opposite, but quite as select; Philosophy draws an even more distinct and limited number of disciples; History instructs a larger body of more average minds; while Fiction interests and captivates all classes of readers. Biography, almost alone, as a separate branch of literature, is unchampioned.

Why it is so would, no doubt, be an interesting and instructive theme. An easy and partially satisfactory answer might, perhaps, be found in the fact that our language possesses so few good biographies. Carlyle gives us his judgment on the number in a question, likewise interesting just here: "How comes it that in England we have simply one good biography, this Boswell's Johnson?" "In the whole world," says he, "one cannot find, going strictly to work, above some dozen, or baker's dozen, and those chiefly of very ancient date." But I cannot believe that the scarcity of biographies fully satisfies the first query, nor shall I attempt any conclusive answer; for I purpose, instead, to briefly treat of the value of Biography.

But, before considering the value of Biography, which is a single branch of litera-

ture, can we not discover some general, comprehensive law, by which everything, properly denominated Literature, may be estimated? If discovered, such a law would establish the relative value of any branch thereof with assurance and certainty.

What is it that interests us in whatever we read? What is it, indeed, that affords the truly sagacious man pleasure and profit in any natural exercise of his mental faculties? This: he believes that, thereby, he is, perceptibly or imperceptibly acquiring something which will make his future living easier, or better, or more satisfactory. Have we not wisely been so made as ever to have a more or less vivid apprehension and providence of the future?

Books and thoughts, then, have but relative worth, and are valuable only as they teach us a larger and more effective use of our various powers in grappling with those manifold and heterogeneous elements which, collectively, we call "the world." All literature has interest and value only in its relations to us as men, as intelligent, sentient, willing beings. The illustrious achievements of Achilles, of Ulysses, of Hector, of Æneas, of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, in fine of all the characters whose deeds and thoughts, whose virtues and vices, whose misfortunes and triumphs, have been perpetuated in literature by the pen of the historian and by the creative fancies of the poet,—these all amount to nothing, except as they illus-

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trate those grand, imperishable truths, and enforce those sublime, immortal lessons, upon which depend the temporal and eternal destinies of man. The faith of millions in the life and teachings of that mysterious Person who walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago, is not based upon the mystery enveloping his "half-human, half-divine" existence, so much as upon the wonderful power which that life and those instructions are able to impart to weeping, suffering, struggling, despairing human lives. It is true everywhere that all knowledge unrelated to individual experience is valueless; and that those acquisitions are the most valuable to each of us, which have most intimate relations to our own peculiar selves. But every person differs from every other in some of these relations. There is no one but keenly feels this difference. No man has ever read the book he would. There lives not a man who would not give his fortune for the volume. Had old Father Time a faithful record of the life of every man who ever lived, how eagerly would we seek his massive library for that mystic book! What a crowding to the entrance! What trembling anxiety in every face! What an elbowing and jostling to the old white-haired librarian's desk! How important the order! "Give me, O Father Time, the biography of that man who had a body, mind, and soul like mine, and who once lived as I am now living, and became a successful man. But if no such man lived, give me the biography of that man who was most like myself, who had sorrows, fears, hopes, ambitions, and aspirations likest mine." How quickly would the happy finder seek the street and, beneath the first gas-light, open his volume, to seize—as the miner a gem just laid bare—the truth that will make divinely real the impassioned longing of his hope.

In all our study, in all our thought, we are seeking, however blindly, for that

biography which is our sacred and peculiar possession, for an example of the successful meeting of those conditions embodied in our own existence. Out of History, Science, Philosophy, Fiction, and what not, we are reading, as best we can, the lives of ourselves and divining our unknown futures.

Having discovered the proper derivable object of all our study and thought, we are prepared to estimate the value of Biography, one branch of knowledge, in its relation to such object. Let us be mindful that experience is what we are searching for; that real experience is valuable from whatever source; and that the value for which we are seeking is only relative, not absolute.

It will be found, speaking in a general way, that the particular, distinguishing value of Biography is due to the manner in which it presents the truth sought. Its subject matter is the lives of individuals. It deals with men—men gifted with the same faculties as ourselves, endowed with similar minds, subject to the same passions, animated by similar hopes, distressed by similar fears, and capable of like destinies. It carries in its narration the highest type of philosophy, a philosophy that can be apprehended by the most undisciplined mind and applied by the simplest intellect. Not that two individuals ever lived who were endowed with physical, moral, and intellectual powers in precisely the same degree; but that all men are sufficiently alike in the kind of their endowments to be derivable from one divine image, and to communicate to their fellow-men the truth which they have wrung out of their life struggle. Faithful biography is eminently "philosophy teaching by example." The potency of such instruction will be readily apprehended by those who understand that the vast majority of mankind depend for their knowledge, not on their reflective powers, but on their perceptive faculties;

and that, with such minds, the faithful narrative of one eventful life is more direct and effectual in its influence than the consolidated philosophy of a dozen lives.

So in comparing Biography with History and Narrative, we shall find, to use the language of Dryden, that, though the former is "in dignity inferior to History and Annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals or even excels both of them." But its superiority is due only to its manner of presenting experience; for "History," it has been said, "is the essence of innumerable biographies."

Biography and Fiction are much alike, and differ from each other little except in the quality of reality. But this difference is altogether too important to be overlooked. In the study of Biography we feel that such a man as we are reading about was a veritable man of flesh and blood, whose pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave was so nearly like our own as to afford lessons infinitely important to our own living. But all our contemplations of Fiction are accompanied by the thought that we are entertaining ourselves with a myth, a manufactured hero, whose would-be experiences may or may not enforce the correct philosophy of life. We should not forget, in our enjoyment of the illusions of the unreal, the superior efficacy of the real upon our own minds; "how all-pervading, omnipotent in man's mind is the thing we call belief." Fable knocks at the door of the mind to be admitted, or not, as we fancy; Truth comes an unbidden guest, but with such official sanction from the court of Heaven that we unbar the door and bid him enter, regardless of his errand. And we never ignore his message.

We can, of course, discover the value of Biography, or, indeed, of any separate branch of literature, only by faithfully comparing it with the other branches thereof, with which it is justly compara-

ble. We must also be mindful that acquisitions in any department of knowledge depend much upon the resources of study at command, and the methods adopted in using them. My purpose in this brief essay will be met, if I have correctly and truthfully stated some of those qualities of Biography which give to that department of literature, now somewhat neglected, a special and pre-eminent value.

W. H. J., '80.

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### THE SILENCE OF THE HILLS.

The windy forest, rousing from its sleep,  
Voices its heart in hoarse, Titanic roar;  
The ocean bellows by its wave worn shore;  
The cataract that haunts the rugged steep  
Makes mighty music in its headlong leap;  
The clouds have voices; and the rivers pour  
Their floods in thunder down to ocean's floor.  
The hills alone mysterious silence keep,  
They cannot rend the ancient chain which bars  
Their iron lips, nor answer back the sea,  
That calls to them far off in vain. The stars  
They cannot hail, nor their wild brooks. Ah me!  
What cries from out their stony hearts will break  
In God's great day when all that sleep shall wake!

W. P. FOSTER, '81, in *Midwinter Scribner*.

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### WHAT TOM SAID.—I.

WE have been chums together, Tom and I, these two years. It was strange how we got acquainted the first day I came to college. He was verdant looking,—the grass was nothing in comparison to him. His hair was not exactly red, but it leaned that way. My baggage had been piled up in the hall way, and I was vainly endeavoring to find a man they called Dick, in order to procure the key to my room. I had just been searching for him upon one of the upper floors, and was skipping down stairs pretty lively when my foot slipped on an apple core and I fell head-

long. Luckily for me, however, a fellow was coming up, while I was going down, and, since no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time, there was a collision and a double fall. As soon as we had recovered our feet, my object of collision, after brushing the dust out of his eyes and squaring around his necktie, exclaimed, "Well if this isn't the darnedest way for a man to introduce himself that I ever heard of. O you needn't make any excuses," he said in a good natured way, as I began to explain matters, "accidents will happen in spite of us. My name is Thomas S—, from Newcastle. I am a Freshman, as I presume you have already surmised." He seemed glad to learn that I was to be a member of his class. This was the way we became acquainted. He offered to help me unpack and assisted me in the arrangement of my room. Something about him attracted me. It wasn't his beauty, that is certain. His depth of thought, and the rapidity with which he could go to the bottom of a subject, I presume were the chief reasons why I liked him. The following term we became room-mates, and since that time the course of our lives has been pretty much the same.

Tom has some very practical ideas about matters and things. The other evening, after we had prepared our lessons for the next day and were enjoying a smoke, I ventured to remark that there was a great difference in the manner in which students conducted themselves among their own classmates.

"That's so," said Tom, giving a vigorous pull at his pipe. "Some of them act just as though they owned the whole institution, and only tolerated us because they pity our lowly condition."

"Don't you think that some men are naturally overbearing in their disposition?" I asked.

"Perhaps so; but I believe that in the

majority of cases it is all put on," he replied from behind a cloud of smoke. "Now there's Ed F—; his father owns considerable property down in Portland, and when he sent Ed to school, he gave him plenty of money to help him along. What does he do with it? Puts part of it on his back, and the rest goes for suppers and livery stable teams. When he meets one of us, he bobs his head and then stands waiting as if he expected us to get down on our knees and kiss his hand."

"You're putting it rather strong," I remarked.

"Perhaps I am," he answered, tipping back in his chair and placing his feet upon the top of the stove, "but I do detest a man who is continually trying to make you think that there is no one quite so aristocratic as he."

We said no more for some time. The little clock on the mantel ticked louder than ever, and the fire on the hearth crackled with redoubled vigor. My chum seemed to be lost in thought, so I did not disturb him.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom all at once, "I like to have a man grasp my hand and shake it as though he meant it. I want to be social myself and see others social. What is college life worth if you cannot develop the social, as well as the intellectual side of your nature? Culture was not destined to lock up a man's heart so that none could approach him; but rather to strengthen and develop his sympathies, and make him a broader, deeper man. That system of education which freezes a man's social nature, and teaches him to draw a Pharisical robe about him, is a system born of hell rather than heaven. [Tom was getting a little excited.] In my opinion the friendships and other ties which we form while here in college are of nearly as much importance as the information which we obtain from our books. Who can estimate the

value of a true friend? If his counsel is worth anything here, it is worth a great deal more when we have graduated. Is it not by this friction of mind with mind that we learn our own abilities? Of course we are not all alike, but it seems to me that we are not half social enough."

NEMO.

### REFLECTION.

I sat this afternoon and gazed away  
Into the deep, calm space above  
So pure and calm and still,  
So far above the turmoil and the strife  
In which strong hearts may fall and die,  
Or live and win, as is His will.

And o'er me softly stealing, like the dews  
Which gently fall on Hermon's sacred height,  
There dropt a great sweet calm,  
Gathered and distilled by angel hands  
From out the starry depths of night—  
God's own immortal balm.

Oh! Father of all light and life and love,  
Thou, who dost fill the deep blue space  
Between all worlds and worlds,  
Grant me this prayer, this favor,  
From thine all abounding grace  
And goodness infinite.

So guide my steps, so guard my thoughts,  
So teach my love to rest on Thee,  
That like the bright, blue space above,  
My soul may pure and spotless be.

May deeds of kindness and of love,  
Like stars set in a cloudless sky,  
Shine through my life and light my feet  
To that blest home with Thee on high.

LEE WILLIAMS.

### KINNEHO AND ITS LEGEND.

JUST west of Greenville, on the south-east shore of Moosehead Lake, is "Old Squaw" Mountain. The air of that October day was a little smoky, but notwithstanding this, the view from its sum-

mit far surpassed my expectations, and I assure you my expectations were not insignificant if compared with my effort. Five miles of solid rowing up the lake and then an upward tramp of six more brought me four thousand and two hundred feet above the sea level.

You remember that from Mt. Washington the greater part of the broad and level fields you see are in Maine, and I have often heard it said, "See Maine from Mt. Washington and you will call it the garden of the Northern States." What I said differed from this, but was in its way even more magnificent.

Looking south I could see one or two villages and "clearings" with their single houses dotting the expanse, but north and west there were no openings in the forests to tell us that man had ever trespassed on that broad domain of nature. From below the "Forks of the Kennebec" on the south, to way beyond "Hog's Back," "Smoky Hill," and the "Canada Line" on the west, and north as far as the eye could see, was an unbroken wilderness. Seemingly all was as wild as when centuries ago the Indian Chief Kinneho kindled his camp-fire on the summit of that "Hornblende Mountain" in the middle of Moosehead, and his mother Maquaso built her wigwam on the side of "Old Squaw."

I found a party that came up "on horseback and ox sleds" the day before, and had camped that night on the mountain. Below us lay thirty-one ponds and lakes scattered in beautiful profusion. Kinneho, or as it is now called Kineo, is situated about half way between the head and foot of Moosehead, on a peninsula connected with the main land by a narrow sand bar, which in high water is often overflowed. It is composed entirely of hornblende,—the largest mass of that material known to geologists, hence it is often called Hornblende Mountain.

Among the Indians who once lived on

the banks of this lake, was an old chief named Macae. Though morose and repulsive himself, his wife, Maquaso, was young, beautiful, and exactly his opposite in all things. She bore him one son, Kinneho, the idol of his mother and pride of his tribe. As he grew older his mother found that he had inherited his father's sullen nature, and all the favors she was constantly bestowing upon him were unnoticed. One night his mother disappeared, leaving no trace behind except a smouldering fire and a few articles of clothing. Kinneho, though he searched many days, was suspected by his fellows of having murdered her, and was banished from the tribe. He retired sadly to the summit of the "Island Mountain," and for years his camp-fire nightly blazed from its summit. One night, as he looked toward a mountain on the southern shore of the lake, he saw a bright light. Evening after evening it appeared, and at last he resolved to go and see whose fire it might be. Journeying over the lake, through the woods, and up the side of the mountain, he came, at last, to a rude lodge of bark and skins, and saw bending over the dying fire the form of his long lost mother, Maquaso. He rushed forward eagerly and embraced her, but the shock produced by his sudden appearance was too great for her feeble system, and, though she attempted to return his embrace, "her soul escaped in her effort to breathe his name." He fashioned a rude grave on the side of the mountain, and marked her resting place with a stone. Each new moon he visited the lonely mound and sprinkled it

with his tears. In the summer a beautiful white flower blooms in these forests known as the Indian pipe. The Indians affirm that it springs from the tears of Kinneho. Wherever his tears fell this flower appeared. In a few years his camp-fire disappeared, but a blackened spot on the summit of the mountain still marks its place, and on the northern slope of Mount Squaw is the lonely rock-marked grave of his mother. H. WOODBURY, '76.

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#### MLLE. ANNE.

O she wears a seal-skin sacque  
 When it snows;  
 And her stunning suit is black  
 As a crow's;  
 Short,—and thinks it is a pity;  
 Charming, jolly, wise, and witty;  
 Has a *retrousse*—so pretty—  
 Little nose.

In her basket phaeton,  
 When it blows,  
 With her striking glasses on,  
 Out she goes;  
 And she's just as sweet as stately,  
 As she sits there so sedately,  
 With her cheeks and lips so greatly  
 Like a rose.

She plays Chopin, Liszt, and Spohr,  
 For her beaux;  
 And she speaks of "Pinafore"—  
 Heaven knows!—  
 With a naughty "D" and "Never!"  
 But she's awful nice and clever;  
 If she liked me, I'd endeavor  
 To propose.

—Acta.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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WE have received notices from several of the alumni and members of the lower classes requesting us to stop their subscription to the *STUDENT*. Now although we do not question the right of any person to withdraw their name, yet we do maintain that such an act is an injustice to the *STUDENT* and the college. It is of course well understood that a college magazine cannot live unless it has the liberal support of the alumni and undergraduates; this is a self-evident proposition. Now there is, certainly, no man in the ranks of either of the above classes who cannot contribute at least one dollar a year to the support of his own college paper. If our students were compelled, on account of limited means, to live upon two meals a day and could barely provide for themselves the necessities of life, the case would be different. As far as our own observation has extended, there is not a single undergraduate who does not enjoy a fair share of financial prosperity. It is certainly to the credit of students that, what with teaching school, what with acting as clerks and waiters, and what with improving every fitting opportunity to increase the size of their pocket-books, they are, in the majority of cases, able to graduate free from debt. Knowing these facts we ask if it is just the thing for you to stop your subscription to the *STUDENT*?

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The Inter-Collegiate Press Association project of the *Acta Columbiana* does not meet with the approval of the Harvard and Yale papers.

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The college world has been, for the past two months, in a state of fearful tranquility. To be sure Princeton and Yale have been wrangling a little over the football championship, but this has not been

of sufficient interest to create any great stir outside of their own States. There is nothing of importance occurring in the winter months to stir up the enthusiasm of students. In a few weeks, however, the spring athletic contests will begin to occur. The probabilities are that baseball and boating will flourish with extraordinary vigor during the coming season. Nearly all the colleges have their teams hard at work in the gymnasiums. The last half of the college year is crowded with interesting occurrences. The spring meetings, the examinations, receptions, and graduation exercises keep the student world in a continual state of excitement.

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We hope that an effort will be made by the C. C. A. to procure the services of one of our city clergymen for the day of prayer for colleges, which occurs Thursday, Feb. 24th. Something more than a prayer-meeting is demanded by the majority of our students. We need instruction and encouragement in our Christian work: in what better way can this be imparted, than through the medium of a live, earnest sermon? It cannot be expected that students will be interested in long prosy services; they demand, instead, short, vigorous sermons and interesting music.

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Although much has been said in these columns concerning the state of decrepitude into which our College Choir and Glee Club have fallen, yet we think that such an important subject will bear further discussion. Time was when we could boast of considerable interest in vocal music. Rehearsals were frequently held, and, for a while, there promised to be a revival of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. The work was carried

through the spring term of '80 but has proceeded no further. To be sure there are abundant reasons why we cannot do much in music when the hot summer days arrive, but there are very few why we should not continue our drill in the fall. We have enough good musicians in college to have a first-class glee club or choir. But so long as our men will allow every little excuse to keep them away from the rehearsals when appointed, so long will it be a difficult task to do respectable work in music. What we need is an unselfish, liberal spirit in regard to the matter. Good music cannot be effectively rendered without hard work at the rehearsals.

We have one or two students who make capital directors. When, however, one has been elected to that position, he cannot make the organization a success unless he has the hearty co-operation of all the members. If we will but give him our earnest support, and try to do our own part faithfully, the day will not be far distant when our Glee Club will be able to furnish good music for all public exercises.

As more of the students than usual have been teaching this winter, the thought naturally comes, whether it is wise for college duties to be thus interrupted? We think it is, and for several reasons. In the first place, our college course is entered upon by most of us that we may fit ourselves for getting on in this world and the next. There are those who never look beyond college. When that is finished they begin to open their eyes and find where they are. They look on either hand and see a large world before them, in which every man is working, more or less, for himself. Nothing looks more dubious for a graduate who has never done anything, and don't know how to do anything, than the prospect before him. But if he has taught a few terms of school successfully, this will in a great measure serve as an entering wedge

in any business which he may see fit to follow. It will give him a confidence in himself, and lead to higher ambition.

In the second place, a student is making practical application of his knowledge while teaching. Besides learning to apply his information, he is fixing many important facts in his memory. Somebody has wisely said that there is no sadder spectacle in this world than a man once learned, but who has now forgotten all he ever knew. Yet such spectacles are often seen, and the great cause of them is want of practice in making a good use of what is already mastered. A youngster may have the multiplication table thoroughly, but unless he applied it continuously in his advanced studies, it would gradually slip away from him. What, then, must be the result with a great many of our college studies, unless we make, in some way, a beneficial use of them?

In the third place, an experience with the world and the world's people is worth much to a young man; but, to be sarcastic, we should think it quite as valuable as a ten or twelve weeks' course in calculus. What a student would lose in *discipline* in one case he would gain in that which would help him earn his daily bread, in the other; and this little matter of earning one's daily bread is not so insignificant as to be passed over without thought. The most of us are old enough to be as good a judge as any one of what is best for ourselves.

As the Faculty have given the first four weeks of the winter term to those that teach, and as this arrangement is probably understood by all, we hope to see a still larger number out next year.

We wish to call the attention of all our loyal college boys to the letter in our correspondence column, written by the business manager of the nine. He gives us a very flattering statement of the condition



and standing of the nine, and assures us that we can put a stronger team into the field the coming season than we did last.

We would especially call attention to what the writer says in regard to the financial condition of the nine. For a number of years our nine has been, as it were, shackled by a disastrous state of finance, and yet it has achieved for us victory after victory. This fact gives us good reason to believe that, being now free from the most of those fetters with which it has been bound for so long a time, our nine will in the future win greater honor for themselves and us.

The manager promises us that there shall be hard and earnest work on the part of the nine. So it only remains for us, the body of the students, to be ready at all times to draw our pocket-books and furnish the necessary funds. This will not be a heavy tax if each and everyone is prompt to do his part. We learn that our sister colleges are raising large amounts for the support of base-ball. If we will but give this subject a little thought we shall certainly all have pride and enthusiasm enough to do something for the support of this interest at Bates.

We have sometimes heard it said that Bates pays more attention to rhetorical work than many other colleges. If this is true, it is so much to the credit of Bates. In our opinion no part of the college work merits more careful attention than this; for, no matter how much a man knows, if he cannot express himself intelligently, and even with some degree of elegance, he stands at a disadvantage among his fellows.

The need of elocutionary training is two-fold: We need it for the advantage it gives us in public speaking; this requires little argument since it is apparent to most people. We also need it as a means of promoting vigorous health. Especially

is this essential to a student who takes but little regular exercise. Unless the respiratory muscles are specially exercised, their degree of weakness is something surprising. We have seen many young men apparently in first rate health who could not, the first time trying, read twenty lines in a whisper without becoming dizzy and faint. But, after a few weeks of practice, the same men could go through the most vigorous exercise with little fatigue.

Now do not these facts show that the respiratory muscles of many people are in such a weak condition that they are very liable to disease? If this is true, does it not pay to strengthen these muscles by the systematic exercise accompanying elocutionary training, and thus remove a great liability to disease? The breathing exercises render the oxygenation of the blood more certain and consequently promotes health in this direction.

It is comparatively easy to convince a man of the truth of these statements, but not so easy to rouse him to make the necessary exertion. The reason why is a freak of human nature,—a natural indisposition to exertion which will invite procrastination. He must feel the spur of some present necessity, or the excitement of rivalry, to induce him to persevere in a long course of practice. College rhetorical work furnishes the necessary incentive.

That student is wise who improves every opportunity for advancement in this direction, and we should expect that the students, to a man, would heartily appreciate every effort of the college to give them professional instruction. Generally we believe they do. Whatever exceptions there may be, are too ridiculous to merit observation.

Last summer it was our privilege to receive semi-weekly instruction in elocution from an excellent teacher. The improvement of the classes in voice and manner of expression, was most encourag-

ing, so much so that we hope that officers of the college will repeat the experiment if it lies in their power to do so. If we could have professional training two or three times a week through our course, there would be very few poor readers among our alumni. And not only would their usefulness be greatly increased, but the honor of the college would thus be advanced by its representatives.

### LOCALS.

When you send in local news,  
Boil it down, boil it down!  
For the "Eds." might get the "blues,"  
Boil it down, boil it down!  
And begin to cuss and swear,  
Then in anger tear their hair,  
And at you in frenzy stare,  
Boil it down, boil it down!

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Subscribe.

Subscribe for.

Subscribe for the STUDENT.

"Glad to see you back."

"Did you have a pleasant school?"

Hatch, '83, has returned from his long vacation.

Have you paid your subscription to the STUDENT yet?

Quite a number of the Juniors taught French this winter.

The Sophs are beginning to groan over General Geometry.

'84 has another new member, Mr. J. W. Ricker of Wales, Me.

Skillins, '82, is just recovering from an attack of the measles.

The voice of the pedagogue is heard in the land where the pedagogue shakes his mane.

"Coopered."

Why do we live?

Seniors, trot out your beavers.

Gilkey is mail carrier this term.

Stranger, pointing to Parker Hall,  
"What shoe factory is that?"

Tobacco smoke kills moths. There are never any moths around colleges.

And now the cheering information comes that it is a good time to freeze meat.

W. B. Perkins acted as clerk for W. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, during the holidays.

Blanchard, '82, lectured before the Kingston Lodge, I. O. G. T., at Upper Gloucester, last month.

Prof. Stanley has been dangerously ill with diphtheria, but is now able to attend to his classes.

Our college library is well patronized by those of the alumni who live in the neighboring towns.

Two ships abroad which college students are liable to get—scholarship and courtship; especially the latter.

Pile high the hod with friendly coal,  
Fill up the festive cob,  
Let mirth and song with joyous tale,  
A happy hour from study rob.

Who says a college education is not beneficial? One of our Juniors has already learned to steal the *professor's* rubbers.

The boys that have been acting, for a short time, as guides in the foot-hills of science and learning, are beginning to return.

We don't quite understand why it is the Sophs make so many inquiries about "hosses" and never mention sleighs or carriages, or even saddles. How is it, boys, do you ride as "Mark's" did his "Fleetwood"?

February—boys born this month will be full length and with their hands in their trousers' pockets. There won't be any girls.

All subscribers who have not received the January number of the *STUDENT* will be furnished with a copy by the Business Manager.

Have you had a smoke yet in that meerschau pipe, which you so carefully packed away in the bottom of your trunk last New-Year's day?

If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of the *STUDENT* when due, we would thank him to inform us, and the mistake will be immediately rectified.

The Seniors have come to the conclusion that Logic is hard, since it gave the Everett Spirits such a hard tustles to even pronounce the name.

If a man is very anxious to try a desperate undertaking, where failure is certain, let him endeavor to teach a term of district school without laughing.

Boys, don't be too particular about your dress. An exchange says that many a man has ascended the ladder of fame with a patch on the seat of his pants.

Parsons is practicing in the Gym, and getting those "*Phenomenal Curves*" ready for the coming base-ball season. Go it John! We are looking to you with great expectations.

"Lib's smiling face" is now seen around the college, as he kindly asks the boys to "*Ante.*" Now, boys, don't be bashful, but "hand over the filthy lucre" and make poor Lib's heart to rejoice.

During the recent cold weather it took two Seniors to tend the fire, but as they both had conflicting opinions in regard to the matter the Prof. *counted them both out* and put new men in their places.

She—"See, George, the pale orb of night, triumphant in her glory and queen of the heavens, is shedding her beams with a profuse hand." He—"Yesh. Pale orb—(hic)—o' night—triumphant in glory—(hic) queen th' heavens—(hic)—'s been—(hic)—drinkin'!"

The Seniors who have started full beard have had a desperate struggle. After waiting and watching for a long time, Charles states that the result isn't satisfactory. Several, who have sweethearts in town, have become quite discouraged under adverse criticism.

Here is an extract from a composition written by a pupil of one of our students:

"If it were not for the cats we should not have nothing in the house. There are to species, the wild and the tame. Wild cats are a very dreadful to meat. Some are very tretcherous and will attack you when you least expect it."

"Did you find any very cold weather where you were this winter?" said one student to the other. "Cold! well I guess so! Got up one morning and found the oil in my lamp frozen solid. Tried to comb my hair, after wetting it in warm water, but it was no go, water turned into ice quicker than you could say Jack Robinson."

The janitor is an accommodating and critical workman and ought to have wings, as he probably will some time within the century. When the winged phantoms of the celestial regions present him with the glittering harp, his mechanical eye will not fail to discover its weak points. If it isn't what was recommended, Emerson, tell them you guess you'll pass on to the next shop.

Mr. L. M. Tarr, of '82, has returned. He spent the early part of the winter in Fernandina, Fla. He says it was very cold and rainy there, and that he feels impressed that he does not want to spend

another winter in that section. We understand that he went on a gunning and fishing trip, but as he says nothing about it we take it for granted that he did not have very good luck. Come, "Perko," call on us and narrate some of your adventures.

Strout, '81, has returned from Sherman Mills where he has taught successfully two terms of high school. On his way home he called upon Davis and Roberts at Winterport, and found the boys in their glory. Their schools are about half a mile apart, so that they are able to room together at the hotel, which is nearly midway between the two school-houses. Strout says they showed him "what kind of wood makes shingles." We are glad to learn that Bob and Dave are very popular instructors.

Young man, did you ever have a mother? Have you ever listened to her admonitions and precepts with willing ears? Have you ever felt those motherly sentiments and the heel of the old man's slipper sinking, as it were, into your very make-up? Have you ever looked up into those tender, fathomless, liquid eyes, seen the angel-like expression reflected therein, and felt the penetrating keenness of the blithe birch as it playfully hovered about the seat of your pants? If so, you are also prepared to exert a moulding influence on your posterity.

Our Ideal English Opera Company presented "Fatinitza" at Music Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 15th. A large audience welcomed the company and seemed very well pleased with the performance. But notwithstanding the fact that our old favorites, Tom Karl, Adelaide Phillips, Marie Stone, Whitney, and Barnabee received a good measure of applause, yet we think that the opera itself has very little to recommend it to the public. There are no catching airs, no deep chords of harmony. When the opera is finished and the lights

are extinguished, your interest in the music has disappeared. To be sure, such an opera as "Fatinitza" is not written to produce any marked effect upon the inner passions of man; its mission is to please. But really do not the musical works which please us most, touch chords which vibrate again and again as often as we hear them repeated? "Pinafore" is one example of this. Everybody sang, whistled, and played it till it was worn threadbare. This, of course, belongs to the lighter operas which have of late become so popular. As a rule, an opera or play is popular when people of ordinary musical ability can dissect it if need be, and find something more than froth. "Fatinitza" is little else than froth.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### *Editors of the Student:*

The time for agitating base-ball has returned again. We have a record of which we may justly feel proud. Six years of uninterrupted success cannot fail to awaken a feeling of enthusiasm in the heart of the most backward. We have made this record at the cost of many hard knocks, much hard work, and many costly expenses. At the present time the standing of the nine, in finances and ability, is high. We are free from a heavy debt that has hung over us for three years. This is reassuring. We have material which can be developed into a nine, twenty per cent. better than the one we put into the field last year. This is saying much. We have the experience of last year to guide us. This forcibly reminds us that without better gymnasium drill and more steady field practice, we cannot expect more than we achieved last year.

But there is more than this needful for our complete success. The nine must be

well and ably sustained. We met all expenses and paid some debts last year,—thanks to those students who so excellently sustained us. Still, at times, we felt cramped for the “wherewith to do with.” When we consider this and think of what is being done by other colleges, we feel that we, too, must do something to hold our present position. Will we do it? I think we will. I believe that the hearty response to our financial demands in times past, will be no less hearty in times to come. I have corresponded with many of last year's nine. Under favorable circumstances, they are all ready and eager to do their best. So it lies only with the body of the students. We have the material. We will develop it. We promise earnest, careful, solid work. We ask the students to sustain us well, and in return we promise most earnest effort shall be made to win that championship which has belonged to us and been an honor to us for so many years.

The following is the record of our baseball nine, in batting and fielding, for the last season:

BATTING RECORD.

No. of Games.	Runs.	A. B.	1b.	Tb.	Per ct.
Foss.....6	9	33	12	15	.410
Parsons.....8	14	43	14	16	.349
Sanborn.....8	15	43	10	16	.302
Norcross.....6	5	31	8	10	.291
Goding.....2	2	9	2	3	.278
Tinkham.....4	6	20	5	6	.275
Wilbur.....8	8	43	10	11	.245
Dresser.....4	2	21	5	5	.238
Rowell.....8	6	40	9	9	.225
Hatch.....4	2	19	4	4	.211
Richards.....8	7	36	7	7	.194
Nevens.....4	2	19	3	3	.158
Roberts.....2	1	10	0	0	.000
Total.....8	79	367	89	105	.250

FIELDING RECORD.

	P. O.	A.	E.	Per ct.
Parsons, p.....14	73	12		.878
Sanborn, 1b.....70	3	18		.802
Roberts, 3b.....2	5	2		.777
Rowell, c. f. and s. s.....5	10	5		.750
Richards, 1. f.....14	0	5		.737
Wilbur, c.....78	13	35		.722
Nevens, 2b.....12	5	9		.653
Tinkham, 2b.....6	5	6		.647
Norcross, 3b.....11	7	13		.581
Foss, s. s. and c. f.....2	7	8		.529
Dresser, r. f.....2	0	2		.500
Goding, s. s.....0	3	6		.333
Total.....216	131	121		.741

As compared with previous years, the batting record shows an advance; the fielding record shows a slight decrease. We have nothing in the record to discourage us, but much to stimulate us in making a better record the coming year. The nine can and will do it.

Respectfully,

EUGENE D. ROWELL,  
*Manager Bates.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'72.—C. A. Bickford has been offered a position as assistant editor of the *Morning Star*.

'74.—Married in Boston, Jan. 27, by Rev. A. Gordon, D.D., Frank P. Moulton of New Hampton, N. H., and Miss Rachel E. White of Dresden, Me.

'76.—H. S. Crowell is Principal of Francistown (N. H.) High School.

'76.—I. C. Phillips continues to act as Principal of Wilton Academy.

'78.—D. M. Benner has charge of Wilson Collegiate Institute, Iowa. The school is in a flourishing condition.

'78.—F. D. George regularly supplies Kennebunk Free Baptist Church.

'79.—F. P. Otis is Principal of Princeton (Me.) High School.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is studying law with Judge Dresser of Auburn.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Shakespeare's King John; for the use of Schools; by the Rev. Henry N. Hunson, Professor of Shakespeare in Boston University. Boston: Published by Ginn & Heath. Mr. Hudson is, without doubt,

one of the three foremost of Shakespearian commentators. The greater part of his life has been devoted almost entirely to the study of this wonderful dramatist. It is, then, not at all strange that, from his experience both as a scholar and a teacher, he is able to present to the public an edition which fully meets the demands of students. At the beginning of the present volume, the author gives some very timely instruction to teachers, upon the method of reading Shakespeare. We here find two sets of notes: one, explanatory; the other, critical. With such valuable assistance the study of Shakespeare becomes at once easy and enjoyable.

The *Musical Herald* for February is one of the best numbers yet issued of this leading musical magazine. It opens with a humorous illustration, "The Musical Committee in Session," which is in every respect a capital "hit," overflowing with sarcasm. An article on "Wasted Talent," by Dr. E. Tourjée, speaks in a very practical manner on the number of young voices which could be advantageously used in church, Sunday, and public schools, and the most efficient manner of their instruction. Mr. Gotthold Carlberg, the well-known symphonic conductor of New York, contributes an instructive paper upon "Modern Instrumentation," wherein the use and abuse of different orchestral instruments are fully discussed. Mr. W. F. Apthorp draws many useful thoughts for the advancement of the present art from the history of the past. Mr. Louis C. Elson, in an essay on "Criticism," defends the critic from the necessity of art-creation, and proves that the best composers, poets, and painters have been the poorest critics. There is an excellent paper giving "Hints to Teachers of the Piano-forte." The interesting serial story of "The New Tenor" is concluded. The departments of Foreign and Editorial Notes, Questions and Answers, Critiques, Reviews of Music, Hymns

and their Authors, etc., etc., are piquant, brilliant, and reliable. There are numerous other editorials; and the music represents some of the latest productions from the pens of Sullivan, Koschat, Joseffy, Hopkins, etc., much of it being of very moderate difficulty, but of sterling worth.

We have received two numbers of the *American Kindergarten Magazine*, edited by Emily M. Coe, New York. The editor, we believe, was one of the first to introduce the system of Froebel to the educators of the United States. The magazine presents, each month, interesting articles and hints upon Kindergarten work. No one who is interested in this method of teaching should fail to examine this magazine.

We have received several numbers of the *Studio and Musical Review*, a journal devoted to painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, music, and other arts. As an art paper it cannot be surpassed. Each department is full and well edited. Some of the leading professional men in this country and Europe are among its contributors. In the last number, Chief Justice Daly has a paper upon "The Rise of Our Landscape School." Wilson Macdonald gives some interesting data upon "Ancient and Modern Cabala." The suggestions and reviews which appear weekly are very valuable to the general student.

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### EXCHANGES.

What is the matter with the students of Boston University that they cannot give us a better edited paper than the *Beacon*? We had always supposed that Boston had the best of everything, even to a college periodical, but we are compelled to change our opinion since reading the *Beacon*. The article, "One Year at a Western College," is about as slim a piece as we have found among our exchanges. If it was put in

simply "to fill up," why, it will pass; but if it was inserted for any other reason, it is a lamentable failure. The local editor must have worked hard to grind out the two columns of college news found in the last issue. Wake up, Mell, and let us see what you can do when your blood is warmed to action.

The last number of the *Acta Columbiana* is hardly up to its usual standard. As a general rule the articles are well selected and the editorial and exchange department filled with good things. The continued story, "Suspense," is one of the attractions of the present volume. The writer has evidently "been there" since he puts too much realism in his "scenes" to be a novice at love making. We find here an editorial upon what a college paper ought to be which so nearly agrees with our own opinion that we make the following copious extract:

"We hold that it is not the province of the college paper to publish long essays on literary and scientific subjects—the students can obtain plenty of these and of much better quality elsewhere. Neither should the college paper be heavy and didactic, or try to educate its readers. Experience teaches us that such as these are failures. Students will not be instructed, as a matter of course, by some of their own number. Neither should the college paper do more than record, criticise, and comment on its athletic sports; dwelling on them indefinitely is tiresome and uninteresting.

"To suit us, a college paper should, in short, pungent editorials, comment on things collegiate—local principally, but not exclusively. It should contain authentic accounts of meetings, games, races, etc., by the students, if only to record them; it should note briefly current events about the college; it should give its readers sketches of college life and incident, written with due regard to correct literary principles, in a style rather flippant than ponderous; and it should note briefly the principal doings at similar institutions. The college paper that does all of these things will fully satisfy us, and we firmly believe, the great mass of collegians. It is our duty to interest and amuse them—instruction they get elsewhere."

With the January number the *Vox Academica*, published by the students of Amsterdam Academy, N. Y., looks upon the light of day for the first time. It is a thrifty youngster and gives promise of becoming, one of these days, quite a strong boy. If grandmother's messes and the doctor's physics are kept away from him for a reasonable length of time, he will be able to get on his feet at a very early age.

The *Kings College Record* opens this month with a dramatic article, entitled "The Fate of the Reformer." The "Reformer," mentioned, is a Freshman, who, upon entering an ancient college, endeavors to introduce a few new ideas. He is forthwith brought before the President, charged with his crimes and condemned to undergo the following penalty:

"Know, Recent, for a twelve month and a day  
You never may put off your college robe,  
Winter nor summer, nor in day nor night;  
But over overcoat and full-dress suit,  
Over your night-shirt and your morning dress,  
In sickness and in health you it must wear.  
And every night as you descend to dine,  
The third and fourth year men, in order meet,  
Will smite you on the eye with brawny arm.  
Herewith you also are condemned to pay  
Ten dollars to the Bursar as a fine.  
And for three terms, to teach humility,  
Jocasta will provide you with such fare  
As on the menial servants she bestows.  
Go haughty youth."

The poor fellow is so overcome by this terrible decree that he goes out and hangs himself by his suspenders. The editorial department is a minus quantity. It seems a pity that this important department should be neglected.

That the interests of any college demand the publication of a daily paper by its students, remains to the majority of public educators as a matter of grave doubt. It is certain, however, that two dailies, the *Cornell Sun* and *Harvard Echo*, have been established and are, at the present time, edited and controlled by the students of their respective colleges.

The enterprise displayed in carrying out such an undertaking is indeed commendable. For men to hold a respectable position in their classes and at the same time attend to the work incidental to the publication of a daily paper, is almost an impossibility. For our part we cannot find any excuse for the existence of either of the above publications. They do not take the place of a city daily, and for this reason cannot receive any more than a meager support from the students and patrons of the college. The *Echo* boasts of a circulation of 600 copies and the *Sun* about 500. How long this circulation will be maintained is a matter of speculation; but in all probability as soon as the "new" is worn off, there will be a rapid decline. In the second place, the daily happenings of university life are not of sufficient importance to interest outsiders. If they had any more than a local weight, the case would be different.

The exchange editor of the *College Rambler* criticises over sixty college papers in the December number. Big head. His capacity is equaled by few and excelled by none.

In addition to the periodicals mentioned in the January number of the *STUDENT*, we acknowledge the receipt of the following: *National Journal*, *Nassau Lit.*, *Alabama University Magazine*, *N. Y. World*, *Kings College Record*, *Student Life*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Central Californian*, *Vox Academiæ*, *Cornell Daily Sun*, *Acta Victoriana*, *College Rambler*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Transcript*, *University Portfolio*, *Musical Herald*, *William Jewell Student*, *Hobart Herald*, *Argosy*, *Tuflonian*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Cornell Era*, *Madisonensis*, *Princetonian*, *University Herald*, *Stockbridge Medical Journal*, *Cornelian*, *College Argus*, *Trow's Publishers Auxiliary*, *American Kindergarten Magazine*, *Studio and Musical Review*, *Home Journal*.

## COLLEGE WORLD.

Princeton has thirty instructors.

Princeton is one hundred and thirty-four years old.

Columbia College was founded by the proceeds of a lottery.

Yale and Princeton are having a wrangle over the foot-ball championship.

The *N. Y. World* has two columns devoted to college news, in each Monday's edition.

Students at German Universities are taking active part in the movement against the Jews.

Hon. B. B. Lewis, LL.D., has entered upon his duties as President of Alabama University.

Columbia is to have a big burial early in the spring. No expense will be spared to make it a success.

Brown University has recently lost Dr. J. Lewis Diman, D.D., one of its most talented and popular professors.

America's oldest college president is Aaron L. Chapin of Beloit. The youngest is David S. Hill of the University of Lewisburg, Penn.

Cornell's library ranks fourth in college libraries. Harvard leads with 200,000; Yale, 100,000; Dartmouth, 50,000; Cornell, 40,000.

Michigan University numbers 1,515 students. Thirty-five States are represented, besides England, Canada, Prussia, Japan, and the Bermudas.

The new order of college government of Amherst provides for regular reviews, which will take the place of the usual examinations, each student being ranked according to his standing in these, rather than from an examination at the end of the term.



Central Tennessee College has four students, and St. Johns College, Arkansas, two. What exciting times they must have in those institutions.

W. K. Richardson, of Harvard, '80, was recently awarded a scholarship at Oxford. Never before was the honor conferred on an American student.

Mr. Archibald Fobes, the famous war correspondent of the *London News*, has been lecturing before the students of several Western colleges, during the past two months.

There are over 7,000 Americans studying in the German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurtenburg estimates that \$4,500,000 are thus annually expended by Americans in Germany.

Until 1700, fifty percent. of the Harvard graduates entered the ministry. From 1700 to 1800, twenty-nine per cent. followed that calling. Since then eleven per cent. have chosen that path, and from 1860 to 1870, only six and a half per cent. became clergymen.—*Dartmouth*. Perhaps that accounts for the vast number of poor ministers.—*Tripod*.

Prof. Blakie, of the Edinburgh University, has made a speech to his students, in which he advocated the study of at least the modern languages and one ancient, as indispensable to culture. "The study of one modern language ought to be included in the Master of Arts curriculum." It was foolish to spend one's energies on the subject of "evolution out of an antediluvian rat, or the infinitesimal brain of a pre-Adamite slater."—*Hobart Herald*.

The first annual report of the Harvard Annex furnishes the following information: Its different courses have been passed, during the year, by 25 young ladies, who have passed the required examinations with credit. The term opens with 42, or nearly twice the number of last year. Of

these, 18 take Greek; 15 Latin; 10 Mathematics, German, and English; 8 History and Philosophy; 4 Physics; 3 Astronomy; 2 French, Italian, and Botany; and 1 Political Economy. Of the 42 pupils, 10 are pursuing a regular course of four years. A fund of \$16,000 was subscribed at the initiation of the enterprise, of which \$7,500 has been called in.—*Harvard Echo*.

### CLIPPINGS.

Prof. of Social Science—"What becomes of all the pins?" Mr. D.—"I suppose they go into the earth and come up as ter-rapins."

Scene: Astronomy class. Professor to Junior—"What time does Mars get full?" Junior—"Don't know, sir; never associate with such company." Decided applause.—*Ex*.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth hesitated and replied: "Ah! I see; and you have butted all your hair off."—*Ex*.

She was declaiming "The Launching of the Ship," and as with a tender voice she exclaimed:

How beautiful she is! how fair  
She lies within those arms that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

The professor rolled his eyes in ecstasy and whispered, "Beautiful, beautiful figure!" and the boys held each other down in their places and smacked their juicy lips. Such, alas, are the temptations of co-education!—*Vidette*.

There was a young Prep. with a rail,  
Who tickled a mule on the tail,  
And then took a stroll  
To the heavenly pole,  
Naught left but a shred of coat-tail.

—*University Press*.

Although it is not a proper thing to do, we are told that a student calling on a young lady attempted to put his arm around her; but the lady said with scorn, "Go home and squeeze the pillow."—*Jeffersonian*.

A hundred years ago, when you called on a girl, she kissed you good-bye. Now, if you suggest anything of the sort, her father calls you into the library and asks you what you are worth. Are we a nation? And is this progress?—*Varsity*.

Place: Sub-Fresh prayer-meeting. Mr. A. to Mr. B.—"Why does Mr. C. keep his eyes open when he is praying?" Mr. B.—"O, he boards at the club, and has got into this habit asking blessings. He has to keep his eyes open to keep the boys from stealing his plate."—*Coll. Courier*.

Law Prof.—"What constitutes burglary?" Student—"There must be a breaking." Prof.—"Then if a man enter your open door and take five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student—"Yes, sir, because that would break me."—*Ala. Univ. Monthly*.

A dark-haired Junior availed himself of the recent snow to go sleigh-riding with his auburn-haired girl. Forgetful of all punctuation, when he saw her come to the door ready for the ride, he yelled, "Hello Ready!" She didn't go with him, and since then he has become a hard-working student.—*Student Life*.

Kiss me, Lucille, just once again:  
Your lips, like roses freshly wet,  
Touch mine, and make me quite forget  
That I grow old like other men.

Do you remember far back, when  
I whispered, ere our lips first met,  
"Kiss me, Lucile?"

How many years? Did you say ten,  
Since we were caught in Cupid's net?  
Ah, well! your lips are roses yet:  
Time only makes them sweeter;—then  
Kiss me, Lucile!

—*Acta*.

A tom-cat sits upon a shed,  
And warbles sweetly to its mate:  
"Oh, when the world has gone to bed,  
I love to sit and mew till late."

But while this tom-cat sits and sings,  
Up springs the student, mad with hate,  
He shoots that cat to fiddle strings—  
He also "loves to mu-til-ate."

A Freshman sat down the first evening with simply a text-book and lexicon before him, but getting inextricably mixed up in long periodic sentences, he sent to the publishing house the following message: "For my mother's sake, send on the cavalry; we are entirely surrounded by the enemy, and shall be cut to pieces."—*Occident*.

Agent to Student—"I should like to sell you one of these new, improved blotting pads, sir." Student—"How do you hang it on? I don't see the string." Agent—"There isn't any string, you see—" Student—"I've had 'liver pads,' and 'kidney pads,' and 'lung pads,' and they all had a string to hang them on with, and I don't want any pad that hasn't got a string. Good morning."—*Ex*.

A law student, renowned for his emphatic language, was quite sick some time since, and being in a state of delirium, it was necessary to give him no nutriment except milk. In one of his more lucid intervals he happened to notice the nature of the liquid he was constantly imbibing, and turning to the attendant, remarked in his usual style. "—— do you take me for a cheese factory?"—*Chronicle*.

Who killed John Kelley?  
"I," said young Cooper,  
"I did just whoop'er  
Up for John Kelley."

Who'll toll the bell?  
"I," said old Sammy,  
"Though feeble, why dammee  
I'll toll the bell."

Who'll say the prayer?  
"I," said McCloskey;  
"With grief I'm quite husky,  
I'll say the prayer."

—*Varsity*.

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»\*THE\*«

# BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. IX. No. 3.

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»\*MARCH, 1881.\*«

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LEWISTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '82.  
1881.

# THE BATES STUDENT.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

**TERMS**—\$1 a year, invariably in advance; Single copies, 10 cents.

## EDITORS.

F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: C. H. LIBBY.

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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

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MARCH, 1881.

No. 3.

EBB-TIDE.

A dreary waste outstretching far,  
Beneath a cheerless sky,  
The vessels leaning on their side,  
Like helpless wrecks they lie.  
The beach thick strewn with sea-weeds brown,  
Mingled with spars and ropes,  
Seems like our lives, strewn thickly o'er  
With wrecks of shattered hopes.

FLOOD-TIDE.

But even while I sadly muse,  
On lessons all must learn,  
The curling waters kiss the shore,  
Recede, yet soon return.  
And now the righted vessels, proud,  
The placid waves may ride,  
The gulls fly free, like hopes fresh winged,  
Life, too, hath its flood-tide.

N., '77.

NEWSPAPERS.

THE law of supply and demand is operative upon news and newspapers, as well as upon other commodities. News has always had a market value, and anything that has a market value is sure to be cultivated. The barter system long prevailed in transactions in news, and is not uncommon in our day. A piece of information is given for some other piece of information. The newspaper is the negotiable instrument of news, or, better, the currency.

The first newspaper was a government

institution, a government monopoly; and many governments of the earth to-day consider it unsafe to allow the people to provide news for themselves. Those in authority provide such as is proper. England abandoned this policy in 1695 when the licensing act was allowed to expire, and the censorship of the press given up. Our own government has never undertaken to dictate its citizens in regard to the publication of newspapers. Private enterprise has been allowed full scope, with nothing but the laws in relation to libel to hold it in check. The demand for news is always firm. Perhaps there is no commodity in which there is such great activity at all times. Capital, seeking profitable investment, has been enticed, by the large demand, into the business of collecting and distributing news. The most lively competition has ensued, and is attended with all the blessings and all the ills that go to make up the life of business in any branch of industry. The public is served with news according to its requirements. It is made to order, so to speak, to fit and flatter any condition or enormity of the social system. Disreputable dealers have gone into the business, and have adulterated facts, and tricked out falsehood in the guise of truth, palming them off upon an eager and trusting public for the pure article. The market is full of news with figurative sand and glucose in it, news that is short measure, news that leaks, news that won't wash.

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Like air and water, news is common property. Whoever first gets possession is the legal owner. Its intrinsic value is but a small part of its market value. The larger part of its market value is represented by the labor that has been expended in acquiring it or manufacturing it. The newspapers are the service pipes that leave it at our door every morning or evening. We do not pay for the water that runs into our wash basins, but for the labor and for the interest on the money that has been expended in rendering it so convenient to perform our matutinal ablutions. So the public turns on its water, its gas, or its news with about equal system and regularity.

There has always existed in the human mind a desire to know of events as they were happening from day to day, but the energy and enterprise necessary to satisfy this desire has been of slow development. The whole scheme of mythology seems to have been invented because it was easier to speculate and theorize, than to make scientific investigation. So long as learning was the monopoly of the few, imposture was easy. Another desire that the human mind has always contained, is that of foretelling future events. The fascinating element of uncertainty renders this peculiarly attractive to speculators. This has become one of the most important features of the newspaper. We are told, upon one side of the sheet, what has transpired during the day; upon the other side, what will probably transpire to-morrow. This is a natural sequence,—first the facts, then deductions from those facts. The newspapers are the modern oracles, consulted and interpreted not by any privileged brotherhood, but by each individual for himself. Newspaper editors are the most serious minded men of the times, more often deceived than deceivers, and of most implicit faith in the truth of their own utterances. It is the public that consults

its "Metropolitan Oracle" of a morning over its coffee, and steps out upon the street to exchange salutations and indulge in "ocular strabismus" over the latest prognostication.

That the newspaper had its origin under a republican form of government is a matter of considerable significance; for the origin of the modern newspaper is credited to Venice. During the latter part of the sixteenth century an official publication of the Venetian government appeared monthly, in manuscript, called the *Gazette*. In years previous, during the wars the Turks waged with the Venetians for the repossession of Constantinople, the custom was established in Venice of reading, in some particular place, news from the seat of war, and the privilege of listening to the reading of these bulletins was paid for in a coin called the *gazetta*. Hence the name. The conjunction of circumstances that demand a newspaper is to be found in a republican form of government. The citizens of Venice sought to inform themselves of current events by an organized method of communication. Having a responsibility in the conduct of affairs, it behooved them to know how affairs were conducting themselves.

Printing was a partially developed mechanical contrivance lying about waiting for a soul to come and inhabit it, when the newspaper idea came and took up its abode therein. The printing of books, histories, treatises, scientific systems, and metaphysical theories, is not to be discouraged, but the newspaper is the great educator. It is in printing the newspaper that the art of printing itself has developed its most wonderful possibilities.

The newspaper has thrived under the constitutional government of England, but that government is responsible for long years of persecution of newspaper editors and publishers. In Continental Europe the censorship of the press is still compar-

atively rigid. The *Weekly News*, published in London in 1622, was the first English newspaper, and in 1709 the first daily morning newspaper, the *Daily Courant*, was established.

The newspaper is the dissolvent of the old forms of society. Class distinctions, bigotry, prejudices, superstitions melt before it. Society is individualized by it. It makes each man the intelligent leader of himself. For this reason the leaders of society by divine right, the world over, have trampled upon it. Their institutions can not endure the conflagration of ignorance which the newspaper spreads over a land. It is serious business to be in authority in a land of newspapers. They have caused the heads that wear crowns to lie more uneasy than ever. That chapter in English History in which Lord Bute, the favorite of George III., Wilkes and No. 45 of the "North Briton" figure so conspicuously is a notable illustration of this antagonism between authority and criticism. The newspaper triumphed over the Prime Minister. This was in 1763. Nearly one hundred years previous "the twelve judges," says Chancellor May, "under Chief Justice Scroggs, declared it to be criminal at common law to publish any public news, whether true or false, without the king's license."

In our own country the newspaper is well-nigh a co-ordinate branch of the government. And if the question of supremacy ever comes to the touch, it will be the newspaper that will license the government and not the government the newspaper. It is the untiring, undaunted, inquisitive, remorseless, impudent, talented, abused newspaper reporter that represents the people in public affairs, reporting daily to his constituents. The legislator is simply the nominal dignitary, the form and figure of authority of which the reporter is the substance. All of us who are subscribers for a newspaper are represented, for our subscription is an endorse-

ment and ratification of the principles advocated by our paper. Given the newspapers that habitually lie upon your neighbor's table, and one can deduct with almost scientific accuracy his intellectual status, and form a somewhat just estimate of his moral stature. To most of us the local town or county paper furnishes facts and opinions sufficient to nurture our interests in affairs at large, and the religious paper that has always been in the family is a full modicum of Sunday reading. A few ambitious, unsatisfied spirits in the community think to exhibit their superiority in intelligence, by subscribing for numerous newspapers and magazines, and make a parade of being "literary." Their support of the local paper is a patronizing support of a local industry, prompted by no desire to gain any information or amusement from such an ordinary source. They must have their facts and opinions imported from the metropolis along with their purple and fine linen. As far as my observation has extended, if an illustration is permitted, the New York *Nation* newspaper lying on one's table will establish a reputation for political independence and a calm statesmanlike altitude of mind superior to that imparted by any other mere newspaper in the republic. But to what purpose this assumption of superiority! It is a perpetual struggle and unceasing vexation of spirit to maintain it. Mediocrity is the most comfortable and contented condition of existence. If my friend is interested in the Turcomans, Zulus, the Irish Land Question, or the struggles in Chili, Bolivia, and Peru, it is no concern of mine so long as he does not overwhelm me with the abundance of his information. After my own affairs, the welfare of my neighbors, and the community in which I live, is of interest to me, and I trust I would do a neighborly kindness as soon as another. But my enthusiasm over distant and remote affairs amounts to nothing.

"Did not the door bell ring, Susie?

Run and fetch your father his evening paper, and hand his glasses from the mantel." The newsboy never forgets our paper, and he rings the bell to save us fruitless journeyings to the door stoop. He has received small pieces of silver at my hands, and I believe I hear, through the open door, inquiries of him from my daughter concerning his invalid sister. He will probably be the proprietor of a newspaper himself, some day. "Susie, the paper." What strange notions is this tiny maiden putting into that boy's head? But here is the paper. "For New England, colder, partly cloudy, occasional light snow, northwest to southwest winds, rising barometer." The local news is read aloud, and commented upon by the various members of the household. After which I have the paper to myself to peruse at leisure,—the legislative doings, the market and stock lists, various miscellaneous items, the advertisements, until my head nods and I fall into a dreamy doze, and with my feet propped against the fire-frame and the newspaper to shelter my eyes from the light, doze on, until a gentle hand is laid upon my shoulder and a voice as sweet and kindly as the far-off chant of seraphim, admonishes me, "Joseph, it is bed time."

N. W. H., '73.

#### TO AGNES.

O golden stars that gleam in heaven so bright,  
O silver moon with thy soft mellow light,  
Shine down upon my love and bear this message true,

I love but you, Queen of my heart, I love but you.

O snow-white clouds that float above the purple hills,

O deep blue arch of heaven, that all my soul with wonder fills,

And you, ye ocean waves, that seem so wild and free,

Say ever to the one I love, He loves, he loves but thee.

O golden stars and silver moon, O rolling clouds and sea,

O earth and sky bear to my love this message true from me,

While ye shall shine and move, aye, when ye shall cease to be,

Still, Queen of my soul, still I shall love but thee.

B. L. M.

#### WHAT TOM SAID.—II.

THE fall term was already drawing to a close. Only two weeks remained before the usual examinations. Students who had been spending a greater portion of their time in fishing, boating, and evening promenades, now devoted their attention to their books. The poor Freshmen who had been working with might and main ever since they had entered college were beginning to look pale and careworn. They rarely ever smiled now,—they who had been so proud and jubilant but a month before. Midnight oil was burned by them in such extensive quantities that the college grocers were obliged to order several extra barrels to meet the increased demand. Meanwhile there were a few men in the upper classes who seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that books were made to study. Morning, afternoon, and evening were alike devoted to the manly art of self-defense or a quiet game of poker. Freshmen looked upon them with wonder, and quietly discussed their chances of passing the dreaded ordeal.

One evening, while Tom and I were hard at work upon our Physics for the morrow, there came a timid rap upon our door. To a loud "Come in!" the door opened and Phillips, a Freshman, entered. This young man was formerly a member of the same school from which Tom had graduated, hence my chum felt a warm

interest in his college career and rendered him valuable assistance.

"Well, Phillips, how goes it?" said Tom, as he threw down his book and wheeled around, facing our visitor.

"To tell the truth," he replied, with a disconsolate air, "I am not getting along well at all. I have been plugging away on that Thucydides early and late, but I know well enough that I cannot pass a decent examination in it."

"You're feeling rather blue, my son," said I, in a voice full of sympathy.

"It's enough to make any fellow blue to think of passing a test upon those double-twisted examples in Olney," Phillips answered.

"I see that it becomes my duty, as a friend of your father, to give you a little instruction upon the subject of examinations," said Tom, as he twisted his moustache and gave me a suggestive wink. "You are what may be classically termed an unsophisticated Freshman. You are blissfully ignorant of the temptations and wiles of college life. If you will, at the commencement of the course, keep in mind that noble saying of Gilbertus, 'Things are seldom what they seem,' you will be better prepared to understand some of the remarkable phenomena which will doubtless fall under your observation during the next four years.

"Now, from my acquaintance with you, I have learned that you have a conscience. You have firmly resolved to use no cavalry whatever during your study of the classics. You are very certain that nothing will ever induce *you* to cheat at recitations or examinations. Although I admire these traits of character in a young man of your ability, yet you will find it much better to leave them all at home. A conscience is a troublesome thing for a college student to carry around; it is continually worrying him and causing trouble. As to horseflesh you will always find it easier to ride than

go afoot. With these remarks by way of introduction, I will proceed to give a few suggestions about examinations.

"Our tests are all given in the lower chapel. The questions are written upon a long blackboard. The students sit at regular distances from each other, and have before them pieces of pasteboard upon which their answers are written. Now, in order to pass successfully the tests which you must undergo, *sufficient preparation must be made*. Please do not misunderstand what I have just stated. By the words 'sufficient preparation' I do not mean the hard work necessarily incident to a thorough knowledge of your lessons, but another kind. The last week or two should be devoted to the manufacture of cribs. These are what are technically called 'aids to memory.' If your study is very hard make abstracts of it upon very small sheets of paper. Write fine and condense as much as possible. If you have difficulties with figures in Geometry or General Geometry, place them fully demonstrated upon these little slips of paper. When you go into the examination, have your carefully cribbed notes in a pocket easy of access. When the professor's eyes are turned towards the board you can slip them under the paper upon your pasteboard, and thus be able to pass a very satisfactory examination. If a class has been examined just before your turn comes, get some of the boys to look at the questions which your professor has been diligently writing upon the other side of the blackboard, and bring them out to you. In this way you will be able, occasionally, to study up the answers in your text-books before you go in. If you will follow these instructions you can spend the greater part of each term in playing billiards, poker, and base-ball, and yet keep your place in the class."

"Anybody would think, to hear you talk, that you had had considerable experience

in the business," said I, as soon as I could recover from my astonishment. "You know very well, Tom, that you don't mean one word you have said. There isn't a man in the college who has studied more faithfully, or who has been more honest in his examinations, than you."

A quiet smile played across his face as he glanced at Phillips and then at me.

"The advice which I have given is not the result of experience but of observation," replied Tom, pulling out his pipe and preparing it for service. "I believe that it is always best in directing a traveler to point out the shortest way to his destination, although it may be fraught with danger, and the longer afterward. What do you think of the first way I have shown you, Phillips?"

"Although you have shed light upon some things which I did not understand, yet with the venerable Beede I exclaim, 'Good Lord deliver me!'"

"The second method is not so attractive to the average student," said Tom, after blowing a cloud of smoke from his lips, "for it requires a different and more arduous course of study. If you would succeed in the true sense of the word, you must be willing to do a good deal of hard work. I have never yet met a man who could learn a lesson without studying it. When a college education can be bought at a bookstore, then I presume some new method will be discovered,—but until that day does come, you and I must be content to plod along in the old path."

"In the first place, if you are studying the classics or modern languages, be sure and make yourself familiar with the fundamental principles. After you have mastered these, and are engaged in reading, endeavor to translate without notes. When you have done the best you can call in the aid of notes. Don't neglect to translate the lesson of the previous day, and at the end of the week, all that you have been

over for that week. In this way you will become familiar with the words and ideas of the writer, and they will remain fixed in your mind. In mathematics I would not advise you to try to memorize all the demonstrations, providing you could. Try to put principles together in a logical order so that the desired results may be obtained. It may be necessary, at times, to commit a proposition to memory in the author's own language, in order to retain a particularly intricate method of demonstration, but such cases are rare. Try to do your own thinking, and depend upon your own efforts to work out difficult problems.

"If you will follow these latter suggestions of mine, Phillips, I think you will find that examinations are not your worst enemies, but friends in disguise."

NEMO.

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### THE CITY BY THE SEA.

'Tis the flood of the tide,  
And, half-listless, I glide  
And watch the far town by the sea's heaving  
side;  
While, in image entire,  
Each turret and spire  
Stands in outline against the sunset's red fire.

O'er the waves, to my boat  
The city's sounds float,  
But softened and blent in a musical note;  
Now fainter they grow,  
As the sun settles low,  
And paled and subdued in the west's fiery glow.

Now the colors fade,  
And the outlined shapes made  
But the dim, haunting sense of some weird  
phantom shade;  
While I, musing, seem,  
In a strange sort of dream,  
To be borne on the breast of some mystical  
stream.

And methinks I behold  
Some fair city of old,  
With richly wrought steeples and turrets of  
gold;  
And fain would I rest  
On this mystic wave's breast,  
And be borne, half entranced, to some Isle of  
the Blest.

—H. Advocate.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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THE following item has been going the rounds of the college press:

Bates College has lost one-fifth of her students during the last six months, owing to slackness of discipline.

This statement, as many of our students are aware, was made in the columns of the *Bowdoin Orient* last fall, by a former member of our institution.

It is a pet theory with some that as soon as they have, for any reason, left one college for another, that the former institution must suffer an irretrievable loss and rapidly decline in prosperity and importance. Perhaps it was for this reason that the writer above mentioned made such a statement as he did.

Now what are the facts? *Since the beginning of the college year, Aug. 24th, only eight students have left Bates to go to other colleges. In the meantime five new students have been added to our number.* This certainly is not a very bad report to make at the end of the winter term.

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The *STUDENT* of this month appears one week earlier than usual. It is the purpose of the present Board of Editors to issue the magazine a few days earlier each month until we shall be able to have its publication occur during the first rather than the last week.

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Alumni dinners by the score have been served at the principal hotels of New York, Boston, and Hartford, during the past few weeks. When we read of the rich banquets which have been spread and of the toasts which have been offered we could not refrain from wishing that complimentary cards had been sent to Lewiston.

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We have not as yet been burdened with contributions from undergraduates. The

*STUDENT* is published in the interests of *all* members of our institution, and should therefore be a fit representative of the literary and social life at Bates. If, after the editors have done their best, the magazine fails in its mission, the fault should be placed where it belongs, namely, upon the students themselves. Now the way to make the *STUDENT* a success is for each man to feel that he has a personal interest in its prosperity. If anything falls under your observation, which you think will be entertaining to the public, do not fail to make note of it and hand it to one of the editors. If you are particularly interested in the realms of fiction, try your hand at writing a short story and give the students the benefit of your effort. Should you occasionally delight in riding Pegasus (not a pony), be not bashful about making it known. Of course we may sometimes be unable to publish what you send us, but even this ought not to discourage any one. We are all trying to make advancement as best we can. We may make mistakes, but by perseverance and manly effort we may soon learn to correct them.

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It has been but a few weeks since the intelligence was flashed across the Atlantic that Thomas Carlyle was dead. For several years he had been patiently awaiting the summons to go hence. Now that the mists have hidden him from our sight, we cannot keep back the memories which come crowding thick upon us. We remember the hours we have spent with him in that vigorous book, "Heroes and Hero Worship." Here it was that he first displayed to our wondering eyes that mysterious power which has been so influential in moulding public thought. It was however in his great work, "Sartor

Resartus," that he struck the key note to his whole literary career. Sweeping away the shams and false philosophies of society he planted the everlasting truth. His thoughts burn with a heat which centuries cannot extinguish. He who expects to find Carlyle's works "good easy reading" will be disappointed. Something more than a desire to pass away the time must be the motive of the student who would become acquainted with this great man. Carlyle's style is at times cumbersome, but it is always strong. His rough Scotch method would not please the fastidious reader. Carlyle never wrote for the purpose of making money—he left that field for shallower brains; he wrote because he *must*. He did not dare to keep quiet when he became convinced that men were plotting against the best interests of mankind. Tearing away the mask of hypocrisy behind which these children of the cloven foot had hidden themselves, he did not hesitate to reveal their real character. He believed that no man or nation ever became truly great that did not recognize a Supreme Being as the source of all power. Hence he was unsparing in his criticism of the various characters which have figured in ancient and modern history. Carlyle will, without doubt, be regarded in the next century, if not in this, as the greatest thinker since Bacon.

We frequently hear some students bemoaning the fact that we have no secret societies at Bates. Now while there are a few arguments in favor of them we think there are more in opposition. In the first place it was the purpose of the founders of the college to make it one in which students of limited means could secure an education without great expense. The support of secret societies would be no insignificant item of expense to those of the students who should become members of them.

Since the large part of our students are dependent upon their own exertions, if all these institutions, like secret societies, class exits, class balls, etc., which are supported at older colleges, should be introduced at Bates, many who are now able to bear the expense of the course would then find it impossible. Our literary societies afford an opportunity for students to perfect themselves in debate and other literary exercises, and are supported at a comparatively light expense. Secret societies would of course injure these in a great degree and perhaps run them out entirely. We think that we derive as much benefit in point of literary training from our own societies as we should from any secret society. Then we think that they tend to cause class dissensions. In each class the members of the several societies would be determined to carry out their own measures and elect their own men to the different class offices. We think this is acknowledged to be a fact in all those colleges where secret societies are established institutions.

The interest taken thus early in baseball matters serves to remind us that the sporting season is near at hand. Last year our first Field Day exercises occurred Saturday, June 19. This date was later than that of either Bowdoin or Colby, and it has been suggested by some one that we have Field Day earlier this year. The suggestion is worthy of consideration. During the middle or latter part of June our section is generally visited with the warmest weather. Those attending the sports last year will remember the amount of caloric in the atmosphere and its effect upon the contestants. The runners came off the track in a reeking perspiration, their throats parched with heat and filled with dust, and their faces red and inflamed. Umbrellas aided greatly in keeping off the pouring rays of the sun, but their aid in



one respect was more than counterbalanced by their annoyance to sight-seers.

Last year Field Day was an experiment, but taking all circumstances into consideration, it was eminently successful, and much credit is due the prime movers in its establishment, who were members of '80. The class cup, presented to the college by the above-mentioned class, to be turned over to the class winning the greatest number of prizes, indicates the interest of '80 in our sports, and this circumstance, together with our own spirit of pride and friendly rivalry, ought to arouse in each student a deep enthusiasm—a determination to make the day one to be looked forward to with great expectations. It will require much hard, faithful work to accomplish this result. Those intending to enter the lists should begin to take daily exercise. It is none too early.

Our record last year was nothing to be ashamed of. It compared favorably with that of other institutions, where the observance of the day has been successfully established for several years. But it can be bettered the coming season if every man does his duty. The raw material is good; let it be properly fashioned, and thus made better.

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On Wednesday, March 2d, the monotony of college routine was suddenly broken by an event long to be remembered by the students and officers of the college. When the bellman went to ring at half-past one o'clock he saw through the glass door that the bellman's room was full of smoke. He ran inside and turned the contents of the water pail upon the flames. This producing no effect he rushed out and shouted "fire" with such vigor as to arouse all the students in Parker Hall and the gymnasium. In two minutes thirty or forty men were on the spot deluging the room with water. Meanwhile the college bell was sending the alarm over the city, and

hundreds came running from all directions to the scene. A man was promptly dispatched to fire alarm box, No. 18, corner of Vale and College Streets, to signal the fire department. The flames appearing to be under the floor, a gigantic Freshman wielded an ax with such vigor as to quickly make an opening through which the flames poured. The boys promptly attacked this small volcano with well-filled water pails. Other holes were quickly cut. By this time it appeared that the whole space between the floor and the ceiling of the rooms below was a roaring furnace, whose flames could defy the contents of a thousand waterpails. The fire department were a long time arriving, owing to the terrible condition of the streets which were filled with deep snow and slush, through which the horses plunged at every step. "The building must go, save the libraries!" was the exclamation of the boys when they saw the extent of the fire. They immediately rallied at their respective society rooms, situated in the third story and in close proximity to the flames. The doors were locked, but it was no time to search for keys, and they were immediately burst open, and the rooms quickly cleared of chandeliers, pictures, carpets, libraries containing 1600 volumes, and musical instruments. These were all carried to Parker Hall in safety.

The fire department had by this time attached two lines of hose to the hydrant west of Parker Hall, and were doing their best to check the flames. The issue was for a long time doubtful. As soon as possible a third line of hose was attached to an engine which was supplied with water by a second engine posted farther down College Street, and three streams were now playing upon the fire. This flood of water soon began to find its way through the ceilings and run in streams into the laboratories and college library, which con-

tains 5,200 volumes. These were quickly cleared of apparatus and books.

It was about an hour and a half after the alarm was given, when the engines and hydrants ceased playing on the building, and the flames were extinguished.

The real cause of the fire is unknown. It caught in the bellman's room, probably from the stove. No blame can be attached to any one. There was no one in the room after twelve o'clock, but when it was left the dampers of the stove were all carefully closed.

There is \$10,000 insurance on the building; \$5,000 of which is in the Home of New York, and \$5,000 in the American of Philadelphia. The adjustors of the insurance companies placed the damage at \$1,468.80. It is, as yet, difficult to estimate the damage aside from the injury to the building. It was, of course, impossible to move the apparatus, libraries, and natural history cabinet so unceremoniously without considerable damage.

The recitations were interrupted for one day only.

It is evident to all who have given the subject thought that there is a potency in the words of a gifted speaker, a certain peculiar charm which often exerts an influence by other means impossible. In politics, science, religion, art,—it matters little where—that man who is capable of giving expression easily and fittingly to even ordinary ideas upon an ordinary subject, possesses a material advantage over his fellows. Hence the question: Is not public speaking a subject which merits closer attention among young and aspiring men than it is receiving? Is it not imperative that every young man who lays claim to ambition in any direction should cultivate as far as possible this so valuable a power? We are approaching a time when the educated man must make himself felt, in politics especially. It is to education that this age will owe its glory.

It is to educated men that this nation owes its origin as a free republic. It will be to educated men that it must owe its continuance, unscathed by the dogmas of ignorance and the fallacies of demagogism. Hence the necessity of bringing into action those faculties most forcible and broadest in influence. If the platform is more potent than the press, as it often must be, since it reaches a class incapable of being influenced by the latter, then it is essential that the educated man should prepare himself to exert the influence thereby made possible.

Again, if one is desirous of political honors or preferment of any kind in the gift of the people, there is no surer path than through the rostrum. This age in its blind and foolish worship of smartness is always ready to consider the brilliant speaker the embodiment of wisdom, and, charmed by the magic of his silver tongue is pleased to pay him all the homage in its power.

To another wishing to scatter broadcast the seeds of philanthropy and wisdom, and desiring to bring before the common people these wrongs and the remedy for them, there is no method so simple and at the same time so efficient as is presented by the platform and the pulpit. There is labor involved in a thorough preparation in this direction, but so there is in every thing of value, yet the pleasure and the profit in the knowledge gained and influence exerted seems more than an offset.

After a time, through the lessons learned in the preparation of efforts involving thought and diligent labor, there comes the added grace of the extempore. Few, perhaps, can become expert in the latter, but these sometimes hidden possibilities. Few can equal Burke or Henry, but all can, with a fair effort, become competent to express clearly, if not eloquently, ideas which in themselves perhaps may be superior to those advanced by the most brilliant orator.

### LOCALS.

Whooper-up.

"Ha! ha! I-e-gorry!"

"You old reservoir!"

"Pass the unabridged."

Do you ever play "keerds"?

"Apples! apples! one cent!"

A *chef-d'œuvre*—the candy boy.

Skill says, "Chaw me up if I do!"

It is an open question, whether or no.

Come back! Oh, come back to our embrace!

Sophs, clip your horses; examinations are at hand.

"Now—now do you know anything about George Washington's birthday?"

A student buried in thought was one of the sights in Parker Hall last Thursday.

Song of the returned pedagogue: "I'm with ye once again, ye crags and peaks."

"The Deacon's Prophecy, and What Became of It," a college story, will appear in our next.

One of the boys says he thinks he shall have to take a post-graduate course before he can get his diploma.

On inauguration day the campaign flag of the Bates Garfield and Arthur Club was run out at the college.

The lowest estimate of the earnings of the 88 teachers sent out by Bates this year, exclusive of board, is about \$7,000.

Money is tight among the boys. Nobody is to blame except the officers of the law. The prohibitory law *must* be enforced.

One of our schoolmasters asked a little boy to spell "unite." He did it thusly: "Y-o-u, you, n-i-g-h-t, night—younight."

Read the advertisement of Chandler & Estes, book dealers. This is a reliable firm, and deserves your patronage. Books of every description furnished at the lowest rates.

The Polymnian Society held a mock trial on Feb. 26th, in place of the usual exercises. Lib and Beede made lots of fun.

The nine hereafter are to have the gymnasium, to the exclusion of all others, from half-past four until five every afternoon.

Professor (illustrating on the board the phenomena of rainbows by means of chalk rain-drops)—"You see, I only take three drops."

Student—"Professor, will you please excuse me from the next recitation?" Prof.—"Ye—yes, but now—now you make it up, won't you, *dear*?"

It was interesting to see the solitary inmate of Hathorn Hall carrying off his Penates under his arm. They came dreadfully near being scorched.

Skill don't want the boys to bring wheelbarrows into Parker Hall and leave them in the passages. They discommode him when he goes out to ring the bell.

Washington's birthday was a holiday for us this year. George was a good boy, and became a likely young man. We should observe the anniversary of his advent every year.

Morning after fire in Hathorn Hall: First Gamin—"They don't have no recitations up to the college to-day." Second Gamin—"I wish our school kept up there, don't you?"

'84 is making preparation to do some good work in base-ball next season. They have elected Whitmarsh, Captain, and Mariner, Manager, and have selected twelve to practice in the gymnasium.

Small things sometimes prove aggravating. When you are thinking about the glorious future as represented in the "Sweet by-and-bye," it is a sort of grind to break off the chain of your thoughts and clean out the spittoon.

Among the new books to be added to the college library this term, are the following: *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Bryant's *History of the United States*, and Carlyle's works.

When you visit a classmate don't rap on the door. Creep along still, and open the door suddenly. In nine cases out of ten you will see nights that will reward you for your shrewdness.

How it encourages a student to step in on his classmate and find him sitting in a three-legged chair, with only three cents in his pocket, studying the chapter on "Money," in *Political Economy*.

A large number of the students have taught school during this college year, as the following figures show: Senior class, 22; Junior class, 22; Sophomore class, 18; Freshman class, 26; total, 88.

"Do you know what I thought about you the first time I saw you?" "No; what did you?" "Now I'm not going to say anything bad about you, but I thought you was brought up in the reform school."

The professor in *Political Economy* had just been telling the class that at one time tobacco was the legal currency in Virginia. Student—"Well, professor, wouldn't tobacco be liable to depreciation if carried about in the pants?"

A Soph offers two dollars for the best set of answers to questions in *General Geometry* examination, which can be handed him before said examination closes. Says he intends to give a fair equivalent for all things received.

When a fellow gets up in the night to let his chum in, and runs his toes against the castors on the table, ought he to stifle his thoughts on the subject of castors, or stand up in all the dignity of his manhood, and, backed by the assurance that he has got rights not to be trifled with, express himself fearlessly?

The Juniors are now studying *Political Economy*. The great interest manifested by Prof. Stanley in making this study instructive has become contagious among the boys. His explanations are clear, and the discussions upon the different points in each lesson are very beneficial.

Our professor in modern languages says that the German word "damit," should always be accented on the last syllable. But when a man slips down on the ice he invariably gives the accent on the first. It seems as though custom authorizes the latter pronunciation.

A Senior carried a basket of husks from the first to the third floor of Parker Hall the other day, intending to plague the owner a little. When he reached the landing in the third story, the aforesaid owner appeared and wondered what had made Strouty so obliging all at once.

Several of our most promising young men, who have mastered the knotty points in mathematics and classics, can't raise an upper-lip. They wander about listlessly as though this life had lost all its pleasure for them. How true it is that a college course can't do everything for a man.

A Junior bought a stiff hat last fall term, and shortly after one of the boys threw a piece of an old hod, hit his hat and made a hole through it. A day or two ago he bought another new one. He went out the next evening to see his girl, and she sat down upon it and broke the brim. He says he can't put much confidence in a stiff hat.

'84 has elected the following class officers: President, J. E. McVay; Vice President, W. D. Wilson; Secretary and Treasurer, E. M. Holden; Chaplain, E. F. Burrell; Marshal, F. S. Sampson; Executive Committee, 1st, E. H. Emery, 2d, Miss K. A. McVay, 3d, E. R. Chadwick; Toast Master, J. W. Chadwick; Orator, M. S.

Hersey; Odist, Miss E. S. Knowles; Poet, Aaron Beede; Prophet, D. S. Whitmarsh.

A student found it necessary to discipline one of his small scholars this winter. The little fellow, who was only about five or six years of age, did not like the idea of being punished and resisted stoutly. The teacher at length securing his hand, prepared to ferrule him, when the little fellow sobbed out, "If you—you'll stop now—I—will.

Mr. O. L. Frisbee, '83, has just finished a very successful term of school at Kittery Point, this being his third term in that place. He and his scholars edited a paper each month, which was enjoyed very much by both scholars and parents. From what we learn of Mr. Frisbee's success we should say that he did well to serve a third term.

The Day of Prayer for colleges was observed at Bates in the usual manner. In the forenoon a prayer-meeting, conducted by B. G. Eaton, '82, was held in the C. C. A. room. In the afternoon a sermon was delivered by Rev. F. D. Clark, of the Williston Street Church, Portland. His text was taken from II. Peter, 3:9—"Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." The unmistakable earnestness of the speaker, and his clear reasoning, made the discourse highly convincing. In the evening another prayer-meeting was held, conducted by B. S. Rideout, '81. All the exercises were fully attended by the students, and many citizens were present.

The most of those students who have been swinging the pedagogic cane in the rural districts have now returned. They tell of some funny things which they have seen and heard during their vacation, among which we note the following: One morning while a jolly Junior was on his way to the little school-house, where he was wont to wield the birchen withe, he

was overtaken by a man of his acquaintance who was driving his old horse Bob at an unusual speed. On coming up the man cried out in much haste and agitation, "Can—can you tell me if the doctor is at home?" Junior—"I think he is; but what is the matter, Mr. —?" Mr. ——"Oh, Mary Ann, she—she's got the—git Bob," and applying the whip to old Bob he was soon out of sight.

The B. B. Association met Feb. 23d, in the lower chapel, and chose the following officers for the coming year: President, S. A. Lowell, '82; Vice President, E. Remick, '83; Treasurer and Collector, G. E. Lowden, '81; Secretary, W. S. Hoyt, '82; Directors, 1st, W. T. Perkins, '81, 2d, J. W. Douglass, '82, 3d, W. F. Cowell, '83, 4th, C. W. Foss, '84; Manager, E. D. Rowell, '81. A committee of three was appointed to select twelve men to practice in the gymnasium. The following names were presented: Wilbur, Parsons, Sanborn, Tinkham, Norcross, Rowell, Dresser, Foss, Tiffany, Hatch, Whitmarsh, Kicker. The motion was made and carried, that these twelve men shall be divided into three divisions, with a manager over each, who shall rank each man on his work in the gymnasium, and that no man, however skillful or unskillful as a base-ballist, who does not come up to a certain rank to be decided upon by the captain, shall have a place upon the nine. This plan it is hoped will secure a steadier practice on the part of our men, so that when the season opens they can go into the field with muscles "knotted for the conflict."

The annual prize declamations by the Sophomore class (first division) came off Friday evening, March 4th, before a very small audience, owing to the inclemency of the weather. The rain fell in torrents nearly all the evening, and it is doubtful if a more disagreeable night could have been chosen. Notwithstanding the damp-

ness of the atmosphere a large number of *Freshmen* were present (whether actuated by a desire to hear the speaking, or not, we are unable to say), and occasionally a cane could be seen to which the owner was clinging with an air of determination. But all was "quiet along the Potomac." The exercises were held in the Free Baptist Church, since the fire had rendered the chapel unfit for use. Excellent music was furnished by '81 Quartette, with Manson, '83, at the organ. The following is the programme:

## MUSIC.

## PRAYER.

## MUSIC.

The Great Republic.—*Holmes.*

H. O. Dorr.

Burial of John Brown.—*Phillips.*

J. B. Ham.

Shipwrecked.

Miss N. R. Little.

## MUSIC.

Honor to Labor.—*Carlyle.*

H. H. Tucker.

The Debts of Arcot.—*Burke.*

D. N. Grice.

Joan of Arc.—*DeQuincey.*

Miss E. S. Bickford.

## MUSIC.

Address to the Boys in Blue.—*Garfield.*

J. A. Crowley.

The Care of the Poncas.—*Pierce.*

W. H. Barker.

Pensioning of Jeff Davis.—*Blaine.*

J. S. Reade.

Nomination of Grant.—*Conkling.*

E. P. Jordan.

## MUSIC.

The speaking, as a whole, was very good, but we think that lack of force was a very common fault. The Committee of Award, H. E. Foss, J. E. Holton, and G. E. Lowden, after being out some time, brought in the names of D. N. Grice, J. S. Reade, and E. P. Jordan, who, together with the second division, will contest for the prize, Friday evening, March 18th.

It is rumored that the Greek play to be brought out at Harvard this spring will be taken to New York and Washington, and that a week will be given to the actors for that purpose.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—Eds.]

The following Bates graduates are in Bowdoin Medical College: E. V. Scribner, '78; E. A. McCollister, '79; P. R. Clason, '76; W. H. Adams, '76; C. B. Rankin, '80.

'67.—Rev. W. S. Stockbridge has recently been elected superintendent of an Industrial Institution in Georgetown, D.C., and will enter upon the discharge of the duties incident to his office immediately.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford was publicly installed as pastor of the First Free Baptist Church, Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 9. The right hand of fellowship was extended by Rev. G. S. Ricker, '67, pastor of Mt. Vernon Church, Lowell, Mass.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, the founder of the STUDENT, is now connected with the American Book Exchange in New York City.

'75.—A. M. Spear has a flourishing law practice in Hallowell.

'75.—G. W. Wood, who studied law with Messrs. Frye, Cotton & White of this city, has been admitted to the Suffolk County (Mass.) bar. We understand that Mr. Wood intends to commence the practice of law in Boston.

'80.—Miss Laura W. Harris has been engaged as preceptress of Wilton Academy, Wilton, Me.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

We have received a copy of *Woodhull & Claflin's Journal*, a paper "devoted to the advocacy of great social questions, and for the higher instruction and improvement of woman." The editors of this paper have established anything but an enviable reputation in this country. When the principles of Free Love were warmly advocated, and the air was thick

with scandals of the worst type, Mrs. Woodhull, as she was then known, occupied a prominent position among the upholders of the new philosophy. Unable to obtain entire liberty of speech in this country, she has withdrawn to the wilderness of London, Eng., where she is endeavoring to vindicate her career in the past and advance principles which the present age finds difficulty in accepting. The following articles which appear in the number before us are sufficiently suggestive of the purposes and aims of the editors: "Truth Crushed to Earth," "Mrs. Victoria Woodhull's Vindication," "Copy of Mrs. Woodhull's Divorce from Col. Blood," "The Beecher Article," "Free Love in Marriage."

*Stockbridge's Musical Journal* for February is at hand. It contains, besides interesting musical notes, a song entitled "Turnham Toll"; also two instrumental pieces, "Fond Hearts Must Part," and "Tulip Polka."

The *Boston Times*, following the plan adopted by the *New York World*, devotes a column or two to college news each week. The *Times* is essentially a society paper, and in its capacity as such will confer quite a favor upon the public by introducing the latest items of interest concerning our educational institutions.

We have received the March number of the *Illustrated Scientific News*, a journal containing a record of the sciences and their applications in the arts and sciences. Among the interesting articles we notice the following: "Capt. Ead's Great Ship Railway," "Antarctic Icebergs," "Manufacture of Wall Paper," "Throwing a Ball on a Horizontal Curve." The paper commends itself to the examination of all students.

We have received the following exchanges during the past month: *Wabash, Cornell Review, Dalhousie Gazette, Har-*

*vard Advocate, Amherst Student, Columbia Spectator, Acta Victoriana, Trinity Tablet, North Western, Collegian and Neoterian, Student Life, Niagara Index, College Olio, Chronicle, College Journal, Cornell Era, Madisonensis, Central Collegian, Williams Athenaeum, College Journal (Georgetown), College Rambler, Vassar Miscellany, Washington Jeffersonian, Oberlin Review, College Argus, Yale Record, Berkeleyan, Acta Columbiana, College Student, Luther-ville Seminarian, Wittenberger, Brunonian, Cornellian, Bowdoin Orient, Illustrated Scientific News, N. Y. World, Boston Times, Stockbridge's Musical Journal.*

### EXCHANGES.

It is a very easy matter for the exchange editor to tear off the wrappers of his visitors, look at their names, and then throw them into the waste-basket; but it is quite another thing to look them all over and form an intelligent opinion of their contents. It requires much time and patience to even glance over the large number of papers and magazines which present themselves for our consideration. And yet we do not think that a just criticism can be made upon the merits of any periodical unless it has been carefully examined. Superficial criticisms are found in almost every department of literature, but perhaps in no department are they more abundant than in the average newspaper and college magazine. Perhaps there is little or no excuse for the former, but there are, certainly, many for the latter. The necessity of keeping up his studies, the importance of continuing a course of reading in history, science, and fiction, and finally the demands of society, which, in the case of most college men, is no small matter,—conspire to drag a student editor away from solid work. It is only by denying self and concentrating his

efforts upon the task imposed upon him, that he can make his paper what it ought to be.

The *Columbia Spectator* and *Student Life* are the only college papers which make a specialty of illustrations. To be sure there are several others who present a two-inch-square cut once in a while, but these are hardly worth noticing. The last number of the *Spectator* now lies before us. During the past winter its artists have been engaged in drawing cuts illustrating various phases of society life and gossip. How well they have succeeded is attested by their increasing popularity. The full page illustration, entitled *Free Trade* (in speech) *vs.* *Protection*, is well executed and very suggestive. When we consider that the work of drawing and engraving these cuts is done entirely by the students, we cannot help admiring the enterprise and pluck which the managers display in bringing out the art talent of the college. The literary part of the *Spectator* is well conducted.

The *Tripod* and *Vidette* have been consolidated in the *North Western*, a tasty and well printed paper of twenty pages. If the editors carry out their intentions as expressed in the prospectus, we are quite certain that it will win for itself an enviable reputation.

The *Oberlin Review* contains, this month, a very ably written article upon "French Democracy." The writer shows by the facts which he presents, that he thoroughly understands his subject. A short poem entitled "Life," is worth remembering:

"The chord of life—it ends in God's  
Two hands,—swings 'cross the realms of Time.

"Each new-born soul, like nestlings young,  
Starts trembling from the hand of God.

"Faith is the bar by which we walk  
This dizzy, swinging cord of life;

"God is our starting point—our source—  
His hand receives us at the last."

The *Lutherville Seminarian*, published by the young ladies of Lutherville Female

Seminary, Baltimore County, Md., asks us to exchange. Certainly we will. We have always found it a difficult matter to refuse the requests of young ladies, especially those connected with colleges and seminaries. We hope that the *Seminarian* will continue its visits to our sanctum.

The *Wittenberger* is one of the most interesting exchanges we receive. It has, however, a fault or two which ought to be corrected: for instance, its literary department is apt to be heavy and didactic. Historical essays are well enough in their place, but are they what students want to find in a college paper or magazine?

The *Brunonian* contains a very timely editorial upon the late Prof. Diman, and his work at Brown. Beloved and respected by his students, he wielded a great influence over them at all times. His opinions upon political questions had more weight with the students than a dozen campaign orators. Evidently something was the matter with the person who wrote these lines:

"But a gloom stole into my soul that night  
As it talked with the Soul of the Sea,  
For the sea told a secret that froze it with fright,  
That my soul never told to me.

"Weeping it came; still I slept on the height;  
In a dream it came back to me;  
And my soul has not been the same soul since  
that night,  
When it talked with the Soul of the Sea."

The first three stanzas of this poem, so-called, tell how his body and soul became separated, the former lying on the top of a cliff, and the other going off on an excursion over the sea. We have concluded that the writer was either demented or possessed a soul of a new pattern.

The *College Student* is also a new visitor to our sanctum. Its typography, though not of the best, is yet about up to the usual standard of our Southern press. We were much disappointed to find that the editors had allowed a lecture, entitled "The Celtic Element in English Poetry," to occupy so much space. Perhaps, as an editorial



asserts, it is far more desirable to the patrons of the *Student* than anything else, but we doubt it. Dry essays and lectures have no place in a college paper.

The *Harvard Advocate* is an excellent representative of life and thought at Harvard. We never open its pages without expecting to find well written articles. Its standard is high, and its poetry breathes forth a healthy spirit of youthful vigor. It never resorts to underhanded measures in dealing with its contemporaries, but is at all times outspoken and courteous. Such a paper as the *Advocate* does much toward crushing out the opinion, prevalent among the narrow philosophers of New England, that college journalism is a failure. We clip the following "Serenade" from the last number received:

"Fair o'er the dusky hills afar,  
The moon in splendor shining,  
Peeps through my lady's window, where  
A pure white rose is twining.

"Ah, bold rose, to climb so nigh  
To where my love lies sleeping;  
Ah, bold moon from starlit sky,  
Thy vigil o'er her keeping.

"Rose, thy sweetest scent distill;  
Moon, shine bright above her;  
Say that 'neath her window-sill  
Waits her own true lover.

"Ah, bold rose, to climb so nigh  
To where my love lies sleeping;  
Ah, bold moon, I would that I  
At her face were peeping."

### COLLEGE WORLD.

The expenses of instruction in Chinese at Harvard last year was \$4,062.15; fees received, \$30.

Goldsmith of the Chicagos is coaching Yale's nine; Ward, Princeton's; Keef, Harvard's; and Richmond, Brown's.

Prof. Alexander G. Bell has received the Volta prize of \$10,000 of the French Academy for the invention of electricity.

The President of Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio, has posted the following notice: "Hereafter no female student will

be allowed to receive more than one visitor per week, and he must not stay later than nine o'clock."

The richest University in the world is that of Leyden, Holland, its real estate alone being worth over four million dollars.

Trinity's ball nine has disbanded, and all the athletic energy of the college is to be turned to cricket, in which there are hopes that a good record will be made.

There has been considerable sickness at Brown University. A physician who was called to treat one of the patients is reported to have said that the rooms are not fit to live in and that he would not live in one of them thirty days for a large sum of money.

The Yale Glee Club has arranged the following dates for its concert tour: April 13th, Brooklyn; 14th, Wilkesbarre; 15th, Harrisburg; 16th, Reading (or Lancaster); 18th, Philadelphia; 19th, Washington; 20th, New York. The last will be for the benefit of the Boat Club.

There are 66,000 schools and colleges in India, with an attendance of 1,900,000 boys and girls. The intellectual portion of the instruction given is extended to literature, history, and all included under the general term of the "humanities."

Evidently the tone of Smith College is gradually improving. Last year the girls smashed in the stiff hats of the serenading Amherst Glee Clubs with oranges. This year they deluged the Yale Club, it is said, with molasses candy, thereby saving the hats and showing an admirable spirit of economy.—*Amherst Student*.

The Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association had its sixth annual meeting on the 22d of January, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. Ten colleges were represented, as follows: Amherst, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Lehigh, Princeton, Rutgers, Stevens, University of Pennsylvania,

and Yale. A committee was appointed to expend the sum of \$150 for a silver cup, upon which is to be engraved the name of the college receiving the largest number of first prizes each year and also the names of the winners. The next field meeting will be at Mott Haven on the 28th of May. The newly elected officers are: President, W. I. Badger of Yale; Vice President, E. J. Wendell of Harvard; Secretary, A. Harvey of Columbia; Treasurer, H. F. J. Potter of Lehigh; Executive Committee, G. H. Taylor of Columbia, W. P. Field of Princeton, and the Chairman, W. I. Badger.

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### CLIPPINGS.

Der shmall boy stands on der fountain,  
Und he don't got on any close,  
Und der young girls dey all plush and say,  
Vat he means py such conduct as dose ?

Cain preceded Abraham as a pitcher;  
for it is well known that he gave Abel the  
drop and retired him on three strikes.—  
*Brunonian*.

We have just read a handkerchief flirtation code, and advise all men desiring to avoid breach-of-promise suits to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.

The latest conundrum at Wellesley is, "Why are our teachers like the third conjugation?" "Because they have no *bo* in the future."—*Harvard Echo*.

Senior—"I desire the picture of every brother in the class." "How about the sisters?" S.—"The brethren always embrace the sisters."—*Beacon*.

Prof. A. says: "The ship which carries the missionary to heathen lands often bears a burden of 'liquid fire and distilled damnation.'"—*Princetonian*. We never heard a missionary called that before. The description is however exceedingly spirited.—*Amherst Student*.

A Haverford Senior claims that the game of base-ball is of antique origin. For he says, "Even Noah practiced in the morning when he got the dove out on the fly."

Professor (to Senior in electricity)—"Are sparks of a long duration?" Senior (with a knowing look)—"It depends on whether the old folks have gone to bed or not."

Mr. S. in Moral Philosophy—"If I were the only man in the world, I would still be a man." Professor—"Yes, Mr. S.; but yet it would not be good for you to be alone."—*Amherst Student*.

"My dear," said a sentimental maiden to her lover, "of what do the autumnal tints, this glowing baldric of the sky, this blazing garniture of the year, remind you?" "Pancakes," he promptly answered. And then he realized for the first time that two hearts did not beat as one.

Scene in chapel: Comely young lady, bringing melody from the piano, strikes too hard and hurts her hand. Gallant Senior (standing near, sympathically looking at left hand)—"Poor little hand! How badly swollen it is!" Young Lady (briskly)—"Yes, but that isn't the one, thank you!"

Stella Basbleu, Vassar, '81, has just been relating some astronomical facts and figures. A. Dullston Sloeman ("never went in for that sort of thing, you know")—"I see how one can find out how large and how far away the stars are, but—by Jove! I don't *quite* see how they ever found out their *names*."

Student (reciting in Zoology)—"Articulates are endowed with all of the five senses." Prof.—"Do you pretend to say that worms smell?" Student—"Yes, sir." Prof.—"Please give some example you have observed that leads you to think so." Student—"Angleworms, when left in a box in warm weather."

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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## SKEPTICISM IN COLLEGE.

IT is not with an attempt at a broad or scholarly treatment of this subject that I present myself before you. I am no writer, as Pres. Bascom is. "I only speak right on; I tell you that which you yourselves do know."

Seven-eighths of our students at Bates are really skeptics. I do not use this word in its extreme meaning of infidels and atheists, but rather in its more literal signification of "those who are undecided, who are looking about for the truth."

There are two classes of these unbelievers, those who are interested in Christianity and those who are indifferent. I believe the majority of the students wish to be Christians. Many influences are at work urging them to accept religious beliefs. Public opinion is in favor of Christianity. The teachings of church and home, ever present and urgent, have their effect like the continued dropping of water. In every man there is a natural tendency to religious belief. It is, I believe, with a feeling of painful regret, sometimes approaching anguish, that the ordinary student finds himself afloat on this sea of doubt.

Young men in college, it is commonly thought, turn away from the teaching of home and friends merely to show their feeling of childish independence. It is said that they try to become doubters that they may be considered fearless in their opinions and broad in their views. I beg leave to differ.

It is true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A fresh, young mind that has just imbibed a great truth is very apt to give that truth undue importance. It is like a boat without ballast. The first vigorous breeze that comes careens it almost to oversetting. A deeper knowledge and a broader information give steadiness and security.

Most persons avoid the trial that awaits the student. They live whole lives disturbed by no period of active questioning and investigation. Nothing has forced them to give their earnest attention to broader ideas than those of every-day life. They never have been made to realize space, with worlds and systems of worlds, —stretching away to infinity for aught we know. The law of gravitation brings the apple to the ground for them but does not wheel the planets in grand, eternal precision about their common center. Perhaps they never heard of the nebular hypothesis, or of the trilobite and its descendants. They do not comprehend the wonderfully regular gradation of life from the mold on the wall to imperial man. They have not appreciated the theory of chemical elements, which makes man and earth and air and water so near akin. In the deep, dark science of the human mind they have not taken a step. They may have cast an awe-struck, peering glance within when they wondered at the mystery of dreams or the miracle of memory; but that is all.

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Now when these sublime truths open out before a young man in college, preceded and introduced as they are by the absolutely sure reasoning of pure mathematics, is it any wonder that the sentimental cant of ordinary prayer-meetings appears to him shallow and unsound? It seems to me to be the only natural result. But need it be the inevitable result? What shall prevent it?

Ordinary sermons and prayer-meetings will not suffice. Many a young man has been turned away from Christianity altogether on account of the popular and emotional notion of conversion. Sermons of hell-fire are to him absurd. Sentimental rhapsodies are mere gush. Students are taught in everything else by the sharpest, clearest reasoning; and why not in religion? One of the ablest preachers in the State has a church within easy reach of our students' Sunday attendance. His sermons are neither "icily regular" nor "splendidly nul." They are brilliant, but logical; witty, but sound. They are not ordinary sermons, but they never make allowance for a "reverent doubt."

A student's moral and religious growth should keep pace with his intellectual progress. Theory must be met with theory; fact, with fact; reasoning, with reasoning; proof, with proof. Not only should the student have the benefit of the recitations in Christian Evidences, but he should be assisted and strengthened by appropriate religious reasoning through the *De Imortalitate*, the *Memorabilia*, the dialogues of Plato, the *Physics*, the *Chemistry*, the *Astronomy*, and the *Psychology*.  
G., '79.

Fifteen members of the Junior class at Amherst have formed a Biological Association, to meet each week for the discussion of subjects pertaining to this department.

#### AFTER THE STORM.

A moaning wind, a cloud-girt sky,  
The moon had hid her face;  
A vessel on the rock-bound coast,  
No star her path to trace.  
Can she outride the angry gale?  
'Twould cause the stoutest heart to quail.

The morning breaks, o'er rolling wave,  
The light begins to play,  
And He who once said "Peace be still,"  
Sends forth the "god of day."  
The clouds disperse, the wave subsides,  
At anchor, safe, the good ship rides.

About me rolls, with seething waves,  
The stormy sea of life;  
My frail bark driven by the blast,  
My heart with passion rife,  
My strength but weakness seems to be,  
I faint with fear, Lord, help Thou me.

Light far off, faint, at last appears,  
Dawn on my soul doth break,  
The clouds of doubt flee fast away,  
Fresh courage now I take,  
His words of cheer my fears assuage,  
He brings me to safe anchorage.  
N., '77.

#### THE DEACON'S PROPHECY, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

A GROUP of noisy boys and girls are issuing from a country academy. Among them appears a youth who alone attracts our interest. He is the brightest, frankest, heartiest of all—the best scholar and greatest favorite. Up the street among his noisy schoolmates he goes laughing, joking, frolicking,—the noisiest, wittiest, widest awake, and lightest hearted. Surely his conscience has no scars. His heart is as pure and fresh as the air of the hills of his home, which has given the bloom to his cheek. His kind, cheerful, thoughtful face engages our attention and sympathy. His look is prophetic of a noble career. We love him at once. But what means this wild spirit of gayety that

possesses him to-day? Ah! I remember my own youth,—it is the spirit that a great vitality begets, the innocent spirit of jollity.

But let us hear the opinion of good Deacon Fernald, as he speaks to the village postmaster: "Brother Post, whose boy is that acting so rowdyish?" "That," I hear replied, "is the son of farmer Woolsey, the only one on the Hill who was not taken in by the mill swindle. He is an energetic, excellent man, and his boy, I hear, is a wonder with his books." "Well," replies the deacon, with that sort of wise look which, as a writer has said, often takes the place of something better, "if I can predict from the frisky colt the runaway horse, I predict that that boy will disgrace his family and this town before ten years are passed." "It seems unfair to place the town's good name on one boy's shoulders," the postmaster answers, and the deacon moves away.

"There goes," says a student of Virgil, "an illustration of not only the transmigration but also the *commigration* of the soul; for his soul includes the soul of a prophet together with the souls of the Parcae." But will the deacon's prediction prove true? Let us watch the course of the mirthful youth.

Two years pass. The scholar of the academy is now a college student. The jolly spirit still rules, but is tamed by zealous application.

Let us listen to that group of professors discussing the merits of the new class. "Very excellent," "Unusual," "Exceedingly promising," are among the glad epithets.

"What do you think of Fritz Woolsey," asks Prof. T. in a significant tone. "He promises to be my best pupil," "Destined to be the greatest genius in all the classes," are the respective replies of Profs. B. and S. "Gentlemen," says Prof. I., "it gives me pain to find it incumbent on me to acquaint you with something about this

young man, told me with the purest motives by my friend Deacon Fernald of —. He advises us to keep an eye on him."

Thus is the youth regarded. But what are his impressions of college life? Here is a letter:

— COLLEGE, Sept. 25, 18—.

*My Dear Mother*,—You should see my class as it appears at prayers beside the other classes —like the scraggy apple trees of the pasture compared with those of the garden. We bring with us the verdure and ruggedness of our native hills (there are one or two slick ones among us), but among these awkward rustic boys I see pure, vigorous natures, and it is pleasant to think that this is the rough from which a beautiful diamond is to be wrought.

I am greatly disappointed in college life. I always looked up to college students as being thoughtful and manly, above boyish nonsense and meanness, growing wise and good, and getting great and noble thoughts from their respected instructors, as did the pupils of Socrates from their master. All is different. Many regard cheating, checking, and cutting the proofs of smartness, and never appreciate efforts in their behalf. I have heard incredible stories where such persons as Dick, Ben, and Johnny were always discomfited. I have heard songs about them—one where all went up like Elijah of old. You'll be surprised to know that these are the professors.

One big red-featured Sophomore has the twofold absurdity of boasting that he "has driven one professor into his boots so far that he'll never get out to censure him. This same Soph is as meek as Moses in the Professor's presence.

There is a Senior here who wears a silk hat and broadcloth suit with shoes nicely blacked in front and out at the soles. He is supercilious, smokes stinking cigars on the street, a black clay pipe in his room, and is at the foot of his class. Another Senior from my first sight of him impressed me as always modest and gentlemanly. He has introduced himself to me and gives me kind advice and encouragement. He leads his class.

The recitation rooms are more defaced than our old red school-house. One student has drawn on the wall near his seat twelve varieties of pipes, with their names, such as The Boss, Old Judge, and Royal Diadem. Over one Pro-

fessor's chair on the wall is his exact likeness, with wig, whiskers, scowl, and all. It gives a sort of duality to the Professor.

The walls and seats serve for autographs, base-ball scores, and a general record of college life. These walls speak more of idleness, flunks, and ennui than of mental victories.

These halls must be haunted by the spirits of old scholars who have come back to the place where they experienced the greatest successes and pleasures of their lives. I doubt not many of them have left for us their habits of application.

The boys put a calf in the chapel the other day. It is an old story with a cow. It is a question with me whether they, hard pushed to do something funny, varied the old trick, or thought they must begin low down even with the bovine genus.

We had a little fun one day by hiring an organ grinder to grind out an hour's music in a room over the recitation rooms. Each Professor, thinking the organ grinder on the other side of the building waited for some other Professor to send him away. At another time we paid the man to play, and after we went in Prof. S. went out and paid him to go away.

Some of the boys invited me to "make a call" with them to-night on a farmer who has turkeys, grapes, pears, and water-melons. But however much college influence may throw a glamour over the students' moral gaze, the plea of a good time cannot make thieving right.

They seemed surprised; had heard I was one for a time. Prof. S. questioned me about some nightly disturbances, and gravely advised me to avoid the company of certain ones. He advised others to avoid me. What does this suspicion mean? I have done nothing wrong, and shall not I promise you.

Your Loving Son,  
FRITZ WOOLSEY.

It is a few months after the date of the above letter. The boys are getting back from their winter vacation and pedagogical experiences. The halls throw off their mid-winter inactivity and brighten up with active study and social intercourse. The Sophomores feel the dishonor of a long quiet period resting upon them. They enlist a few Freshmen, for soon the latter must take the responsibility of the former.

Night comes on. As the bells of the

city ring the midnight hour, the awakened sleeper hears a rumble, then a terrific crash. This is repeated and augmented by an increasing and unnamed variety and combination of sounds until the hall is a volcano of noises sounding forth its hideous uproar over the city. Can barrels, stoves, balls, and fish-horns in the hands of college boys cause all this? Thrice is this repeated and thrice silence ensues.

Now all is still. In a room are two scores of chuckling boys. They think that they have made a noise and "waked up" the Faculty. They have. They think that they have done a smart thing and had a good time. Certain professors hurrying across the campus think that this is outrageous, and that some of the culprits will to-morrow be homeward bound. The old lady living near thinks that such boys should be in States Prison. The alumnus looks sadly back upon his folly and hopes that these fools may learn their folly before it shall cast a shadow forward over their lives. No one but the foolish student thinks it smart.

A little later two men pass each other on the campus. They are Prof. T. and Fritz Woolsey.

The next morning Fritz is asked to remain after recitation. He meets five professors. This is a Faculty meeting. Woe to the youth that is to be judged by this tribunal! Yet he who has not stood in this presence has missed a unique spectacle and a vital part of college culture. On the strength of "positive proof" the young man is charged with a connection with the disturbances of the previous night. He only knows that he spent a late evening at a friend of his mother's, and on his return cleared away some of the rubbish by his door.

But he cannot satisfy these judges and he is sent home for a few weeks. A letter to his parents precedes him containing, with abundant sympathy and many a

heart ache, the intelligence of their son's suspension for refusing to acknowledge his misdemeanors, for stubbornness, and for falsifying. It brings a "Humph!" from the father and tears from the mother.

I am weary of these scenes. Let us hasten past them. The straggler returns. A class jubilee greets him. More than once do we find the spirit of jollity and the infatuation of the college boy impelling him to mischief. But what graduate has not been concerned in some scrape? I know not one.

Again is he rusticated, now with half his class. The part who go are as innocent as the part who stay. It is for playing tricks on an offensive Freshman—hazing, so-called. And do not upper classmen, as do a party of mechanics or any society of men, claim rights which new comers must respect and customs which they must observe? We old heads call these false notions; but college boys are not alone in forgetting the golden rule. It is rumored that this youth cannot return this time. And yet he comes back to find himself pointed at on the street, gazed solemnly at in church, and to be called "the worst boy in the college."

The remaining years of the course glide away. Commencement comes and goes and the dear old life is gone forever.

He sits in his room for the last time and looks sadly back over the four years that ever pass so quickly by. The misspent hours and foolish acts chide him. How he has struggled these past months to break the bonds which an ill-reputation, partly deserved, mostly not, had early fastened upon him! With what surprise was he regarded when he graduated with high honor! He begins to feel the weight of popular opinion which he as a student had so often laughed at. He goes out into the world under a cloud. A noble resolve springs up in his heart. He will struggle. The world shall know him.

A year later there comes the report that Fritz Woolsey has a prominent position as teacher in a neighboring State, where he is exerting marked influence on social and religious life. "Perhaps," says Prof. D., "he will make quite a man after all."

Years pass. Let us take one more look at him whom we have watched so long. I enter a large and crowded church. In the speaker's eye is the light I saw years ago. In the language of his countenance I read the law of his heart—love to God and to man. With words freighted with the truth he leads his people to a higher, purer life, for this man walks with God. Truly he is about his Master's work.

Let me conclude. Man is known only to his Maker, not even to himself, certainly not to his neighbor. The life of man, even of the boy, is often clouded or blighted by misjudgments. Would that they who are called to judge would judge kindly. Again, many a youth, especially college youths, thoughtlessly gains an ill-reputation, whether deserved or not, which shall be a weight to hold him down to a lower life, or which can only be removed by long and mighty struggles. If there be any such who read this sketch let them, like its subject, find the work God has given them and show the world their worth. IGN.

#### RETROSPECTION.

O happy days and golden,  
O bright days of the olden  
Time when life was young and my heart was  
light and free,  
Has your brightness gone forever,  
Will your beauty return never,  
Will the happy days of childhood nevermore  
come back to me?

O ye warblers of the grove,  
Trilling notes of joy and love,  
Why does not my heart respond to your gay  
songs as of yore?  
O ye brooks that babbling run  
Onward, laughing in the sun,  
Why does all your sweet, wild music thrill my  
being nevermore?

J. LEON W.

## THE HARVARD GREEK PLAY.

IT has long been the custom of the students of Cambridge and Oxford to present Greek plays to the public. Never, however, has anything of the kind been attempted in this country, and it is not, therefore, without considerable interest that we look forward to the production of Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus," by the students of Harvard College. It is indeed an experiment, but as it has the support of some of our best Greek scholars there is little doubt as to its ultimate success. There are to be three performances, commencing Tuesday evening, May 17. Five hundred seats will be offered to the public for the first performance and eight hundred for each of the other two. Of these, one hundred the first night, and two hundred for each of the others are to be sold to persons living at a distance from Cambridge, and these tickets may be procured by addressing Charles W. Sever, Cambridge, Mass. All seats in the house will be offered at the same price,—\$3 for the first night and \$2 for each of the other two.

The orchestra will consist of thirty-two of the best performers in Boston, led by Mr. Listemann; and the supplementary chorus will be made up of fifty gentlemen, mostly Harvard graduates, selected principally from the vocal clubs of Boston. The full orchestra and chorus will be under the direction of Professor Paine.

The actors alone will occupy the stage. The seats in the pit are to be removed, and in the center of the floor thus left vacant the altar is to be placed. Around this altar the dramatic chorus perform their simple movements. In front of the balcony rail, and about ten feet from it, a railing is to be erected, and in the middle of this semi-circular enclosure the musicians will be placed, while the supplementary chorus occupy the two ends.

The scene is the simple front of the Greek palace, two stories in height, and

provided with doors and projecting wings. It has been designed by Mr. Van Brunt, of the firm of Ware and Van Brunt, the architects of Memorial Hall.

The costuming is in charge of Professors Goodwin and Norton, and they have received invaluable aid from Mr. Millett. The contract for making the costumes—there are about forty of them—has not yet been awarded, but the work will probably be done in Boston. The energy and good taste of some of the ladies of Cambridge have been enlisted to give the finishing touches to the wardrobe. Jocasta's dress is nearly ready, and is said to be very becoming to her.

The librettos will be ready early in April, and will contain the entire text of the play with a parallel translation, the whole forming a pretty volume of one hundred and sixty pages. The price of the book will be sixty cents.

If this play should prove successful, the Sophomores of Yale will probably present "Medea" of Euripides.

## A MISTAKE.

## ACT I.

She stood there, just two blocks beyond, a saucy little beauty,

With lovely eyes and dimpled cheek—I thought it quite my duty

To protect her, you know,  
From winds that *might* blow,  
From storms that *might* rise  
In the dark western skies,

And take her right home to her mamma.

## ACT II.

'Twas quickly that I neared my fate, and doffed my shining beaver.

"May I see you home this afternoon?" My stars! could I believe her,

When she simpered so sweet,  
As our eyes they did meet:

"Av course, if yez loike,  
And don't moind brother Moike,

Yez kin take me roight home to me mamma."

—*Acta Columbiana.*

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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WOULD it not be a good plan for the Faculty to place a bulletin-board at one of the entrances to Parker Hall, so that we might know just where to find appointments for rhetoricals, lectures, etc.? It seems to us that society programme cases, doors, and blackboards have been used for this purpose long enough. Professors often complain because students do not keep their engagements, and the students, in return, often complain because they were not informed of the appointments in season to prepare themselves. If a bulletin-board is erected this would be, in a great measure, avoided.

The fire put an end to all society work last term, but the rooms are to be placed in order as soon as possible. We hope that the students will go to work with renewed interest, this term, and accomplish considerable. Surely there is no reason why the spring should not furnish us with profitable literary exercises, if the members will attend the meetings and give their hearty support.

Now that Parker Hall has become so well occupied why would it not be wise to have a dining hall fitted up in the basement? It would be a great convenience to the students, besides bringing them all together three times a day, thus making college life the more pleasant. We are in a little world of our own, here, and each one should do his part every day in making it a world desirable to live in. If, in order to acquire a college education, we were obliged to live the life of a hermit, how many of us, think you, would make a great exertion? All improvements, then, which tend to bring us into one another's company merit our united support. Could a club once be started and conducted on

economical principles, it would receive the encouragement of nearly all in the hall and become a permanent thing.

Popularity is the prize for which many college students struggle; they try to reflect every sentiment of college life, and by this think to secure the applause of all factions. One who follows this course, although he may be caressed by his associates, must be careful that he does not lose the independent Anglo-Saxon element of his nature, and become too vascillating to be any real power in the great world outside of college life.

The habit, formed in college, of "drifting with every wind of circumstance" will be shaken off with difficulty. Classes, too, being only a collection of individuals, should not be firmly bound by the influence of custom. The circumstances of different classes are always different, and, like individuals, they have different tastes and inclinations which they ought not to be forced to stifle or change. Times may vary so that what was pleasing and profitable to one class is laborious drudgery to another.

A student should strive to gain in college a solid character as well as a cultivated brain, and the college life is about as good a training school for the one as the other, for as Emerson has well said: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

When President Garfield said that college-educated men would have the preference in the formation of his Cabinet, he brought a storm of criticism about his ears. Men affirmed that such a course

was contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and that it would lead to a class distinction in the candidates for government favor. Whatever others might think, the President was certain that the time had come when the most important positions under the charge of the government, should be filled by men of a broad, liberal education. We cannot but agree with the President upon this point, when we consider the important interests which are confided to the hands of our public officers. If we are a government by the people and for the people, it is certainly of the highest moment that those who direct and control its welfare should be eminently qualified for those positions. Who can bring to the Cabinet a broader culture than the man who has spent half of his life in studying the rich mines of thought which experience and history have bequeathed us? If public offices are to be the reward of favoritism, campaign work, and party effort, then, of course, it makes but little difference what a candidate's qualifications are. But if, on the other hand, men are to be selected for their ability, then, certainly, he who is best informed in political economy, international law, and the vital interests of government, should receive the appointment. A college education does not do all this for a man, but it opens the gates and, after pointing out the fields of wealth lying in the distance, starts him upon his journey. We do not wish to be understood as affirming that there are none outside of the liberally-educated class, who are competent to assume high positions of public trust, but we do assert that this number is very limited.

The reading of the chapter upon periodicals in Charles F. Richardson's "Choice of Books," a little pamphlet published by the American Book Exchange, gives rise to a question upon the benefit of reading in connection with colleges and other in-

stitutions of learning. Whether they are on the whole profitable or injurious to those students who frequent them.

Our own reading-room with its score of newspapers and dozen periodicals is perhaps visited daily by three-fourths of the students connected with the institution, and probably each spends there on an average, an hour, and perhaps more each day. Perhaps one-half of these spend the whole time while there perusing the political and sensational columns of the local and Boston dailies, without as much as glancing at the more solid reading in the magazines which lie upon the table, some of them with leaves still uncut. While we would not for a moment depreciate the advantage of a clear understanding of the political questions of the day, yet it does not appear necessary to spend so much valuable time upon matter which cannot be made available, even if remembered long enough to be put to use.

If rightly used there is no reasonable doubt but that a reading-room can be made exceedingly advantageous to each student. It is for the benefit of all, and all should take advantage of it. If each student on entering the room would take his favorite daily, quickly learn from it the current news and then take up one of the magazines, either of which contains articles of general interest, and read carefully and thoughtfully, then certainly a benefit would be gained by each in knowledge and discipline. Every aspiring man, and certainly every educated man should be well versed on the political and moral questions of the day. Questions of government and society well understood are far more valuable to him in life than a hundred novels. He can gain this knowledge in a great measure from newspapers, but while gaining it, it is well to guard against loss of ability to gain other knowledge and against a love for such reading at the expense of the more solid.



Anybody would naturally suppose that when young men are old enough to enter college, they would be inclined to put away the frailties of the primary school. Such, however, does not seem to be the case. We have, here in college, a few of that genus called *Tale-bearers*. If any little bit of fun is planned, these fellows make it their business to publish the same before all the students. When examinations come they are always very active. If they notice any of their neighbors whispering about the questions or using cribs, they are sure to run and tell the Faculty, and thus get themselves as well as classmates into hot water.

It is sometimes difficult to find out just who the tale-bearer is; but when he is discovered, his influence as a student dies an ignoble death. He is despised by his classmates and shunned by his associates. He might just as well pack his trunk and go home. The Faculty as a body do not favor tale-bearing, although in several instances they have encouraged it. The man who betrays his fellow-students needs watching. He is not fit to be trusted in college or out of college. We will not say that a man should never give information against his companions, for there have been cases where such a course was honorable; but such instances are rare. We feel that the matter must be of vital importance before such a thing should be done. The old saying "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you" is a very good rule to apply to all the concerns of life.

There is more in a tall hat and a cane than we often suspect. They have a language of their own. But this language is interpreted very differently by different observers. The cane usually signifies old age or decrepitude, and it was once considered proper to take off one's hat and bow to a person who carried a cane. The

tall hat is considered very appropriate for clergymen, ex-governors, and other personages of great dignity. But how different the emotions excited by this same tall hat and cane when seen in the possession of a Freshman. We seldom see members of the other classes or even the Faculty taking off their hats before these marks of age and dignity on the college campus.

In many colleges the right of a Freshman to carry a cane is disputed, and cane rushes sometimes result. Newspapers take great delight in heralding from one end of the land to the other the barbarities to which Freshmen are subjected. Many men, on entering college, believe they are taking tremendous risks. They have heard so many terrible stories about hazing that they half expect to be ku-kluxed. The writer knows this to be a fact because he was once a Freshman himself, and has experienced all the horrors which a Freshman is heir to. And he was even foolhardy enough on three different occasions to beard the Sophomoric lion in his den by carrying a cane to the Sophomore prize declamations. But, *mirabile dictu*, in spite of all these reckless adventures the writer still lives and enjoys his rations; and, judging from what he has seen and experienced, he has arrived at the conclusion that, if a man didn't die till he was killed by a Sophomore, Methuselah wouldn't be anywhere.

But, seriously, public opinion at Bates upholds the right of every man to dress as he pleases and to carry as many canes as he pleases. The Freshman may wear a tall hat or swing a cane by the side of any Senior, Junior, or Sophomore with perfect impunity. If he is interfered with it is his own fault three times out of four. A Sophomore will rarely interfere with a Freshman unless he is goaded to it by some act or word which seems to him to be an insolent challenge. If there is any Freshman who don't believe this, let him set it down

in his memorandum and refer to it a year from now, and we will guarantee that he will then endorse it. The only thing that a man has got to do in Bates to insure good treatment is to act like a gentleman.

## LOCALS.

### A SUBSCRIBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To pay or not to pay—that is the question :  
Whether 'tis better for me to refuse  
To take a college paper, and deprive  
Myself from reading all the news,  
Or pay up promptly what the printer asks,  
And by such payment cheer him? No pay, no  
paper:

Then no more shall I be posted on the news  
And local hap throughout the country,  
And divers topics—'tis a consumption  
That I long have feared. To pay, or stop?  
To stop! perchance to lose—aye, there's the rub,  
For in that stop no interest do I take  
In any of the affairs which move the school,  
And such a shuffling off of all that's good  
Must make me pause. There's the respect  
Which every editor maintains for those  
Who come down with the cash and never delay  
To settle up "that little bill." For who would  
bear

The pointed squibs and pungent paragraphs  
Which far too oft reflect upon the man  
Who fails to settle his subscription bill?  
I'll haste me now unto the editor,  
And, with my purse plerthoric in my hand,  
Will settle up in full, one year from date,  
By paying to him from my ready cash  
The sum which is his due.

W-h-i-s-t!

Hello-o-o-o-o!

"Parallel crookedness."

Lib says he feels sick aweek.

"Them shoes *must* come off."

"The strong arm of a *backwoodsman*."

"Why will ye howl like beasts, and stave  
up furniture?"

"Where's the tooth-brush that goes with  
the building?"

When you want a lunch go to McIntosh's  
Little Lunch Room.

Buy your books and stationery at Fer-  
nald's Blue Book Store.

"Just as I am, widoutt one flea!" sings  
the student with a cold in his head.

The unkindest cut of all was that made  
by the Seniors last term in examination.

The Boys say that they get good bar-  
gains at Richards & Merrill's clothing  
store.

Workmen have been repairing Hathorn  
Hall, during yacation, but there yet re-  
mains considerable to be done.

Conversation between two Freshmen:  
First F.—"What do you think of Garfield's  
Cabinet?" Second F.—"Has he got one?  
Where is it?"

Prof. in Political Economy—"What  
kinds of institutions gather up the idle  
driblets of money?" Junior (whispering  
to his neighbor in an undertone)—"Col-  
leges."

"When are you coming again?" asked  
a lady whom we met during our vacation  
travels. "You mustn't be scared," we re-  
plied, "to see us drop in on you any  
time." "Scairt! I shouldn't be scairt to  
see you in my porridge dish."

A Sophomore recently called on his girl.  
About half-past eleven, having become  
rather sleepy, the young man said, "I  
guess I must go home and see my mother."  
"Yes," responded the young lady, "I  
*know* she would like to see you."

The campus begins to assume its sum-  
mer appearance; the base-ballist begins  
to "twig" the curve, and the frequent  
hawker daily begins to offer the "last  
chance." Summer begins with small be-  
ginnings, like a true beginner, who in-  
variably begins by beginning to begin, as it  
were.

Prof. in Political Economy—"Mr. M., if a man had a house tax imposed on him, would it be a new tax or would it be the only tax?" Mr. M.—"Yes, sir!"

Class in Political Economy: The professor is explaining epithelial tissues when he is interrupted by Mr. T., who asks, "Professor, do you think clams can hear?"

The class of '83 filled the following vacancies in their class officers: J. D. Lennan, Vice President; E. P. Jordan, Chairman of Executive Committee; E. J. Hatch, Marshal; and W. H. Barber as Toastmaster, in the place of E. J. Hatch, resigned.

Having occasion to correct a little fellow for throwing darts into the walls of the school-room, a teacher said, "If you do that again, I'll serve you in the same way." "Do—you—think—I—should—stick?" inquired the boy, looking into the master's face with youthful simplicity.

A student is standing in the depot, carelessly smoking a fragrant segar, when he is surprised by seeing his paternal relative step from the train. Pater—"How do you do, Frank?" Frank (holding his segar behind him)—"How do you do, father?" Pater—"O, you need not hold it behind you; I saw it. Haven't you one for your old father?" Frank produced a handful, from which *paterfamilias* selected one and lighted it, remarking, at the same time to the young man that he used a choice brand.

In the last number of the *Williams Athenaeum* we notice that Mr. L. M. Thompson, formerly in the class of '82, Bates, but now a member of Williams, has received the prize offered to the "most proficient student of Political Economy in his class," by the Cobden Club of England. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, of solid silver, nearly three inches in diameter and an eighth of an inch thick.

The whole is in a neat case, and will form for Mr. Thompson a very handsome souvenir of his studies in Political Economy.

Parker Hall was not so lonesome during vacation as it generally is. Over fourteen rooms were occupied. Occasionally some one would be heard ambling about through the halls, sometimes humming "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," or giving a powerful rendering of some orator's best selections, or shouting, after the manner of Davy Crockett, the Western "hello-o-o-o-o!" Class re-unions, too, were not uncommon. On such occasions, what real sociable times there were! All things considered, vacation isn't so gloomy after all.

There is a Ladies' Aid Society in a town not more than fifty miles from Lewiston. The object of this organization is to provide destitute and worthy families with the necessities of life. A short time ago one of the members sent to Lewiston and obtained a quantity of cotton goods, purchasing it at the Bates Remnant Store. Another lady member, while telling about the circumstances of the purchase, was asked how the goods were obtained so reasonably. "Well," she said, "it's like this: You see Mrs. J. is well acquainted with Miss Bates there at Lewiston, and so she got the cloth *real* cheap!"

A stately Senior was deeply engaged in reading a scientific work, the other day, when a fly lit on his chin. It was but the work of a moment to crush the poor creature. Holding its mangled remains between his thumb and forefinger, he thus addressed it: "*O, Musca domestica!* Thou hast perished even as the moth in the candle's flame. Thou wast disporting on the fertile plain below my nether lip, only to receive the blow which burst the thin crust enclosing thy little sensorium. In the midst of thy hilarious frisking thou

wert shut out from the day of thy existence. Listen, yet once again! O, improvident insect! Thou art an example for the rest of thy race. Let them henceforth beware of the mandibular regions of all male mammalia! *Vale! Vale! O, Musca domestica! Requiesce in pace!*"

We have been favored during the past month with several first-class entertainments. Among these, none have been more highly enjoyed than the two plays, "David Crockett" and "Joshua Whitcomb." Mr. Frank Mayo, in his personation of the former, was almost perfection itself. The fact that he has played this character alone, three thousand nights, explains, in a great measure, the reason of his success. His interpretation of the character of the stalwart backwoodsman is true to life. You feel yourself entirely in sympathy with the actor, but when David Crockett bars the door with his strong, right arm against the howling wolves without, you forget the actor and see the real man. "Joshua Whitcomb" made us laugh till our sides ached. Dennman Thompson makes us feel at home from the time the curtain rises till it falls in the last scene. His honest, country wit is more than starched dickeys and long faces can withstand. Staid deacons could not long retain their habitual gravity, but burst forth in a hearty laugh. Plays such as these are a positive benefit to society. The one increases our admiration of true merit and nobility of character; the other brightens our hearts and makes us forget, for a few hours, the perplexities and cares of a busy life.

A magic lantern exhibition was given the Junior class, one evening of the last week of last term, by Prof. Stanley. It was well attended, and proved entertaining. Toward the close the Professor said: "I will now show you a picture representing a beautiful bouquet of lilies, always

much admired; but there are other features in the picture which are often much more admired by some." The boys held their breath, and strained their eyes upon the white disk of the screen. Soon the picture appeared. It represented a lovely maiden holding a bouquet of lilies. Her hair was tastefully arranged in ringlets drooping down over her snowy white shoulders, and her large, watery, glistening, lustrous eyes stood out from the screen so life-like that half the boys were instantly throwing kisses and making other flirtation signals. The symmetry of her shoulders and the graceful curvature of her swan-like neck held all beholders entranced. A richly chiselled feminine nose, and round, ruddy, luscious lips, completed the chief attractions of the representation. The lilies were—well, rather below the average. As the ravishing view began to disappear, a big boy on the front seat looked up curiously at the Professor, and with an ill-concealed attempt to smother his confusion under a smile, asked, "You haven't got any more like that, have you?"

The first person sending us the correct answers to the following questions before May 10th will receive a year's subscription to the *Student* free of charge:

1. Has the battle-field of Marathon ever been offered for sale? If so, to whom?
2. By whom have human beings been used as pawns in playing chess?
3. Who is the father of modern cremation?
4. What well-known musical composer was an intimate friend of Walter Scott?
5. Who is the most distinguished living poet of modern Greece?
6. Who was the author of the following lines:  
"Say, darkies, have you seen de massa,  
Wid a moufstach on his face"?
7. Where are the following distinguished persons buried: John Howard Payne, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Theodore Parker, Columbus?
8. Who said that it was easier for most men to keep a hot coal on their tongues than a secret?

9. Whence do we derive the phrase, in speaking of a thoroughly honest man, that "you may trust him in the dark"?

10. What was the tune the old cow died of?

Friday evening, March 25th, the Senior class had original declamations at Main Street F. B. Church. The following was the programme:

- |  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| MUSIC.                                     |                   |
| PRAYER.                                    |                   |
| 1. Is Patriotism Declining?                | J. H. Parsons.    |
| 2. The Future of New England.              | O. H. Drake.      |
| 3. The Disadvantages of Being an American. | Miss E. J. Clark. |
| MUSIC.                                     |                   |
| 4. Latent Power.                           | G. E. Lowden.     |
| 5. The Promethean Legend.                  | W. P. Foster.     |
| 6. The Debt of Gratitude.                  | C. S. Haskell.    |
| MUSIC.                                     |                   |
| 7. Twenty Years of American History.       | H. E. Foss.       |
| 8. The Jews.                               | B. S. Rideout.    |
| 9. The Illiterate Voter.                   | F. A. Twitchell.  |
| MUSIC.                                     |                   |
| 10. The Truth about Protection.            | W. J. Brown.      |
| 11. Manliness.                             | W. B. Perkins.    |
| 12. Christians and Skeptics.               | G. L. Record.     |
| 13. Solitude.                              | *W. P. Curtis.    |

\*Excused.

The exercises as a whole were exceedingly creditable. They were all good, but those of Miss Clark, Lowden, Record, Perkins, and Foster, were unusually interesting and were warmly received by an appreciative audience. The church was crowded. If all college exercises were as entertaining as this, we doubt not they would be better patronized.

The second and last division of the Sophomore prize speakers, held their exercises Friday evening, March 18th, at Main Street F. B. Church. Music was furnished by Records' Orchestra. Prof. Hayes presided, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Theodore G. Wilder, of the class

of '72. The following is the programme:

- |  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| MUSIC.   |                 |
| 1. The American War. (Chatham.)                | J. D. Lennan.   |
| 2. Universal Suffrage. (Yates.)                | F. E. Manson.   |
| 3. Universal Education. (Edwards.)             | E. J. Hatch.    |
| MUSIC.   |                 |
| 4. The Treason of Slavery. (Schurz.)           | W. F. Cowell.   |
| 5. The Debts of Arcot. (Burke.)                | D. N. Grice.    |
| 6. The Victor of Marengo. (Anon.)              | A. E. Millett.  |
| MUSIC.   |                 |
| 7. The Nomination of Grant. (Conkling.)        | E. P. Jordan.   |
| 8. On the Irish Disturbance Bill. (O'Connell.) | A. E. Millett.  |
| 9. The Nomination of Blaine. (Ingersoll.)      | F. B. Lothrop.  |
| MUSIC.   |                 |
| 10. Duty of America to Greece. (Clay.)         | J. L. Reade.    |
| 12. The Assault on Sumner. (Burlingame.)       | Everett Remick. |
| 13. Supposed Speech of Regulus. (Kellogg.)     | O. L. Bartlett. |
| MUSIC.   |                 |

Lennan's style was conversational rather than declamatory, and was to that extent commendable. Hatch has a fine voice and handled the emphasis in his selection skillfully. Grice had a manly bearing; his gestures were graceful, while his ringing, powerful voice was well adapted to bring out the invective and sarcasm with which his piece abounded. Tinkham's voice and manner served him well; he vividly pictured the exciting charge at Marengo, and succeeded in really interesting his audience. Jordan felt enthusiastic in his work; this is the quality which gives life to a declamation; we would like to see more of it in our prize contests. Lothrop took matters very coolly; his powerful voice and effective gestures rendered his delivery commendably forcible. Reade's style was conversational, earnest, and direct. Remick's graceful oratory and quiet dignity at once commanded the respect and won the favor of the audience; he succeeded to an unusual degree in showing a reserved power in the most forcible passages. T.

E. Calvert, Esq., in behalf of the Committee of Award, gave the prize to Mr. Grice, and honorably mentioned Mr. Lothrop. The exercises were highly successful, and reflected great credit alike upon the class and upon Prof. Chase, to whose untiring efforts the class is indebted.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—Eds.]

'72.—George E. Gay, in addition to the building up of a flourishing English and Classical School in Concord, N. H., is one of the editors of the *Saturday Blade*, of that city.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin has resigned the Principalship of the Farmington (N. H.) High School, to accept the Principalship of Portsmouth (N. H.) High School. He is one of New Hampshire's best teachers. A. E. Tuttle, Bates '79, takes his place at Farmington.

'73.—E. R. Angell has been Principal of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., for five years, during which time the school has increased in numbers and advanced in scholarship. By a recent bequest of the founder, the school has received an additional endowment of \$180,000.

'74.—Rev. John H. Hoffman is pastor of the Congregational Church at Henniker, N. H.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is Master of Montpelier (Vt.) High School.

'75.—H. S. Cowell is Principal of Frankestown (N. H.) Academy. The school has 103 students; it being the most prosperous year in its history, since 1867.

'78.—B. S. Hurd is Master of Hillsboro Bridge Grammar School.

'79.—E. W. Given has been elected Principal of Kennebunk High School.

'79.—M. C. Smart is teaching at Alfred, Me.

'79.—E. M. Briggs is studying law with Hutchinson & Savage of this city.

'79.—F. P. Otis is practicing law at Norway, Me.,—firm, Upton & Otis.

### LITERARY NOTES.

The Society for Political Education has just issued its first economic tract, of the series of 1880-81, entitled "What is a Bank? What Services does it Perform?" by Edward Atkinson. It reviews in a brief way the functions of money, the difference between money and currency; it shows the relation which the banks bear to the exchange of commodities and services, and, in simple language, sets forth the functions of a bank. It is entirely untechnical in its treatment, and many persons unfamiliar with the subject but accustomed to think of it as a hidden mystery, will be surprised to find how simple are the operations of that wonderful modern financial agent—a bank. The Executive Committee, which hitherto has confined itself to the dissemination of literature on political and social subjects, is now extending the field of its operations by promoting the establishment of clubs for discussion, reading, and the mutual interchange of thought between different sections of the United States. That the public recognizes the need of such clubs is found on every hand. In Boston we notice that the Rev. E. E. Hale has established a society of young men and women for technical training in this field. Harvard College has its finance club, and already there are in process of formation several societies under the auspices of the Society for Political Education. Those wishing to take advantage of the valuable suggestions which the gentlemen on the Executive Committee are ready to give, will address

the Secretary, R. L. Dugdale, 79 Fourth Avenue, New York. It will be noticed that the Executive Committee, which is not yet filled up, now comprises some of the most prominent teachers and experts in social science: Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale College, New Haven, and Hon. David A. Wells of Norwich, Conn.; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and E. D. Barbour of Boston, Mass.; Geo. S. Coe of New York City; Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, Ill.

We have received the first number of the *Freeholder*, an organ of the Greenback party, published at Bangor by a company of which Gov. Harris M. Plaisted is president. The paper contains Gov. Plaisted's inaugural address, and several articles upon banking, refunding, and other topics dear to the heart of the greenbacker. Whether the paper will die in its infancy is a question which the loyal disciples of Solon Chase must decide.

A specimen copy of the *Monthly Union*, a newspaper devoted to the interests of publishers and printers, lies before us. It contains much valuable matter, and is duly appreciated by its patrons.

Our Portland seedsmen, W. C. Sawyer & Co., have issued their *Seed Catalogue* for the season of 1881. Its beautifully decorated cover is but an introduction to the interesting lists of bright flowers and healthy vegetables. The catalogue will be sent free upon application to the publishers.

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### EXCHANGES.

The largest, if not the weightiest, of our exchanges is the *Vassar Miscellany*. The editors seem to have discovered the happy medium between a heavy, prosy magazine and a light, frivolous college paper. The articles are varied in their subjects, and the editorial departments are always well

sustained. In the March number, which lies before us, there is an interesting article upon "The White Cap-Corps of Heidelberg University." We are afraid that the writer of the article upon "The Value of Money" must have been thinking of some of Joseph Cook's sentences, when she wrote the following: "In general speech, the term money means currency. It well describes the mobility of the Pactolian stream, which possesses the Protean power, and can change in the coming of a thought, to any vendible comfort, pleasure, or possession." From an editorial we clip the following sentences:

"Emerson does not sanction laughter, but considers it as an inheritance from our original ancestors, the monkeys, which, almost coeval with a furry coat and long ears, should be laid aside by all rational beings. We do not grant this, for we might as well at once confess ourselves one-third apes, but, on the contrary, consider a hearty laugh at the right time and in the right place, a panacea for all human woes. But laughter, like every other blessing, can be abused. It is bad never to laugh, but it is worse to laugh all the time, in season and out of season, and without cause."

The College of the City of New York seems to be very prolific in the matter of its publications. Every six months or so, a new paper springs forth from the fertile (?) brains of its students, and struggles vigorously for a position in the little world of college journalism. The latest arrival from the above institution, is the *Argus*. In the Salutory, the editor affirms that an honest journal has been for some time a desideratum in that college, and that the *Argus* has been established to supply that want. As the students of C. C. N. Y. seem to be gifted in writing nonsense, it is no matter of surprise that we find a large dose of that article in this initial number of the *Argus*. The editorials are about the only redeeming feature of the paper.

The *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal* is the only exchange we

have received from across the Atlantic. In comparison with the American idea of a college journal, it is about fifty years behind the times. Two entire sermons are published in the number before us. What would a Harvard man think if he found his *Crimson* or *Advocate* stuffed with last Sunday's sermons? Of course everything in this paper is solid,—it would not be English if it were not so. There is little attempt at wit or humor. Taken as a mere record of events at the two colleges, the *Journal* fulfills its mission in a satisfactory manner. If, however, the local departments could be lightened up a little, and the literary part of the paper infused with a generous tone of enthusiasm, we think that greater interest in its welfare would be aroused among the students and the public at large.

No brighter, better-edited, or more attractive exchange has been received from Canada, than *Queen's College Journal*. Its typography is excellent and its contents varied and attractive. We welcome it to our sanctum with great pleasure.

The *Tuftsian* is improving. It furnishes its readers with a good variety of topics, both literary and local. "Mending Stockings" is a very acceptable farm ballad. The article upon "Women at Harvard" contains some sensible ideas relative to the manner in which the young ladies of the Annex have been treated by Harvard students.

The *College Argus*, of Wesleyan University, contains just a page and a half more reading matter than advertisements. It seems to us that the students of Wesleyan University ought to give us a better paper. The *Argus* is good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. The editorials are always to the point, and the local department well conducted, but where is the literary part of the paper?

With the present number, the *Yale Record* passes into the hands of a new

board of editors. Its standard of excellence has always been high. There is a freshness about its columns which one cannot but admire. Short stories, bright poems, and an occasional essay upon some prominent topic, are among the chief attractions of this paper. It endeavors to create an interest among the students by offering prizes for the best humorous prose piece, story, and poem. Its opinions upon college topics are treated with considerable deference by its contemporaries.

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### COLLEGE WORLD.

A daily at Columbia is talked of.

Diplomas at Princeton cost \$14.50.

The college at Berlin has 1302 Jews.

Yale boasts the best college orchestra in the country.

The "College Exchange" at Amherst has been revived.

Every student at Kenyon is required to pursue four studies.

The Sophomores at Columbia wear the "mortar boards" of Oxford.

The students of Syracuse University have established an Y. M. C. A.

The average weight of Yale's oarsmen in the University crew is 190 pounds.

There are 3,700 professors in the various educational institutions of this country.

The Boston *Sunday Times* is to have a column of college news like the N. Y. *Monday World*.

The Harvard Bicycle Club has now 130 active members, being the largest club in the United States.

Of the 782 candidates who presented themselves for examination at Melbourne University, Australia, 286 were young ladies, and of the 620 who passed, 176 were young ladies.



Dr. McCosh says that out of 400 students under him in Philosophy, who have graduated at Princeton, only four graduated skeptics.

Rev. Phillips Brooks will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the next Commencement of Union College, and the Hon. A. H. Rice the chancellor's oration.

In the present Congress, 34 of the 77 Senators, and 128 of the 293 Representatives, are college graduates. The South furnishes 14 collegiate Senators, the West 11, and the East 7.—*Dartmouth.*

It is proposed by nine New England colleges,—Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, Williams, Trinity, Boston University, and Dartmouth, to modify their methods of examination, so that they shall have a uniform examination on the same day for all the colleges.

It is much to be regretted that the University of Michigan, with its large number of students, has no such building as a gymnasium. The students have earnestly petitioned that the college authorities appropriate a fair sum of money for the immediate erection of a suitable structure.

There are at present 150 college papers published in the United States. Yale leads off with a daily, two bi-weeklies and a monthly, besides the annual publications. The circulations of some of the leading college papers are as follows: *Courant*, 800; *Record*, 600; *Lit.*, 550; *News*, 350; *Harvard Crimson*, 500; *Harvard Advocate*, 475; *Princetonian*, 1,000; *Nassua Lit.*, 450; *Acta Columbiana*, 500. Twenty-six States and two Territories are represented, and no college paper has a circulation over 1,000. The circulation of the *Chronicle* is slightly over 1,000; *Bates Student*, 500.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £779 and a library of over 300 books. Williams College was named after Colonel

Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount and was president of the first board of trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate, and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called Kings College till the close of the War for Independence, when it was named Columbia. Bowdoin was named after Governor Bowdoin of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale. Colby University was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1866. Dickinson College was named after Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was president of the board of trustees for a number of years. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder. Bates College was named after Benjamin E. Bates, of Boston, who contributed \$100,000 for its endowment.

### CLIPPINGS.

Prof. in Moral Philosophy—"Mr. K., what end has a mother in view when she punishes her child?" Mr. K. blushes and sits down.—*Vidette.*

Scholus—"Professor, what is the correct definition of a fable?" Professor—"A fable is a story in which an ass talks to a fox, just as I am talking to you." Sensation.—*Free Press.*

Professor (to student who has changed his seat)—"Where are you sitting, sir?" Mr. F.—"Same place I always sit on." The Professor can't see what the class is laughing at.

The Professor of Modern Languages declares it his fixed intent to have a text of Scripture printed in large letters,

framed and hung up in his recitation room, for the moral instruction of his students; said text to read: "A Horse is a Vain Thing for Safety."—*College Argus*.

Prof. in Psychology—"Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical Student (thoughtfully)—"Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."—*Undergraduate*.

This is a little co-educational scene: Prof.—"Who will see Mr. B. before next Monday?" Lady Student (hesitating and blushing a little more)—"I shall see him Sunday night, probably."—*Transcript*.

Prof. in Natural Science—"We observe, then, that animals which are constantly exposed to dangers are the most prolific." Student (interrupting)—"Does that rule apply to the Irish, sir?"—*Queen's College Journal*.

Latin Class Prof.—"Mr. —, where is Onusa?" Bright Freshman—"Its location is not exactly known." Prof.—"We-l-l—where is Longuntica?" B. F.—"That's about in the same place."—*Student Life*.

Hugging parties are all the rage in Kansas. The prices ranging as follows: girls under 16, 25 cents; from 16 to 20, 50 cents; from 20 to 25, 75 cents; another man's wife, one dollar; old maids, three cents apiece or two for a nickel.—*The Wabash*.

There was a small fiend in Woonsocket,  
Who tied himself on to a rocket;  
As he lighted the end  
He remarked to a friend,  
"Now when the thing starts, I will shock it."

But contrary to his reflection,  
The stick took an upward direction.

As he sailed through the sky,  
He observed with a sigh,  
"Tis as hot as the place of correction."

How dear to my heart is the school I attended,  
And how I remember so distant and dim,  
The red-headed Bill, and the pin that I bended  
And carefully put on the bench under him!  
And how I recall the surprise of the master  
When Bill gave a yell and sprang from the pin  
So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster  
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.  
That active boy Billy! that high leaping Billy!  
That loud shouting Billy that sat on a pin.

—*Ex.*

Mary had a pair of bangs,  
They matched her other hair,  
And every night before she slept  
She hung them on a chair.

She wore her bangs to school one day,  
Which made her classmates sore,  
And hints went round that Mary's pa  
Had worked a dollar store.

This kind of talk produced a fuss—  
The teacher took it up;  
She locked the bangs within her desk—  
Oh, full was Mary's cup.

—*Graphic*.

A NEW MEANING TO "GIVE AND TAKE."

"One kiss," I pleaded, "just a tiny one,  
For a good night."

A deep carnation swiftly sped  
Across the face so pale before,  
And modest drooped the graceful head,  
As the sweet lips, so blushing red,  
Trembled denial that the eyes foreswore.

"Ah, yes!" still pleading—"see! we are alone,  
'Tis Love's good night."

The crested head reared proudly now,  
And flashed the eye like diamond light;  
And the white face was purest snow,  
And the red lips they pouted so,  
As the fair lady swept beyond my sight.

An owl—a philosophic owl he proved to be,  
That saw the whole occurrence from his tree—  
Blinked once, blinked twice, then flapped a lazy  
wing,

And cracked his bill and gave one claw a fling—  
"Young Silly" (here he paused to stretch his  
head,

And plume his owlship's gravity, ere he said):  
"To plead for what is yours—if you but make  
it!—

To give she could not, but would let you take  
it."

—*Acta*.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

## EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

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MAY-FLOWERS.

Two centuries ago, and more,  
And o'er the stormy ocean wide,  
The Pilgrims sought New England's shore,  
Where they their faith need no more hide.

When, wooed by April's gentle showers,  
And fanned by softest breeze of May,  
Ye showed your buds, O sweet May-flowers!  
Strewn all about their woodland way.

Did ye not seem like flowers they knew,  
In that far home beyond the sea?  
Like hawthorn buds, whose beauty grew  
Most fair, in month of May, like ye?

And when, throughout the wooded shore,  
Your fragrant breath filled all the air,  
Ye must have brought sweet hope once more,  
To hearts before filled with despair.

O, sweetest of New England's flowers!  
Blooming when Winter's sway is o'er,  
Ye come, like rainbows after showers,  
God's promises to bring once more.

C. W. M., '77.

THE PROMETHEAN LEGEND.

**A**MONG the wonderful stories of the Grecian mythology the most mysterious is the legend of Prometheus. Misinterpreted by scholars, misunderstood by the later Greeks themselves, this Promethean myth stands alone in solitary grandeur and depth of meaning. It appears to have been one of those prophetic traditions which originate in the very earliest history of nations, and are

handed down from generation to generation. It was probably borrowed by the Greeks, with their alphabet, from the Phenicians, and is as old, ay, older, than the Hellenic race.

Stripping the legend of the additions that are plainly the work of minor poets, and separating it from the inventions with which it has been incorporated and interwoven, its primal form was evidently this: Prometheus, one of the immortals, for some crime or sin, was banished from the Olympian realm of Zeus, and was condemned to be chained upon the snowy summits of the Caucasian mountains. There in perpetual torture he lies, his heart each day consumed by an eagle, each night renewed.

Some of you have, perhaps, looked upon pictures of the "Crucifixion" in foreign cathedrals; let us, in imagination, ascend this Asian mountain and look upon the eternal crucifixion of Paganism. Let us, in thought, climb to the icy peak, and there, so high above the world, let us stand beside the old god in his agony; as Eschylus, the Greek tragedian, stood.

We see far, far below us the waves of the Black Sea sparkling in the sun. That dim blue line away upon the eastern horizon is the Caspian, into which the Oxus River flows. Northward stretch the plains of Sarmatia; and in the south are the valleys of Albania; there the Tigris rolls its yellow flood past the ruins of Nin-



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even to the Persian gulf. We are high in mid air. How lonesome sounds the wind! Look around you upon these stony acres, this barren desolation. Notice the black shadow which the peak casts far into the gulf below.

Now let us turn our eyes and look upon the Titan, Prometheus. There he lies outstretched, chained to the rock. The frost glitters upon the iron links that bind his strong limbs. The storms of a thousand years have worn his face wrinkled as the hillside where the plow has been; "by many a tempest has his beard been shaken." Nearly naked, scarred by the hail, by the blasts that beat upon him, he writhes his huge form in torment. Think of it! To be chained here through the slow ages underneath the sun and the stars. What gloom! What a punishment! To be stretched here through the dark winter night and hear the winds crying from far off centuries, and see the black cloud above, and feel the wild tumult of the elements. Then the cries that come up, out of some deep ragged ravine, wind-borne over the summit, so high, and fierce, and shrill, that you know not what it is, nor out of what world. To feel the smiting of hurricanes, and the everlasting anguish of the sharp, pointed rocks.

Here Prometheus must lie, unvisited, save by the eagle, till the end of time. Awful and godlike are his eyes;—let us look upon them with reverence!

Then, turning away, let us descend to the low earth, and walk among human homes. We meet funeral trains on the way; we pass graveyards; we hear continually the tolling of bells. Men die as the leaves fall from the tree summer after summer; but the race, man, survives. The race survives, and whatever individuals have that is good and valuable it gathers and bears on. Whatever message, whatever great word, each generation has, whatever is tenderest and best, it takes

and treasures. A part of these precious things, becomes valueless and is lost; a part is never lost, but will be borne on and on, till the last morning rolls its light up the vaulted east.

Each generation lives its little day and goes out, like a single life; but in the night the race is renewed. Whenever I look upon young, vigorous forms, and fair blooming faces, I see standing beside them another form, huge, though bowed and old. A face creased, like that face of the Sphinx, which for thirty centuries has watched the blowings and of the desert. It is the Genius of humanity; the never-dying spirit of the race. If we, in this age of the world, were making gods, like the Greeks, we should make a god of this Genius. It stands there beside these young forms and it lives through their lives. A mighty vampire, it sucks their blood, but it bears their burdens on. This spirit it is that hews the mountains down; that lays iron tracks across continents; that fills up the seas; sometimes, with its Babel towers and its balloons, it would even soar into heaven,—but no, it is bound to the earth. It is hoary with agony and toil, with watching in wind and storm. It saw the first man; it reigned with the shepherd kings; it beheld beside the Nile the building of the Pyramids; it stood with Tamerlane beside the seventy thousand skulls. Tortured, weighted, torn, mute, this spirit of universal man, is not this the Prometheus?

W. P. FOSTER.

---

#### THE TRAIL OF A LIFE.

From the nursery creeps a baby  
With his little ball and spool;  
Down the pathway from the farm-house,  
Trots a barefoot boy to school;  
From the classic halls of knowledge,  
Steps a youth with manly pride;  
Going forth to launch his vessel  
On life's swelling ocean tide.

Manfully he braves the tempest  
On the wild careering deep,  
While the waves, with billowing thunder,  
O'er his barque exulting leap.  
He is nearing now an island,  
Where a Syren voice is heard,  
And the bowers and fragrant spice-groves,  
Vocal with the song of bird.

And beneath a bower of roses  
Sits a maid divinely fair,  
And her voice of sweet enchantment,  
Fills with joy the perfumed air.  
'Tis the voice of Love that calls him  
To that sweet enchanted land,  
Though he tarries but an hour,  
Fondly takes a trembling hand.

Then he seeks another island  
Where no tree nor wild-flower grows;  
Where the great dark engines thunder,  
And the roaring furnace glows.  
'Tis the voice of Fame that calls him  
To the city's wild turmoil,  
Sending up its ceaseless murmur  
From a thousand modes of toil.

He is mingling in the conflict,  
In the strife of brain and pen,  
Mid the thunder of the presses,  
Where they measure men with men.—  
But to-day a mighty sorrow  
Continents and cities drape;  
And along the crowded highway,  
Marble pillars hang in crape.

Now Fame's fitful dream is over,  
Palsied now the icy hand;  
And a soul that knew no master,  
Humbly bows at Death's command.—  
Follow now the plumed procession,  
As the music's muffled strain,  
With its low and measured pulses,  
Guides the slowly moving train.

Mark ye well the place they lay him,  
In yon low and leafy dell,  
'Neath a wilderness of roses,  
In his dark and narrow cell.  
Then, in deepest meditation,  
Ponder well beneath those bowers,  
What is earthly fame and fortune,  
But a wreath of fading flowers?

C. E. S., '83.

### A LUCKY(?) FELLOW.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
"I' falth its more of truth than fiction."

FOR general make up, there was not a man at Bates the equal of Sam. His fine physique, good constitution, correct habits, and well trained intellect, gave him an acknowledged leadership in college. Whether pitching phenomenal curves or solving a problem in Calculus, Sam excelled. His modest, happy disposition made him a general favorite in college and in town society. Whether he wanted a lady or gentleman companion, he never lacked. Decidedly, he seemed a fortunate fellow. His most ardent admirer and friend was Tom. So much for the subjects of this sketch.

It was the last term of Sam's Senior year. The sun had just set upon one of the most perfect days of early June. The air was rich with the odors of spring. It was Saturday night; the work of the week was over, and a sense of peace and rest peculiar to such evenings seemed to settle upon town and campus.

Every boy in college seemed happy. The long-awaited game of ball with the Bowdoins had been played that day, and the score, though close, stood in favor of Bates. The boys had gathered in knots upon the grassy rectangles in front of Parker Hall, eagerly discussing the game. But Sam did not feel his usual interest in the comments and had retired to his room. He seated himself, with his meerschaum, near an open window through which the sounds of the voices below floated up to him. By and by the twilight deepened, the groups broke up, but Sam still smoked thoughtfully on.

Suddenly, Tom came rushing in and catching him by both shoulders, exclaimed, "Old fellow, I'd like to hug you. Everybody says you won the game. If I could play such a game as you did to-day, I'd

feel prouder of it than of getting a first part Commencement. You are the *luckiest* fellow; everything seems to play right into your hands."

"Fudge! Tom, I used to feel just as you do about playing ball. Do you remember during our Freshman fall, at the time our nine won the college championship of the State, the famous speech 'Wimmin' made in the chapel, when he said he'd rather be a member of that nine than lead his class through college? I believe that speech set me wild to get on the nine, and now I've succeeded and am called one of the crack players, I care nothing for it."

"What's the matter with you, boy? got the blues? and your regular night down to Holland's, too! Why, with such a day of success behind and such an evening of bliss before, I should be in the seventh heaven, and here you are moping with your dusty base-ball suit on. Hurry up! or Miss Carrie will pout because you are 'so late.' By this time she probably has her ribbons on, the parlor lighted, the music —"

"Shut up, you sap-head! I'm not going to Holland's to-night."

"Not going to Holland's," cried Tom in amazement! "Isn't this your regular night?"

"I'll admit," said Sam, "I generally drift down there Saturday evenings, but am not going to-night."

"What, not after that bouquet she so prettily presented to the nine to-night! All the boys said she took the cake for the handsome manner in which she did it. If it hadn't been well known that your sacrifice had already been laid upon her altar and accepted, half a dozen fellows would have been glad to offered themselves then and there. Sam, you *are* a lucky dog! Got the affections of one of the finest girls in town; old folks willing; old gent rich; got a big practice in law—your chosen

profession,—all ready to take you into his office and soon into partnership. Why, boy, your career is made for you; and yet you are going to jeopardize your chances by giving this young lady the slip. Isn't she expecting you?"

"I suppose so."

"Then if you don't go you are a fool—even if you were down there last night. The captain knew you were there and said you wouldn't be worth a cuss for the game; but if that's what made you play so to-day, I shall advise all the nine to get engaged and try it."

"Tom, do keep still your nonsense, for I don't feel in a joking mood; on the contrary I feel decidedly sober. To speak plainly, I'm in trouble, an *affaire du coeur* in fact. Sit down, for I want to make a clean breast to somebody, and as you confided to me your little episode with Miss Montague, I'll reciprocate with mine."

"What, has Miss Carrie spoken to another fellow?"

"Keep still! won't you?"

The last streaks of light had gone out from the west, and the gathering darkness was favorable to Sam's confidential mood. For several minutes he puffed away in silence.

"You know, Tom," at length he began, "that I've been called a very fortunate fellow since I've been in college; and I'll admit I've been as successful in regard to college honors of all kinds, as a fellow could reasonably wish; and when I got intimate with Miss Holland, half the boys in college were envious of me. But I'm in a fix now bad enough to make up for all my successes. You saw that young lady that met me at Lisbon Falls to-day?"

"Yes! and a mighty fine looking little girl, too. Innocent country maiden, I judged though; for she blushed red as a pink when you greeted her. Who is she?"

Sam answered slowly as if lingering

fondly over a long-cherished secret, "She is the original of the picture I keep on the shelf which you have so often asked about."

"Ah!" said Tom, "I think I scent the quarry."

"You remember our Sophomore winter," resumed Sam, "when we were all suspended? I taught the Lisbon Falls School that winter; this girl you saw to-day, attended school and I boarded at her home. No matter what her name is; but I'll call her Grace. It was my first experience in teaching, and I had a disagreeable time. But this girl and her folks stood by me through thick and thin, and made matters very pleasant for me out of school. Grace studied French and recited to me evenings. So after a while the old folks, seeing that we enjoyed it, got in the habit of leaving us pretty much to ourselves.

"You can judge, Tom, how pleasant such evenings were after such disagreeable days. Grace has one of those affectionate, confiding natures so attractive to me, and naturally we became quite strongly attached to each other. I confess, Tom, I knew it was wrong; for Grace, though a fine girl, was hardly such a one in some respects as I should feel satisfied to marry. Yet the intimacy was so pleasant I let affairs drift on, and when the winter was over, though no vows had been plighted, yet I knew that her parents looked upon our union as settled. Don't think Grace thought of it just so; she was too young and too happy in the present to think of the future; but she had centered her affections upon me, without thinking of consequences, and I for the time reciprocated. After getting back here, under the influences of college life I found that I began to forget Grace; yet I kept up a correspondence with her. About a year ago my mother died and left me without a home. Mrs. Holland is one of those real motherly bodies, and, being a friend of

my mother, she told me to consider her home as my own. So I went there very freely. You have always thought that I was 'smashed' over Carrie; but I never was. I always thought more of her mother than of her. Naturally Carrie and I got on intimate terms, but I swear, Tom, I never thought of her as anything more than a friend, and supposed she thought of me in the same way. But one night something occurred that showed me she was regarding me as a suitor, and favorably, too. If I had not been a fool I should have known she must think my attention serious, for I had taken her to all the balls, concerts, etc., and during my frequent visits there she had been left alone to entertain me with music, chat, poems, etc., and I saw, too late in regard to her parents, that 'Barkis was willin'.'

"When I found out how matters stood, what the deuce to do I did not know, but concluded to face the music. So one night I went down with my mind made up to settle the matter; but you must know it was an extremely delicate subject to handle; for in order to disdain any intention of paying suit to her, I must first assume that she had already fallen in love with me. Of course I made a bungle of it; for when I began by saying that she and I had been fast friends, and then began to hesitate and stammer, in my loss to know what to say next, she very naturally thought I was proposing, and to help me out she stole her hands into mine, and looking up in my face audibly said, it was all right, and that she had known for some time I wanted to say this.

"You can imagine how completely taken back I was by the turn my explanation had taken. How could I get out of it then? and beside she looked so pretty, somehow, just for the moment, I didn't care much because she had misunderstood me, and so I kissed her and soon went to my room. Thus the matter has stood the

past two months, and I've not had the pluck to set it right. To complicate it, all this time Grace and I have been corresponding, though not very regularly on my part. Had delayed writing to see if she would not suspect I had ceased to care so much for her and so say something which would give me a pretext for breaking with her; but she has always laid my delay to my being so busy with study. I lack the nerve and decision to destroy her happiness and faith in me. Have been down to see her two or three times purposely to end the affair, but she has shown so much affection for me, that, not being restrained by any real love for Carrie, I have forgotten my purpose and have come away deeper than ever in the mire."

Sam stopped to take a turn across the room and then, coming close to his chum, "Curse it, Tom," he said, "I'd rather lose my honors and graduate at the foot of the class than cause pain to either of those girls; yet I am not fully satisfied to marry either of them. Something must be done right away, Tom, and what shall it be; for my usual luck has left me?"

"Well, Sam," said Tom, after whistling a minute, "I never supposed your fates would let you get into so unlucky a fix as this; but still you are all right. Just state to Miss Grace, like a man, that time has changed your feelings. She may cry a little at first, but this broken heart business is all in stories. Ten to one she will soon forget you and settle happily down with some young farmer. And do you just hold fast to Carrie. Why, man, remember that she is wealthy, educated, refined, and in every way worthy of you. In my humble opinion she is the finest girl in town, with, to me, one exception; you know I always held Miss Montague superior to all others, and it took the life all out of me when she refused me, yet she did it so kindly I only loved her the more. Still its no use for me to ever try

there again. Heavens! Sam, talking on such subjects sets me nearly wild. I go to church simply to hear her sing, and when you join in with your rich tenor, I am lifted out of myself and think of nothing else but the music till the service is over. Oh! Sam, if I only had your voice and were thrown into her society so continually as you are at rehearsals, I believe my suit might have succeeded. Excuse me, Sam, I forgot for the moment 'tis your story to-night, not mine; but I can't keep my feelings pent up when I get to thinking of her. But of course you won't break off with Miss Carrie?"

"I fear I shall not be happy with her."

"Fudge, man, in six months after you marry her you will never think of your country damsel."

"But," said Sam very slowly, "there is a bigger obstacle in the way than Grace. I am dead in love with some one else."

"Good heavens, Sam, I'll never call you lucky again. Who is it?"

"Miss Montague," whispered Sam.

Tom leaped from his chair, "*Et tu Brute*. This is too much for a surprise. Can't stand this any longer. Good-night."

"Hold on, Tom," shouted Sam as the door closed behind his chum, "I believe I am lucky after all," and Sam's voice had an exultant ring in it very different from its former tone. "I wasn't down at Holland's last night; but at Miss Montague's. Give me your hand, can't you; won't you, Tom? for I proposed to her like a man and—"

"And she accepted," groaned Tom.

"Yes," murmured Sam; then he felt Tom's hand convulsively grasp his own, and the door softly closed leaving Sam alone to his penitence and his joy.

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Cambridge University, England, has opened its doors to women and offers them equal privileges to men.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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THE June number of the *STUDENT* will not be issued until Commencement Week. As we purpose to make it a specially interesting number, we have decided to make an addition of four pages to the usual size. This will give us ample space for a complete account of Ivy and Field Day exercises, and all the leading features of Commencement Week. Students and alumni desiring extra copies will please forward their orders to the business manager at once.

We are much gratified with the decision of the Senior class in regard to the Commencement Concert. For several years these concerts have been running behind in their receipts; the class of '79 losing about \$600, and the class of '80 barely paying its expenses. We know that it is very pleasant when our cousins and perhaps nearer friends are in town, to take them to an opera or concert, especially during the last week of the term. But it is really throwing money away to bring a first-class concert troupe to this city,—the managers of Music Hall can testify to this fact. If our students came from wealthy families; if they had benevolent uncles to back them up in such an undertaking, perhaps there would not be so much objection to continuing the custom. But, as is well known, the most of us are obliged to work our way through college with but very little outside assistance. Hence, the man who graduates free from debt has hitherto considered himself a fortunate person. When concerts were reliable investments, students were able to pay the greater part of the expenses of Commencement Week with the profits of a single entertainment. Since, however, their popularity has waned, these luxuries have compelled students to run in debt, and thus many a

man has left college with this drag upon his prospects. The action of the Seniors in dropping the concert, we consider a *crédit* to themselves and a favor to succeeding classes.

Students should never enter a college about which they know nothing. It is quite an important matter,—this selection of a school in which to complete a man's academical education. Hence, only after carefully consulting the catalogues and friends of such institutions, should the decision be made. During the past few years we have had abundant opportunities for observation upon this point. Students enter Bates, stay a year or two, and then either leave college or seek the advantages of institutions whose merits they consider superior to our own. If they had made patient investigation before they came here, many would have spared themselves and their friends unpleasant feelings. Some men who come to Bates, seem to think that we ought to furnish them with the advantages of a Harvard, a Yale, or a Princeton. They consider themselves cheated because they are not treated with all the luxuries of an old, well-established college. After a stay of two years they come to the conclusion that the name of Bates appended to their diploma will not have quite as much weight in the outside world, as the name of some other institution. All these things ought to have been considered before entering college. If they had been, the spectacle of a man grumbling because he don't get for \$12 what he could get elsewhere for \$25 or \$50, would be of rare occurrence. Although Bates does not claim to be what is termed "a college of the first grade," yet she has advantages which have been duly appreciated by the 246 graduates during

the fifteen years of its existence. In the first place, the expenses here are lower than at any other college in New England. Young men, who would otherwise be compelled to forego a college course, can now have a chance to enjoy the benefits of an advanced course of study. In the second place, the course of study pursued compares favorably with that of any other college; it is not properly a university course, but is superior to the curriculum of many a so-called "university." In the third place, we enjoy the benefits arising from the location of our college near the second largest city in the State of Maine. We are not obliged to travel five or ten miles to listen to a first-class lecture, opera, or theatrical troupe. Finally, we would call the attention of the students of our State to the high moral standard maintained by our college. We are bound by none of the questionable customs of some of our older institutions. The wine-glass never appears at a class supper or other entertainment. A large percentage of our students are professed Christians, while the remainder conduct themselves as gentlemen, and rarely engage in any disgraceful affair. These are a few of the advantages which Bates offers to the public. The coming years will bring with them new blessings and new efforts. If fortune smiles upon us, the college will be able to offer very superior inducements in the near future.

We feel that something ought to be said concerning our reading-room. Either the students are forgetting the object for which it was established, or are determined to violate the rules by which its affairs are regulated. Hardly a day passes that we do not find some of the papers mutilated or clipped in a disgraceful manner. The patrons of the reading-room are, in this manner, often deprived of some of the best items and articles.

The papers have all been sold, and after a certain length of time belong to the individuals who purchased them. How exasperating it is, then, when the periodicals are placed in the owners' hands, to find them in such a tattered condition. "I don't propose to pay for mutilated papers much longer," is an expression frequently heard. If the destruction of papers is continued at the present rate, it will entirely stop their sale, and as a large part of the revenue of the association is derived in this way, it is easy to see how damaging to the association such conduct is becoming.

Doubtless many of us have begun this term with a determination to do better work in our studies than we have ever done before. A good resolution certainly, for there is chance for improvement in not a few of us, and we would not say anything to prevent any one from doing his work faithfully and well. Study is, of course, of first importance, and everything else should be subordinate to it. But while we are training our mental faculties let us not forget that the strength and vigor of the mind depend in a great degree upon the strength of the body. In order to keep up a good degree of physical strength every one should devote a certain part of each day to some healthful exercise. For college boys there is, perhaps, no kind of amusement that gives better exercise than base-ball. It brings all the muscles into play and at the same time stimulates the mind by a healthful excitement. It is a national game, and the *special* game of all American colleges. At our own college we have made it not only a source of amusement, but a source of pride and profit as well. We hope every student will become a member of the Association and do all he can for its support. Although several of our old players have left the nine, and we have had



to fill their places with men of less experience, yet we are confident that even better work can be done this year than was done last. We all know that in Mr. Parsons the nine will find a good captain, one who knows how to give them plenty of good, systematic drill. We are glad to see the lower classes taking so much interest in base-ball. Let each class feel interested enough to push their best players ahead, and the Bates nine will be as successful in the future as it has been in the past.

Are we aware of the fact that it will soon be time to have our Field Day? It seems to us that we ought to be making some preparation for it. Each class should at once put its best men in training and make an effort to win the *cup*. One class stands as good a chance as another, and if all take an interest and *go in to win* the contests will be close and exciting. Our material is of good quality. All we need is drill, but that we must have. We should not be discouraged if in some of the exercises we do not make as good records as are made in other colleges, but remember that we have had but one year's experience. Judging by our records of last year we can be assured that in a few years we can show records that will lose nothing by comparison with those of other colleges. As it is the general wish that we have our Field Day exercises earlier this year than we did last, it seems to us that we ought immediately to have a meeting of the Athletic Association for the purpose of deciding upon the time, and of talking over several other matters upon which we need to have an understanding.

There is much in the life of England's great statesman, who has lately passed away, well worth the study and emulation of all young men. His life is a grand

illustration of the power of perseverance and determination. Although of an unpopular and almost despised race, by an indomitable will he succeeded in reaching the loftiest place possible to a British subject. His earlier years are marked by many failures, but he proved himself capable of rising above them, and his later life is brilliant with grand successes. He allied himself with a party naturally unpopular with the people of a country like ours, but it will not do to blind our eyes to the noble qualities of the man because he happened to be the leader of such a party. His principles of government may have been wrong, but there were qualities in the character of the man which must make him for years the model of England's youth and statesmen. He stands alone in the list of British premiers, perhaps at times cynical, but always original and powerful. He imitated no one, but guided the policy of the government in his own peculiar way, until the policy of England was simply the policy of Beaconsfield. He will go into history as the most skillful diplomat, excepting perhaps Bismarck, of the nineteenth century.

The publishers of the *American*, a newspaper published at Philadelphia, are offering a series of prizes for contributions to the columns of that paper from college students and college graduates. Their offer includes editorials, special essays, and poems, thereby giving each student an opportunity of contesting for a prize in whatever style of writing he may consider himself best fitted. The prizes are generous, and will undoubtedly be justly awarded. The judges of editorials and essays are accomplished journalists of wide reputation, and the manager promises that the judges of the poems shall be gentlemen competent for that duty. Here is an opportunity for our brilliant writers to show their ability. Let Bates be repre-

sented in the contest, both through her alumni and her undergraduates. The following are the prizes. They are subject to certain conditions which may be learned by addressing W. R. Balch, managing editor of the *American*, Philadelphia, Pa.

*No. 1 Competition.*—Open to any student of any American college.

For the best poem agreeing with the conditions—\$100, first prize; \$75, second; \$50, third; and \$25, fourth.

For the best editorial agreeing with the conditions—\$100, first prize; \$75, second; \$50, third; and \$25, fourth.

For the best special article agreeing with the conditions—\$100, first prize; \$75, second; \$50, third; and \$25, fourth.

*No. 2 Competition.*—Open to any graduate of any American college.

For the best poem agreeing with the conditions—\$150, first prize; \$75, second; and \$25, third.

For the best editorial agreeing with the conditions—\$150, first prize; \$75, second; and \$25, third.

For the best special article agreeing with the conditions—\$150, first prize; \$75, second; and \$25, third.

Many are the homilies which we have heard and read on the use of spare moments. We often think, however, that we are extremely busy and cannot see how such remarks can apply to us. But they do apply to us many times when we do not realize it. There is hardly a student who would not find, if he carefully watched himself, that many minutes and often hours slip by unemployed during the day. Now we are not of those who believe that the only way to improve spare moments is to spend them on the study or reading of books, far from it. We believe that the faithful college student is inclined to bend over his books altogether too many hours. Some think that the reading-room is the best place in which to spend leisure moments, and no doubt a certain portion of time might be well invested in perusing the dailies and magazines. But it is man-

ifestly unwise to cram our minds with text-book, newspaper, and literary matter. Reading without reflection amounts to little. We should think more, and read less. If we learn our lessons merely to recite them, and read against time, we must expect confused ideas, if, indeed, we have any at all. Unassimilated knowledge is nearly valueless. Thought and practice alone will make it profitable to us. Spare moments may be made of great value by using them in reviewing and extending our knowledge of the sciences. We get a little start in Zoölogy, Botany, and Geology here in college, but neglect will soon make us rusty on them. The resources of science are inexhaustible. The fields for study are all around us. Turn wherever we will and nature, ready and waiting our notice, is ever before us. Let us make nature's acquaintance in our spare moments.

### LOCALS.

Did you go to Skill's auction?

How did you like Scott-Siddons?

A number of the students are sick with measles.

Skillings says there are 500 bones in the human skeleton.

'83 has a new member, Miss Evans, who takes a partial course.

The Eurosophians are having their room frescoed and newly papered.

Prof.—“Who was Quintillia?” Mr. T.—“I think he was a female friend.”

The Calculus class are enjoying some lectures on Mathematics from Prof. Rand.

Prof. Stanton has commenced to take trips in the woods, with the members of the Sophomore class, in search of birds.

We would call the attention of the students to the advertisement of the "Little Lunch Room."

Little, of '84, has been on the retired list for some days. He is suffering from a sudden and severe illness.

Prof. Angell, who was called to Rhode Island on account of the illness and death of his mother, has returned.

The hand-organ has returned, and will furnish excellent accompaniments to the operatic efforts of Skill's "hen."

Mr. E. D. Rowell, '81, has accepted the position of principal of the Fairfield High School, and entered upon his duties.

The Freshman nine played a game with the nine at South Paris, Saturday, April 30th, winning the game by one run.

The Sophomore class are taking lectures on elocution this term under Prof. Chase, in place of the customary declamations.

Many of the boys have already engaged places, as clerks or waiters, at the seashore or mountains for the coming season.

Student in Zoölogy class—"Professor, do you think there is any sweeter music than the singing of a hen on a pleasant spring day?"

Nobby teams can be obtained of B. H. Scribner, DeWitt Stable, Franklin Street, at reasonable rates. Notice their advertisement.

Richards & Merrill are better prepared than ever to meet the wants of their patrons. Their motto is "Quick sales and small profits."

Prof., in Botany, holding up a small plant—"Where was the origin of this plant, here, here, or here?" indicating three different places on the stalk with his finger. "Here!" answered several members of the class.

Prof., in German, reading: "Remain not alone, and dig no roots by midnight; mix no drinks, and one at a time if you please!"

Scene: Recitation in Rhetoric. Prof.—"Mr. R., what is meant by 'necessity is necessity'?" Mr. R.—"Necessity is necessity."

Hathorn Hall has recovered from the effects of the fire, and shines with new paint and varnish. We would hardly know some of the old rooms.

The Sophomores think that the author of the Rhetoric they are using this term was well named. They did not calculate on its being such a bane (Bain) to them.

The following Sophs have been selected to take part in the Champion Debate next June: A. E. Tinkham, C. E. Sargent, H. H. Tucker, C. J. Atwater, and O. L. Gile.

Considerable work has been done on the campus between the college buildings and the Latin School. The appearance of that section has been wonderfully improved.

Prof. Stanton has kindly allowed several of the Sophomores who desire further drill in French to continue that study with Prof. Angell, instead of Latin, the regular study of the term.

The Sophs had a jollification on the last night of last term. No damage done beyond the destruction of Tucker's wood-box and a Junior's hat. Peanuts were the only (?) beverage.

Millet, '83, recently had a go-as-you-please race with a gray squirrel. The first quarter of a mile he gained on the quadruped, but the latter won the race by taking a bee line for the top of a tree.

Great improvement is being made on the campus. As a protection from fire the shade trees have all been dug around.

Long needed grading is being done. Avenues are being built and many new shade trees set out. Let the work go on.

The students are slowly paying their subscriptions. One Junior has hopes of paying his before the year is entirely gone. He has paid all but *ninety-seven cents*. Subscription is one dollar.

The first game of ball with the Colbys was played Saturday, May 7th, on the college grounds, Lewiston. Roberts, '81, umpired. The game resulted in favor of Colby, the score standing 9 to 5.

Prof. (to student)—"How did the baseball game between the Bowdoins and Browns result?" Student—"In a victory for the Browns by a score of 11 to 0." Prof.—"Well, now, they did 'em up *brown*, didn't they."

Senior (trying to prove that the adjective "round" should be compared)—"Now, if I have a ring around my finger, that's round isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, now, then, if I have my arm around my girl, that's rounder, isn't it?"

The Eurosophian Society has made thorough work in its room. The book-case has been newly varnished, the walls papered, and the ceiling frescoed. New and elegant gilt and bronze chandeliers have been substituted for the old iron ones.

A chapter of the "Gamma Epsilon Fraternity" was organized by the Junior class last month. The officers are as follows: President, W. S. Hoyt; Vice Presidents, J. W. Douglass, L. T. McKenney; Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Bullen; Door-keeper, W. T. Twaddle.

The Polymnian Society occupied their rooms for the first time since the fire, Friday evening, April 29. The appearance of the apartment has been greatly improved by removing the stairway leading to the belfry, and by extending the book

shelves along that whole side of the room. The walls have been newly papered, the ceiling whitewashed, and a pair of new chandeliers added.

A few days before Mrs. Scott-Siddons played "As You Like It," in Lewiston, a couple of students met on the campus. One said to the other—"Are you going to hear Scott-Siddons?" Second Student—"I don't know. What is she to play?" First Student—"I believe it is 'As You Please.'"

We notice that one of the Sophomores has recently been seized with a strong desire to get his own mail from the office, probably for the purpose of holding "protracted conversation" with one of the pretty postal clerks. It is rumored that "protracted conversations" with the lady clerks at the Post-Office are forbidden by Postmaster Little. Students, beware!

The base-ball grounds have been cleared of turf and present a fine appearance. They seem now to invite the nine to renewed exertions. Parsons says he is going to work the boys in earnest, and from present indications he has already begun. Too much attention cannot be given to this matter of practice. It is a well-known fact that a naturally poor player can become one of the best by regular and faithful work. How much more, then, can naturally good players be improved by the same method?

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### ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'74.—Rev. A. J. Eastman, who has been laboring in Worcester, Mass., for the past few months, was installed pastor of the First Free Baptist Church of that city,

April 7th. The new church was organized the same day. Rev. G. S. Ricker, '67, was chairman of the council, and gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. C. D. Dudley, Theological School, '77, offered the installing prayer. Mr. Eastman enters upon his work under most favorable auspices.

'76.—C. S. Libby is now city attorney of Buena Vista, Col.

'76.—E. C. Adams is teaching the High School at Beverly, Mass.

'77.—O. B. Clason is studying law in Gardiner.

'78.—J. Q. Adams has accepted a call to the church at South Parsonsfield.

'80.—E. E. Richards is studying law with J. B. Severy in Farmington.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox is still teaching in Princeton, Minn.

### LITERARY NOTES.

The *Musical Herald* for April opens with an interesting article upon the organ. Mr. Charles Banard contributes a clearly written paper upon the Melograph, an instrument for the recording of music as it is composed upon an organ. The article on "Church Choirs" meets our approval. The writer believes that it isn't fair for the devil to have all the good music. He asserts that no worship is more acceptable to the masses than the worship of song. How much better it would be for some of our churches if the spirited music of the Catholic church could be introduced into the service instead of certain grave tunes which are only fit for funerals. This number contains the following music: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Cradle Song," "A Thought of Home," "Song of the North," "Lorely."

The American Book Exchange publish a weekly paper entitled *Good Literature*. It contains a large amount of literary mat-

ter which will prove of value to the student. The low price of subscription—fifty cents a year—ought to bring it within the reach of all.

The *Washington Courier*, published monthly in the interests of the sailors and soldiers of the United States, is received. Its columns are devoted mainly to stories, sketches, and the discussion of pensions and bounties. C. G. Bennett, editor and publisher, Washington, D. C.

One of the best scientific papers adapted to the wants of the general public, is *Our Home and Science Gossip*, published at Rockford, Illinois. The number before us contains original articles and notes upon Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology, Numismatics, Astronomy, Enomology and other branches of science.

The *Illustrated Scientific News* for May is before us, looking handsomer, if possible, than any of the preceding issues. Since its change of publishers last January, this magazine has improved with each succeeding number. The present issue of the *Illustrated Scientific News* is overflowing with handsome engravings and interesting and instructive matter. Among the various subjects illustrated in this issue is a superb specimen of cut glass ware; an exhaustive article on asphaltum and its use in streets and pavements. a new and ingenious hand-car, shown in operation; a new steel steamer for use in shallow rivers; the new Jobert telescope, and an interesting paper on physics without apparatus, also fully illustrated. Every number contains thirty-two pages full of engravings of novelties in science and the useful arts. To be had of all news dealers, or by mail of the publishers, Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at \$1.50 per annum; single copies 15 cents.

We acknowledge the receipt of catalogues from Andover Theological Seminary, Meadville Theological School, and Illinois Asylum for Children.

## EXCHANGES.

An exchange editor needs no copy of Ayer's Almanac to inform him of the progress of spring or the approach of summer. He has only to look over the pages of his contemporaries to find abundant evidences of the disappearance of the Ice King. Poems of love and passion, accounts of athletic meetings, records of games of base-ball and cricket, glowing descriptions of the various boat clubs, and the brightening up of the whole tone of the college world, are abundant proofs of the return of the sun to our northern hemisphere. The pencil of the reporter will be very active during the next six or eight weeks. What with all the sporting and literary interests of his college to attend to, what with croquet parties and picnics, what with the excitement and anxiety attending the summer examinations, the heart of the editor is often sorely pressed.

We are sorry to find the editors of the *Beacon* seriously contemplating the discontinuation of that periodical. We hope that the students and friends of Boston University will not be so forgetful of its interests as to oblige the editors to bury the *Beacon* for want of financial support.

The *Colby Echo* for May is at hand. We have always been pleased with this paper, even though published by the students of a rival college. One of the best features is the literary department. The articles are frequently heavy and at times pedantic, but on the whole instructive. The Latin poem, "*De Resurrectione Domini*," has a Miltonian flavor about it which is quite commendable.

In the last number of the *Concordiensis* Prof. Foster's address before the Union College Alumni Association of the Northwest is given entire. In addition to interesting incidents connected with the life of the late President Nott, Prof. Foster gave some of his own ideas about colleges and their methods. We quote the following:

"Like a nation isolated, a college may become self-conceited, stagnant, and will find benefit from an infusion of new blood, and the introduction of improved methods." After reading the above we felt like saying "Amen," and expressed a hope that this passage might be read by the Faculty of a college nearer home.

The *William Jewell Student* has not a pretty face, but a good reliable character instead. What the *Student* needs most is a first-class printer. Perhaps the editors of the next volume, which, by the way, will be the second, will endeavor to make the necessary changes.

The *Clonian Argus* is the latest exchange from a female college. The young ladies of the present time are not to be outdone in the matter of journalism by the young men. The *Argus* is bright and vivacious, and has every indication of being a success. If the editors would use a smaller size of type more reading matter could be provided for its readers.

The *Polytechnic* and *Dartmouth* are two new visitors to our sanctum. The former is printed on heavy toned paper, and would present a very fine appearance did not the width of the margin nearly equal the width of the columns. The two best articles of the number are "A Sketch of Phocius," and "The Value of Time." The *Dartmouth* contains a clever article upon "College Diversions," in which the writer answers the charges recently made by the *New York Times*, viz.: (1) "That college authorities no longer actually demand perfect recitations and absolute readiness in mental drill"; (2) "That the student's life is one of ease, in which amusements occupy a leading part." The local department is well supported.

The *Berkeleyan*, from the University of California, looks somewhat fatigued after its long journey across the continent. Its editorials are on the old stand-by subjects, but treated in a fair, candid manner.

The first number of the *Bowdoin Orient*, under the new editorial board, is a decided success. The general arrangement of the paper has not been changed, but the departments have had a generous show of enthusiasm infused into them. The exchange editor, after giving us a good word, says he would praise us more did he not know that the *STUDENT* was under the control of the Faculty. Misguided man, how did he know? Has he been a faithful reader of our paper for four months, and arrived at his conclusion from personal observation? We are inclined to believe that he formed his opinion a year or two ago, when there was a little trouble between the editors and Faculty. No, no, Mr. Editor; we are perfectly independent; we do just as we please and manage to please our contemporaries pretty well. Just keep cool when you wield the pen against your exchanges. Criticise the paper of to-day, not that of last year.

### COLLEGE WORLD.

Princeton has a salaried choir.

Elocution is neglected at Yale.

A Fencing Club has been recently organized at Ann Harbor.

The Harvard library costs more than \$200,000 per annum.

Less than one-half of the students entering Cornell, graduate.

Oberlin is endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a Music Hall.

Seven professors of the State University of Minnesota have been expelled for incompetency.

The Lecture Association at Michigan University cleared \$675 by its entertainments the past winter.

Mr. R. S. Lindsay, of Oberlin, won the first prize at the eighth annual oratorical contest for Ohio.

Phillips Brooks has declined the invitation to accept the position of preacher to Harvard College.

Harvard is the Fifth Avenue of American colleges, Yale the Broadway, and Vassar the Maiden Lane.

Wellesley Female College has 375 students. Each student is required to perform house work for one hour daily.

England has four universities, France fifteen, Germany twenty-two, while the State of Ohio boasts of supporting thirty-seven.

The Yale Freshmen are undergoing a course in Latin conversation, conducted by Prof. Peck. The "Roman pronunciation" is used.

Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, has offered to establish a School of Finance and Economy in connection with the University of Pennsylvania. He promises an endowment of \$150,000 and will increase this amount if necessary.

The Inter-Collegiate Prize Cup, which was won by Harvard last year, and which was manufactured by Tiffany at a cost of \$300, was presented to the Athletic Association, March 26th. Harvard expects to win at the contest at Mott Haven, and so retain the cup.

Tuition fees of various colleges vary as follows: Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, \$75; Bowdoin, \$75; Rochester, \$75; Brown, \$85; Dartmouth, \$80; Williams, \$90; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$150; Harvard, \$150; Pennsylvania, \$150 to \$170; Ann Arbor, \$20; Columbia, \$150; Bates, \$36.

Thomas Carlyle pretended to care very little for honors, but in 1875 he accepted the degree of LL.D. from Harvard Uni-

versity. Among other prominent foreign literary men who have received honorary degrees, are Whately, Lyell, Henry Holland, Hallam, Guizot, Baron Napier, J. S. Mill, and Martineau.

The only daughter of President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin, was married April 27th, at the Congregational Church, to Mr. H. G. Allen, of Boston. The ceremony was performed by the venerable Professor Packard, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fisher.

There is now in the library of Princeton College what is known as the Pierson collection of books and pamphlets on the civil war. It was made by an alumnus of Princeton, who has ransacked the country for his material, and is believed to be of its kind unsurpassed. The collection, which is carefully guarded by the librarian, is accessible for reference.

A great educational institution has been projected by Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton, to be located at Garden City, L. I. Male and female colleges will be erected, the cost of which, with their endowments, will reach the sum of \$4,000,000. Expenses to students will be placed at a very low figure. The college buildings, three in number, will be remarkable for the beauty of their architecture and their magnificent appointments.

The following is the summary of the religious belief of the students of Harvard University as ascertained by a canvass made recently: Total, College and Law School, 972 men—Agnostics, 26; Atheists, 7; Baptists, 42; Chinese, 1; Christians, 2; Dutch Reformers, 2; Episcopalians, 175; Hebrews, 10; Lutherans, 1; Methodists, 16; Non-Sectarians, 97; Orthodox Congregational, 173; Presbyterians, 27; Roman Catholics, 33; Swedenborgians, 20; Unitarians, 214; Universalists, 13; seen, 6.

## CLIPPINGS.

### CUPID'S TACTICS.

Quoth Cousin Kate to Captain Fred,  
 "Why must it always be  
 That you, the lords of earth, should think  
 All things are made for ye?  
 Full oft, indeed, I've heard you speak  
 Of man-ual of arms,  
 As if a woman could not count  
 That art among her charms.  
 Now, I could learn to drill and march  
 As well as any man,—  
 "We'll see," cried Fred, with twinkling eye,  
 "We'll see now if you can.  
 I'll teach you how to give salutes  
 To officers of the day.  
 Attention, squad!"—"You should say squaw—"  
 "Silence! you must obey.  
 It would, of course, be useless quite  
 To say 'right dress' to you,  
 To 'present arms' is my command—  
 That you can surely do."  
 She laughing stands with outstretched arms,  
 And waits his next commands,—  
 "Support arms!" and quick as thought  
 His palms upheld her hands.  
 Then quickly bent his head,—  
 "Salute!"  
 It was not done amiss,—  
 And 'twasn't many months ere Kate  
 Herself was not a miss.—*Echo.*

### SIREN.

Maid of the mist,  
 Enraptured I list,—  
 Singing thy song of the sea.  
 Singing so sweet,  
 Thou mak'st my heart beat.—  
 Singing alone.—  
 While thou dost sing, sing to me.

Maid of the mist,  
 So winsome I wist  
 Wooing the sapphirine sea,  
 Wooing with song  
 In love thrilling song,  
 Wooing and wooed.—  
 While thou art wooing, woo me.

Maid of the mist,  
 So lissome I wist,  
 Kissing the foam of the sea,  
 Kissing the foam  
 In thy water-tost home,  
 Kissing and kissed,  
 While thou art kissing, kiss me.

—*Free Press.*



'Tis not the gold of your hair, sweet maid,  
Nor your silver voice that my heart doth win;  
'Tis not the flash of your wit of steel,  
But 'tis—your dear, sick, old papa's tin.  
—*Harvard Advocate*.

SONG.

At morning, when the mists have rolled  
From mountain peak in clouds away,  
The summit gleams in rose and gold,  
Faint token of the dawning day.  
But when the morn to older day has grown,  
From crest to base the rosy flush is strewn.

When first thy life came near to mine  
A faint, a nameless flush it threw  
Amid the mists, of light divine;  
And, like the crescent morn, it grew,  
Till I may hope that ever to the end,  
As now, that light with all my life may blend.  
—*Harvard Advocate*.

LOVE AND LOVE.

"You ask me if I love you: can I tell?  
What are the tokeners of love, I pray;  
The glowing eye, the heart, the bosom's swell?  
The sleepless night, the long, impatient day?  
The look, the gaze, the passion-thrilling glance?  
The stammered words, the hours of vacant  
thought?  
The slightest look which serves but to entrance?  
Are these the signs of love, and are we taught  
Love's lesson thus, in deep, impassioned show?  
And if we are, I have a love for you.—  
But, if it be the calm, and steady glow  
Which lasts for years in strength unshaken,  
true,  
In all its life enkindled from above,  
I then will say to you: 'I have no love.'"  
—*Free Press*.

SHAKESPEARE ON BASE-BALL.

Now let's have a catch.—*Merry Wives*.  
And so I shall catch the fly.—*Henry V*.  
I will run no base.—*Merry Wives*.  
After he scores.—*Al's Well*.  
Have you scored me?—*Othello*.  
The world is pitch and pay.—*Henry V*.  
These nine men in buckram.—*Henry IV*.  
What works my countrymen?  
Where go you with bats and clubs?—*Coriolanus*.  
Let us see you in the field.—*Troilus and Cressida*.

I will fear to catch.—*Timon*.  
More like to run the country base.—*Cymbeline*.  
—*Bowdoin Orient*.

Why do girls kiss each other while boys  
do not? Because girls have nothing better  
to kiss, and the boys have.—*Argus*.

"Mary," said Miss L—— to a classmate,  
not long since, "what railroad train do  
you like best?" "That one," responded  
Mary, "which furnishes a *spark catcher*."

Will Hays has written a new song, en-  
titled, "Kiss the Baby Once for Me."  
After you have finished, Will, spank him  
two or three times for the rest of the folks.

Moral Philosophy: President—"Miss  
K., do you believe there are any affections  
in our nature?" Miss K. (gazing at her  
diamond ring, answers with suspicious  
emphasis)—"Oh, yes! I *certainly* do."—  
*Vassar Miss*.

"I am translating you from the Ger-  
man," said a Senior to the fair one by his  
side, as they rolled away from the dance  
the other evening. "Not without a horse,"  
she murmured, and quietly fainted.—  
*Trinity Tablet*.

The growing tendency of our standard  
colleges for young men, towards a co-  
educational system, has caused more than  
one suggestion to the effect that such  
female institutions of learning as Vassar,  
Smith, and Wellesley, should open their  
doors to the other sex. Why not?—*Ex*.

A graduate of C. C. N. Y. class of '73,  
after studying medicine went out West to  
practice his profession. An old friend ac-  
cidentally met him one day and asked him  
how he was succeeding in his business.  
"First rate," he replied, "I've had one  
case." "Well, what was that?" "It  
was a birth," said the doctor. "How did  
you succeed with that?" "Well, the old  
woman died, and the child died, but by  
the grace of God I'll save the old man yet!"

## ATHLETIC NOTES.

The increased interest which is yearly being manifested by the college world in athletic sports has induced the editors of the *Crimson* to present a table of the best records as made by American colleges during the past five years. That our own students may see what has been done elsewhere, we publish the accompanying table:

TABLE OF BEST AMERICAN COLLEGE RECORDS.

Event.	Record.			Name.	College.	Where Made.
	H.	M.	S.			
100-yards dash.....	..	..	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	E. J. Wendell.	Harvard.	McGill Coll. Games, Montreal, Oct. 30, 1880.
220-yards dash.....	..	..	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	H. H. Lee.	Univ. of Pa.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, July 4, 1877.
$\frac{1}{4}$ -mile run.....	..	..	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	E. J. Wendell.	Harvard.	Harvard A. A. Games, May 22, 1880.
$\frac{1}{2}$ -mile run.....	..	2	5	R. R. Colgate.	Columbia.	Columbia Coll. Games, Mott Hav., May 5, '77.
1-mile run.....	..	4	37 3-5	T. DeW. Cuyler.	Yale.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 29, 1880.
3-mile run.....	..	16	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	E. C. Stimson.	Dartmouth.	Intercoll. Games, Saratoga, July 20, 1876.
120-yards hurdle.....	..	..	18 1-5	J. E. Cowdin.	Harvard.	Harvard A. A. Games, May 22, 1879.
1-mile walk.....	..	7	4 4-5	C. Eldredge.	Columbia.	Columbia Coll. Games, Mott Hav., May 5, '77.
2-mile walk.....	..	15	46 3-5	C. Eldredge.	Columbia.	Columbia Coll. Games, Mott Hav., Oct. 27, '77.
3-mile walk.....	..	25	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	— Caulmann.	Cornell.	Cornell College, Ithica, May 25, 1880.
7-mile walk.....	1	5	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. R. Taylor.	Harvard.	Intercoll. Games, Saratoga, July 15, 1875.
Running high jump.....	*	5	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	J. P. Conover.	Columbia.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 9, 1879.
Standing high jump.....	*	5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. Soren.	Harvard.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Hav., May 29, 1880.
Running broad jump.....	..	20	11	R. M. Campbell.	Trinity.	Trinity Coll. Games, Hartford, May 25, 1878.
Standing broad jump.....	*	10	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	F. Larkin.	Princeton.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 9, 1879.
Pole leaping.....	..	9	4	R. Tewksbury.	Princeton.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 29, 1880.
Throwing the hammer.....	..	87	1	F. Larkin.	Princeton.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 9, 1879.
Putting the shot.....	..	37	10	— Cuzner.	McGill.	McGill Coll. Games, Montreal, Oct. 24, 1878.

SUMMARY.—Harvard, 5; Columbia, 4; Princeton, 3; Cornell, 1; Dartmouth, 1; McGill, 1; Trinity, 1; University of Pennsylvania, 1; Yale, 1.

\* Best American Amateur Record.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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# BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. IX. NO. 6.

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*Commencement Number, 1881.*

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LEWISTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '82.  
1881.

# THE BATES STUDENT.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

TERMS—\$1 a year, invariably in advance; Single copies, 10 cents.

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F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. H. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: C. H. LIBBY.

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PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

THE  
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VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1881.

No. 6.

YESTERDAY.

BY C. W. M., '77.

Bright shone the sun in the morning,  
Not a cloud was seen in the sky,  
Save, here and there, a tiny speck  
That floated lazily by.

In through the open window  
Came the faintly blowing breeze,  
Bringing delicious fragrance  
From the full-blown apple-trees.

Idly rocked the robin  
On the bough of the elm, near by;  
And over the distant meadow  
Came the plover's mournful cry.

Blue were the distant mountains,  
Seen through the hazy air.  
Throughout the realm of Nature,  
Peace reigned everywhere.

TO-DAY.

Bright shone the sun in the morning,  
But clouds came in the sky,  
And with ever swifter motion,  
They chase each other by.

Against the close-shut window  
Beats the wind, now loud, now low;  
And the petals of the apple-blooms,  
Fall on the ground, like snow.

Roughly the elm trees' branches  
Are tossed by the wind, to and fro;  
And the cry of the distant plover  
Sounds more like a cry of woe.

Hid are the distant mountains  
By the fast on-coming rain.  
The Storm-king in all his fury,  
Invades Nature's peaceful domain.

THE NATIONAL CONSCIENCE.

BY A. L. MOREY, '76.

POPE once insultingly asked a boy if he knew what an interrogation point was. Indignantly the boy answered, "Yes, sir; it's a little crooked thing like yourself, that asks questions." Wounded honor felt the insult and spoke its rebuke.

Man's perceptions of great moral principles may differ, but underneath there sweep elements of strength which, when united and brought to the surface, become as direct and expressive as the boy's answer to the great poet. So, when these same great principles, clearly perceived, are broken by the keel of private interests, tossed by the waves of ambition, dashed against great bowlders in the mighty deep of civic event or foreign entanglement, moral indignation, like the Gulf Stream, carries warmth in its waters and power in its presence. Conscience keeps green the garden of royal worth and ripens fruit amid the havoc of great revolutions.

Civil government leans upon ecclesiastical, and this again upon the bosom of conscience. Scylla and Charybdis lie on either hand; the one, conservatism, the other, progression. Between, the waters mingle, and beneath the cauldron are the fires of moral censure.

A true national conscience is not fettered by superstition, nor blindfolded by precedent. It is a distinctive trait of firmest and most enduring nations. The restless-



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A true national conscience is not fettered by superstition, nor blindfolded by precedent. It is a distinctive trait of firmest and most enduring nations. The restless-

ness of France, the mutations of Spain, the overturnings in Italy are not the outgrowth of a deep, moral consciousness of wrong, but rather the outbursts of a petted child seeking changes. Priesthood rocks the cradle of its infancy and ministers its cordial to induce slumber. Germany follows that prophetic guide who led from Saarbrücken to Sedan. Ireland! emerald, generous, is as changeable as the green on her Shannon. England! Anglo-Saxon as she is, walks slowly adown the shore of time and watches for the gray dawn of purity and equality to streak her hills. America! there were those, who through might and tears, through hardship and toil, coloring the waters with their blood and staining the sod with their gore, upheld by the great right arm of national conscience, fought the glorious battle of religious liberty and taught to all the world the rights of humanity. And there are those who will still struggle and suffer and die, and dying bequeath to their children the heritage of an untrammelled conscience. Aye, while

"Troops of beautiful, tall angels"

succor, God himself shall stand in the dim future and keep watch o'er his own.

But, through the chinks of our prison here on earth, the sunlight troops its shadows on the wall, and we already read the Tekel of Almighty God. National repentance alone can avert disaster.

The place we hold, our immense revenue and our enormous debt, corrupt parties, thirst for power, taxation to support the visionary schemes of politicians, government itself a great banker and merchant, all proclaim that to secure attention to public interests among our representatives the national conscience must be scoured, that the people must speak and the Sinai of their indignation quake with awful threatening, its summit flame with honest purpose, and its base be thronged with right endeavor. We may sing of the

greatness of our country and land, the patriotism of its founders and defenders, but the true greatness of a nation is not in its wealth, its territory, its temporal advantages, its golden past or auspicious future, but in the conscience of its people, the character of its citizens.

Duty demands not only that the truth be made known but that it control. Conscience must not precipitate but ponder; not blaze but burn. It must weigh well its burden and count the years of its patience.

There was a city that banished Themistocles, starved Aristides, exiled Miltiades, threw out Anaxagoras, and poisoned Socrates; another that crucified a Christ! The national conscience of each was lost in the greed for party and partizan purposes.

With steep precipices and dark waters before, with clouded skies and deep thunders above, our national conscience stands in a dangerous position, and it totters unless the cry of the people, as of one man, comes up like the roar of a mighty water, to warn and to incite, to strengthen and enguide to personal integrity and public honor.

---

#### THE INDEPENDENT CATHOLICS.

BY C. A. B., '72.

THE Rev. H. W. Beecher has made it plain that he is not properly chargeable with a desire to do less than justice to the Roman Catholic Church. As to the boasted unity of that Church, he has recently said: "I always have regarded the 'unity' of the Roman Church as a pleasing fiction. There is no more unity there than there is among the Protestant Churches. When you become acquainted with the interior movements of the sects within the bosom of this great sect, you will find that there is as much discord, only kept comparatively quiet, as there is in the open overt

discords of the Protestant Churches." There is certainly much in the manifest changes and developments that have been going on in the Roman Church during recent times, and in the organized defections, of various magnitudes, therefrom, to justify the holding and expression of such an opinion as the one just quoted. Such movements as that of the Old Catholics in Germany and Switzerland, that led by Charles Loyson Hyacinthe in France, and that of the Independent Catholics in the United States, are significant.

But what is this Independent Catholic movement? Three or four years ago, the Rev. J. V. McNamara, formerly a priest of the Roman Church, began an independent religious work among the Irish of Water Street, in New York City. Father McNamara was born in Ireland, and was destined by his parents for the Roman priesthood. The greater part of his early training was obtained in Italy. Before his education was completed, he came to Boston where he studied for a time. Later he entered a Roman Catholic Seminary in St. Louis. While there, an ardent student of the Bible, he first came to recognize the great defects of the Roman Church. Subsequent to his graduation, we understand, he traveled in Europe, and later, acted as a missionary priest in the Southern States of this country. Afterwards, he founded and built up a Roman Catholic organization in the city of Brooklyn. His independent thinking and liberal views, rather freely expressed, more than once, it seems, brought upon him the censure of his ecclesiastical superiors. He has said that it was through listening to the earnest utterances of the chaplain of the Sailors' Home in Cherry Street, that he was at length led to take the last decisive steps that severed his connection with the Church of Rome. He was excommunicated, and at once began work among his fellow-countrymen in Water Street.

At first, we are told, he aimed simply at opposing "Italianism" in the Church. In this effort he was not without associates and co-workers who, like himself, were ex-Roman priests; nor was he without a measure of success. In November, 1879, before a large assembly, where were present such Protestant clergymen as Dr. I. I. Prime, Dr. Philip Schaff, Dr. Saunderson, and some others, Father McNamara was formally installed as Bishop of the Independent Catholic Church—his associate, Father O'Connor, conducting the installation services. At this time, it is said, "over a hundred persons, heads of families, all of Irish birth or parentage, and all hitherto members of the Roman Church, had enrolled themselves as members of the new church." The *Christian World* for January, 1880, remarked: "The work inaugurated by Rev. J. V. McNamara is still prosecuted without interruption and with encouraging success. Large congregations assemble several times in the week to hear the Gospel preached, and these congregations are composed chiefly of those who, but a few months ago, were devoted followers of the Church of Rome." Under date of January 19, 1880, a New York Correspondent of the *Boston Journal* wrote: "The Independent Catholic Church movement in this city is a remarkable one, and is assuming proportions never anticipated by its most sanguine supporters. Bishop McNamara still claims to be a Catholic, but denounces in unmistakable language what he regards as the errors of his Church. His plan is to show the falsity of the dogmas and traditions of Rome, and that the Romish Church, as at present conducted, is an Italian organization which tends to enslave, body and soul, all connected with it. His object is to reform the Church and bring the people to the plain teachings of the Bible, properly understood. His devout spirit, apparent sincerity, and deep concern for the spiritual wel-

fare of his hearers, give him a wonderful power, and multitudes flock to hear him. The movement is attracting the attention of the Catholics generally, and many of them are connecting themselves with it."

During 1880, the movement steadily progressed. Besides the numerous meetings, both regular and occasional, always largely attended, in New York and Brooklyn, many large assemblies have been addressed by McNamara and his co-laborers in Boston and in many other large cities throughout the United States and Canada. At large meetings held in New York, about a year ago, addressed by ex-Roman priests, letters were read from priests in various parts of the country declaring that their hearts were in the movement, and communications were presented from Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian conferences, expressive of hearty approval and kindly greetings. About the middle of the year, the Roman press was horrified by the marriage of Bishop McNamara; but these Independent Catholics, like the majority of the Old Catholics of Europe, do not believe in a celibate priesthood. Some time since an effort was begun for the erection, in New York, of a church edifice, which the public may expect to see built before long. Of late the Independent Catholics of that city have been worshipping in the house vacated last year by the Episcopal Church of the Atonement on Madison Avenue. Their congregations are large, the regular attendance Sunday evenings being not far from eight hundred or a thousand persons. We are told that "they have a class for young men, who are being educated and trained for evangelistic work in the large cities of the United States"; that "during the last year they have received three hundred persons into church membership, all of whom professed conversion"; that "the young of their church and congregation are being well cared for"; and that "they have branch stations at which they hold relig-

ious services." "According to their last annual report, eight priests and ten students have joined the new movement." "Although not Protestants in the strict sense of the term, they protest against the mass, confession, and some other things in the Church of Rome, and preach Christ as the true and only Saviour, Priest, and King of men." McNamara is at present using his powerful eloquence in the work of an evangelist in many of our larger cities.

The decrees of the Vatican, and the encyclical letters of the Pope, are bearing fruit that is precious to lovers of the truth and the friends of human freedom and progress. It will yet be plain enough that the Roman Church, no less than the Protestant, is, in many important respects, but an "amassment of separations." Protestants have reason to rejoice that the Catholic priesthood and laity are showing such fearless independence of Rome, and to hail and encourage such movements as that of the Independent Catholic Church. As the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., has truly said, there is little reason to fear that the Pope will ever move to New York, or the Church of the Middle Ages dominate the nineteenth century.

---

#### HENRY D. THOREAU.

BY F. A. T., '81.

THIS poet-naturalist was a man of unique and wonderful organization. His eccentricities of character and peculiar genius make him a most novel and interesting object of study.

Our notion of this strange individual is best expressed by calling him a cultured and civilized savage. This expression may seem a little strong, and altogether inapplicable; yet his seclusion from society, his manner of living, his tastes and habits, seem to justify us in thus designating him.

He studiously avoided communication

with the larger part of his fellow-men, and devoted himself to his solitary pursuits in literature and science. He had a few acquaintances for whom he possessed an ardent friendship, yet it was for Nature alone that he cherished a deep devotion. Thus it was that in communion with her he experienced his highest happiness. He was also a most devoted lover of freedom, that is, freedom from the restraints, rules, and conventionalities of society; and when oppressed by these social fetters, he appeared to experience the discomfort and *ennui* of the red man. For the delineation of his character, no more fitting words than his own can be found:

"Oh man of wild habits,  
Partridges and rabbits,  
Who hast no cares  
Only to set snares,  
Who liv'st all alone  
Close to the bone,  
And where life is sweetest  
Constantly eatest."

A writer has said: "His whole life was a search for the wild, not only in nature, but in literature, in life, in morals; and the shyest and most elusive thoughts and impressions were the ones that fascinated him most." Everywhere the wild pleased and attracted him, and the most desolate regions were his favorite haunts. He was as stoical as an Indian, and unsympathetic except in his feelings toward the savage.

Thoreau's literary works, like himself, are odd, interesting, and original. They are replete with choice thoughts, and beautiful and graphic descriptions. In his letters especially we find much of his private character revealed. He displays a quiet humor, and a high appreciation of truth and virtue. At times indeed he becomes a cynic and derides the pleasures and frivolities of life, or satirizes society. Again we find him lamenting the worthlessness and degeneracy of humanity, and seeming to say: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

He is said to have been a man entirely free from vice, honest, upright, and pure-

minded. Yet he possessed two qualities that greatly detracted from his excellence and greatness. He was thoroughly selfish and skeptical, and no man having either of these attributes can be truly great. His life was a strange contradiction. While he raised his voice against wrongs and evils, and championed right and justice, he aimed his deadliest blows at Christianity. Without doubt the world is better off for his having lived; yet he has not performed for humanity those services which his greatness demanded. Had he been less selfish, and more philanthropic, he might have possessed much greater happiness and distinction, and have done far more toward improving the condition of mankind.

Although he is said to have been a disbeliever in Christianity, and in one of his letters questions the existence of such a being as God; yet we find lines among his poetry that indicate a more correct view upon this subject. He says:

"Great God! I ask Thee for no meaner self,  
Than that I may not disappoint myself;  
That in my conduct I may soar as high  
As I can now discern with this clear eye."

There seems, however to be in his life a lack of worthy purpose. To secure personal pleasure and gratification was evidently his chief motive. He was unsocial and cynical, living within himself and for himself. He was a naturalist, only so far as the work afforded him pleasure, and he wrote only for amusement and a livelihood. To my mind such an existence is deplorable, notwithstanding the life be morally pure. In fact the life cannot be pure and virtuous to a high degree, since the very living in such a state is a sin. He who possesses genius is under obligations to use it for the benefit of the race.

Thus while we see much in Thoreau to respect and admire, we see that, too, which we cannot but condemn; while in his writings we find much that is pure and elevating, we find, too, that which were better unwritten.

## IN MEMORIAM.

BY C. E. S., '83.

We come, with our tribute of lilies and tears,  
 To cast on the graves of the long-buried years;  
 To call back the visions of dark, stormy hours,  
 Mid the sweet inspiration of music and flowers,  
 To rehearse the sad drama of sorrow and night,  
 When tyrants hurled down the proud standard  
 of right,  
 And the stormy war-god, with voice of command,  
 Unchained his red hounds o'er the sea and the  
 land.

And over the heavens, from zenith to star,  
 Rolled crimson and bloody the hot battle car,  
 And on the night's verge shown ghastly and  
 fell

The specters of war from the red southern hell,  
 When mountain and forest were vocal with  
 knells,

As we told the sad tales to the death-tolling  
 bells

That mingled their pathos of sorrow and fear  
 With the wallings of anguish, that followed the  
 bier.

Yet out of that darkness, deep anguish and  
 fright,  
 Peace came, like then moring of sorrow's wild  
 night,

When the wrath of the nation fulfilled the  
 design

That God had marked out, in His wisdom Di-  
 vine;

He hushed the red billows on battle's wild sea,  
 Like the Christ-hushed waves on deep Galilee.  
 As the cloud that hangs on the black brow of  
 Night,

Blots out no star from its orbit of light,

So the dark cloud of war hanging low o'er its  
 face,

Blots nothing of good from the world and the  
 race.

Each red battle-field, with its thunder and din,  
 Is but God's will done in the dark guise of sin,  
 For proudly to-day o'er the martyr's white  
 bones

Rest Virtue and Love on their radiant thrones,  
 And Truth's lovely brow, ever beaded and wet,  
 Is jeweled with drops of her own bloody sweat.

If the roses that deck the fair robes of the bride  
 Are symbols of virtue, our holiest pride;

If the ensign of freedom in triumph is flung,  
 They are boons from the bosom of agony  
 wrung.

The Church can lay claim to no fair trophies  
 won,

Not bought with deep anguish that darkened the  
 sun,

If the rack and the stake, the fagot and fire  
 No longer are engines of bigotry's ire;

If forth from the press the winged missiles of  
 thought,

Are hurled at the bulwarks that Falsehood hath  
 wrought;

'Tis because the brave martyrs, not selfish with  
 pride,

Drank deep at the fountain of anguish and  
 died.

And thus through the ages of blood and of tears  
 Deep meanings we trace on the tablet of years;  
 We read, as we gaze on that God-written scroll,  
 How the fragments of discord unite in a whole;

How God lifts up from the dust and the mire  
 The race and the world, ever higher and higher.

As the scrup-white lily uprears its fair head  
 From the slime and the ooze of the river's dark  
 bed,

Thus slowly yet surely the engines of God  
 Are lifting the race from the filth of the sod,

And the Angel of Peace shall stretch her white  
 hand

With a heavenly smile, over all the wide land.

When Science and Faith, their bright lenses shall  
 turn,

And view, both together, the stars and the  
 Throne;

When the finger of Prophecy, hoary and gray,  
 Points backward, not forth, to the glorious day,

When the last cruel conflict of earth has been  
 fought;

When the boundaries of nations shall melt into  
 nought;

When men from the tumult of battle shall cease  
 And beat their hot swords into plowshares of  
 peace;

When the scream of the eagle and coo of the  
 dove

Harmoniously blend in the music of love;  
 When sheathed is the saber and silent the drum

And Earth, o'er her carnage, stands awe-struck  
 and dumb;

Then deep at the fountain of truth man shall  
 dip,

And the angel of Love kiss the cannon's cold  
 lip,

And into its dark, carnal mouth sweetly place  
 The standard of Christ and the symbol of peace.

Then cover the graves of our heroes with flow-  
 ers;

Bring the tend'rest off'rings of spring's sunny  
 hours;

Let the column of marble and granite proclaim  
 To the far-coming ages each humblest name,

And tell to the millions who gaze on its height,  
 They were martyrs who died for mankind and  
 the right.

Left homes and their loved ones, and fond hopes  
 of youth

For the agonized burden of death for the truth.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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AT last the term has closed and we are once more free from the care and anxiety attendant upon college life. It has been a term, which, by some of us at least, will not soon be forgotten. Although we have been startled by no new innovations, yet some of our experiences have been peculiar and we hope profitable in their results. Taken as a whole, there never was a better term for study than the one just finished. The exceptional cool weather of the past two months and the absence of any special events to divert the attention of the students from their books, have conspired to make our men more faithful than usual. We honestly believe that the percentage obtained by the students upon the final examinations will be higher than those of any term of the year. No doubt there are some men here, as in every other college, who have shirked their lessons whenever they could, but the majority will return to their homes well satisfied with their term's work.

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The concert given by the Bates and Bowdoin Glee Clubs deserved all the praise which has been bestowed upon it by our citizens and public press. Although it did not receive as large a patronage as was expected, yet this fact in no way impaired the quality of the concert. The selections were made with a view to interest and please, and judging from the enthusiasm displayed by the audience, the programme was, from this point, at least, eminently successful. Both clubs have their excellencies and defects. Could they have a few months' drill under the leadership of a skillful musician, we are confident that they would be able to give a concert which would compare very favorably with any of those given by the Amherst or Yale Clubs. We hope that these clubs

will become a permanent institution and favor us from time to time with feasts of song.

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Our defeat at base-ball has been a matter of comment throughout the State. Holding, as we have for the last five years, the college championship of the State of Maine, it is no wonder that our sudden downfall should occasion remark. Beaten as we have been by every college nine in the State, it is well for us to inquire what has been the occasion of the change in our fortunes. There are several reasons why we have lost the championship. In the first place, too much reliance has been placed upon our past record. Some of the older members of the nine seemed to think that because we had beaten the Colby and Bowdoin Clubs every year, we were always going to beat them. Hence less work has been done in the gymnasium and on the field than usual. Again, the idea that the success of a game depends entirely upon our pitcher and catcher, seems to have gained considerable ground during the past two years and has, therefore, deluded some into the belief that there is less need of skillful men in the field. The games of the past month have proved the fallacy of this idea. Although Messrs. Parsons and Wilbur, in their respective positions, cannot be surpassed by any college men in the State, yet this fact does not warrant us in asserting that victory or defeat lies in the hands of these two men. We met with a great drawback when Mr. Wilbur was disabled, but it is extremely doubtful that he could have saved us from defeat. It is folly also to ascribe it to the new men who have been placed upon the nine this year. On the contrary, if the scores of the various games are examined it will be found that they made more runs and fewer errors

than the old members. Looking at the question in all its various phases, we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that the main reason why the Garnet has been defeated is the lack of sufficient preparation for the season's games. We have as good material to work with as can be found anywhere in the State. Our boys are strong, active fellows, and are not afraid of hard work. No club in our neighboring colleges has a better opportunity for development than our own. If the members will put themselves into careful training next fall and winter, it is our firm belief that when another base-ball season opens our nine will be able to regain the pennant, even though it loses several of its best men in the class of '81.

The examinations are finished, the orations have been delivered, the diplomas presented, and now the class of '81 has severed its active connection with Bates. It is not without some feelings of regret that we take leave of our departing Seniors. Their attitude toward the class of '82 has always, since the Freshman year, been courteous and gentlemanly. We have formed many lasting friendships with its members, and during the next year shall miss their faces from the college halls and campus.

The class of '81 is the largest ever graduated from Bates. It has been distinguished from the Freshman year as a musical class. The quartette has won laurels to itself both at home and abroad, and is, without doubt, unsurpassed by any similar organization in our sister colleges. It will be a long time before we shall cease to wish back the strong voices which have pleased so many of us. In the busy world these men, who have worked together for four years, will find fields of labor widely separated. It is the earnest desire of the STUDENT that the members of '81, although scattered widely apart,

may still feel a strong bond of sympathy uniting them to each other and to their *Alma Mater*. Business cares and responsibilities may burden the mind, but they should not dim the brightness of friendships formed amid college walls.

Another college year is closed and another vacation is at hand; and, as we lay aside the books which have proved of interest and benefit, together with those whose depths of knowledge were sometimes too profound for us, we cannot fail to look back upon the year just closed and ask, seriously, "has it been a success?"

We entered upon it with many good resolutions and lofty ambitions; full of determination to improve the many opportunities with which we are favored. Have we reached the heights to which we aspired? Have we improved the golden opportunities which have been so bountifully spread before us as we have tread "the flowery fields of learning"? or have we been so blind to the nobler feelings and hopes within us that our studies have seemed but clouds in the sky above us, and their silver lining has escaped our notice? Our examination marks and class rank may speak well or ill for us, and yet they are not altogether trustworthy in determining the question of success or failure. It is for each one of us to look farther and see whether there have been left upon our minds such impressions as will have a noble and elevating influence upon the misty future before us.

If we have, by any one act, laid the foundation for a career that will be beneficial to mankind and an honor to our *Alma Mater*, then have our labors been a success in the highest sense.

As we separate now, some of us to go back to our happy country homes and others to toil in some honorable way to earn the money with which to obtain a higher education, we can all look back upon some



mistakes which, in their way, may prove of great benefit to us if we but draw the proper lesson from them; and, in the fall, when we return again to the halls of learning, let us do so with renewed energy and higher ambition than ever before, determined to do the duty which lies nearest each of us, and by our earnest, conscientious efforts, render ourselves better fitted to meet the trials and joys of sober life and make of ourselves men whose influence as citizens, and in private life, will be powerful for the good and the advancement of our fellow-men.

An article appears in the June number of *Harper's Monthly* which is especially interesting to those students who have just finished, in the German Schiller's brilliant tragedy, "The Maid of Orleans." The article is from the pen of James Parton and is entitled "The Trial of Jeanne Darc." The author tells the story of the public life and trial of the maid in his usual easy style. There is nothing claimed for her beyond reason. It is simply the true history of her trial. The complete subjection of the church officers to the English regent is evident during the whole progress of the trial. No new theory is advanced as to the source of her influence, yet her calm fearlessness and evident sincerity, together with the direct, yet guarded and skillful answers to the bishops during the trial, make her appear almost inspired. Her lowly birth and consequent ignorance would make it seem impossible for her to sustain herself as she did during that long trial without divine inspiration. Mr. Parton does not attempt to make her life all a success, her errors are admitted and her final desertion by the French people attributed to mistakes of hers which had lost her their confidence. The article is worth the reading and careful study of all.

Most of us leave college now but to

change our fields of labor; some to exercise upon the wheat fields and meadows of country farms, and others to serve, in various capacities, at the mountain and seaside hotels where the weary denizens of the crowded cities seek recreation and health. And a word of caution may not be out of place in relation to the preservation and care of our own health, which must be considered the first essential of reaping the proper and the greatest benefits of a college education.

The change of occupation, however laborious our duties, will be a rest for us, and will fill us with energy which must not be permitted, by its results, to work harm rather than good. Our muscles are now relaxed and we are not in condition to work with the zeal of those whose systems have been toughened by the strains and practice of continued manual labor; we must become accustomed to our new occupations before we can put into them all the strength of which we think ourselves possessed, and by the exercise of care and judgment we may gain such strength as will better fit us for the wearing mental strain of the rest of the year. By pursuing the other course we endanger our health and are too likely to break down our constitutions so seriously as to impair our usefulness for the future.

From nine New England colleges, this year, nine hundred and nine young men are sent forth to the active duties of life. Each man, doubtless, of all this number will leave his college halls with a determination to win in the struggle before him. Some will succeed. More will fail, and all will fall far short of the goal for which they will strive. A failure to-day would seem unnecessary, for certainly there never has been in the history of this nation a brighter prospect for educated men than the present presents. One needs not to enter a profession to succeed, for

that time has gone by when it was thought necessary that every college-educated man should be a professional man. There is yet room for able and gifted men in the law and in medicine, it is true, but a man must be especially fitted for this work. Men, as a whole, have become educated and can recognize and appreciate a skilled intellect whether it be possessed by a farmer or a preacher. Let each man adopt that business in life to which he is adapted, and the people will not fail to discover and honor his abilities. If each of these many men, who leave college this year, would study himself carefully and follow that path in life for which he is best fitted, failures among them would be few indeed. There are always openings for the educated. The trades demand educated men and promise to them a competency and contentment. The farms are asking for skillful brains to develop their hidden resources. If the East is not congenial, the gateways of the great West lie wide open, inviting disciplined minds and ready hands to reap the rich profits which she promises in the near future. Let each man understand himself and follow faithfully that path which he has chosen after careful deliberation, and his success is assured.

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#### STATISTICS OF '81.

Believing that brief sketches of the members of the graduating class will be interesting to our readers, we have collected the following facts:

Brown, W. J., was born in Minot, Jan. 29, 1856, and is now 25 years of age. His height is 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 135 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Edward Little High School, Auburn. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Congregationalist. Time absent from college, 30 weeks. Expenses, \$600;

earnings, exclusive of board, \$650. Is undecided as to his profession.

Clark, E. J., Miss, was born at Lewiston, Jan. 15, 1859. Age, 22. Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 132 pounds. Fitted for college at Lewiston High School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 22. Profession, intend to loaf.

Cook, C. S., was born at Portland, Nov. 18, 1858. Age, 22. Height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 135 pounds; size of hat, 6¾. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religion undecided. Weeks absent, 24. Expenses, \$1200; earnings, \$360. Intended profession, Law.

Coolidge, H. E., was born in Livermore, Dec. 23, 1860. Age, 20. His height is 5 feet 9¼ inches; weight, 135 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Universalist. Expenses, \$860; earnings, \$390. Absent from college, 27 weeks. Intended profession, Law.

Curtis, W. P., was born in Auburn, Feb. 8, 1857. Age, 24. His height is 6 feet; weight, 132 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Edward Little High School. Politics, Republican. Religion, Free Baptist. Expenses, \$900; earnings, \$300. Intended profession, Ministry.

Davis, Oscar, was born in Palmyra, Aug. 9, 1854. Age, 27. His height is 5 feet 10½ inches; weight 190 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield. Politics, Republican. Religion, Free Baptist. Engaged, no. Weeks absent, 63. Expenses, \$1200; earnings, \$1200. Intended profession, Law.

Drake, O. H., was born in New Hampton, N. H., Aug. 11, 1855. Age, 25. Height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 160 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at New Hampton. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist.

Weeks absent, 35. Expenses, \$800; earnings, \$500. Intended profession, Teaching.

Emerson, F. C., was born in Swanville, Jan. 25, 1850. Age, 31. Height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 135 pounds; size of hat, 6½. Fitted for college at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Congregationalist. Weeks absent, 20. Expenses, \$950; earnings, \$750. Intended profession, Ministry.

Folsom, H. P., was born in Augusta, May 12, 1859. Age, 22. His height is 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 138 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Lewiston High School. Politics, Republican; religion, Universalist. Weeks absent, 5. Engaged, no. Expenses, \$1325. Profession undecided.

Foss, H. E., was born in Wales, Dec. 25, 1857. Age, 23. His height is 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 135 pounds; size of hat, 6½. Fitted for college at Lewiston High School. Politics, Republican. Religion, Methodist. Weeks absent, 6. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$400.

Foster, W. P., was born in Weld, Aug. 20, 1856. Age, 24. Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 140 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Weeks absent, 70. Intended profession, Law.

Gilkey, R. E., was born in Sharon, Vt., March 21, 1857. Age, 24. His height is 5 feet 11½ inches; weight 185 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Lyndon Centre, Vt. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 10. Expenses, \$800; earnings, \$400. Intended profession, Medicine.

Goding, J. H., was born in Monmouth, Nov. 1, 1858. Age, 22. His height is 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 150 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Universalist. Weeks

absent, 25. Expenses, \$1500; earnings, \$300. Intended profession, Medicine.

Haskell, C. S., was born in Auburn, March 30, 1858. Age, 23. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 153 pounds; size of hat, 7. Fitted for college at Edward Little High School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Congregationalist. Expenses, \$1500. Weeks absent, 60. Profession undecided.

Hayden, W. W., was born in Corinna, April 26, 1856. Age, 25. Height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 185 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 32. Expenses, \$955; earnings, \$385. Intended profession, Ministry.

Hobbs, W. C., was born in Wilton, July 11, 1859. Age, 21. Height, 5 feet 6¼ inches; weight, 150 pounds; size of hat, 7. Fitted for college at Wilton Academy. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Congregationalist. Weeks absent, 29. Expenses, \$900; earnings, \$400. Intended profession, Medicine.

Holton, J. E., was born in North Boothbay, May 10, 1855. Age, 26. Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; size of hat, 7. Fitted for college at Boothbay. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Congregationalist. Weeks absent, 30. Expenses, \$800; earnings, \$400. Intended profession, Teaching.

Lowden, G. E., was born in Cornwallis, N. S., March 9, 1854. Age, 27. His height is 5 feet 10 inches; weight 150 pounds. Fitted for college by private tuition. Politics, "God Save the Queen." Religion, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 30. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$550. Intended profession, Ministry.

Maxfield, O. T., was born in Chichester, N. H., Aug. 27, 1853. Age, 27. Height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 160 pounds; size

of hat, 7. Fitted for college at New Hampton, N. H. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Unitarian. Weeks absent, 70. Expenses, \$1200; earnings, \$800. Intended profession, Teaching.

McCleery, C. L., was born in Farmington, July 23, 1854. Age, 26. Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 125 pounds; size of hat, 7. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 72. Earnings, \$1000. Intended profession, Journalism.

Nevens, H. B., was born June 14, 1858. Age, 22. Height, 6 feet; weight, 160 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Edward Little High School. Politics, Republican. No religious preference. Weeks absent, 18. Expenses, \$675; earnings, \$475. Profession undecided.

Parsons, J. H., was born in Lexington, Oct. 27, 1857. Age, 23. Height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 155 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 65. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$700. Intended profession, Law.

Perkins, W. B., was born in Auburn, June 15, 1859. Age, 22. Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 140 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Expenses, \$1400; earnings, \$300. Intended profession, Mercantile.

Perkins, W. T., was born in Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1858. Age, 23. Height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 140; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at New Hampton, N. H. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 55. Expenses, \$1500; earnings, \$500. Intended profession, Law.

Pitts, E. T., was born in New Portland, Aug. 28, 1853. Age, 27. His height is

5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 175 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 25. Earnings, \$526.50. Intended profession, Ministry.

Record, G. L., was born in Auburn, March 13, 1859. Age, 23. Height, 6 feet 1 inch; weight, 160 pounds; size of hat, 6½. Fitted for college at Edward Little High School. Politics, Democrat. Religious preference, Baptist. Weeks absent, 70. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$1070. Intended profession, Law.

Rideout, B. S., was born in Garland, Sept. 19, 1853. Age, 27. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 150 pounds; size of hat, 7. Fitted for college at Maine Central Institute. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 18. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$367. Intended profession, Ministry.

Roberts, H. S., was born in Farmington, N. H., June 15, 1858. Age, 23. Height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 150 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Farmington, N. H. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Universalist. Weeks absent, 79. Expenses, \$1400; earnings, \$1200. Intended profession, Law.

Robinson, Reuel, was born in Palmyra, Sept. 25, 1858. Age, 22. Height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 175 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield. Politics, Republican. No religious preference. Weeks absent, 68. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$750. Profession undecided.

Rowell, E. D., was born in Skowhegan, June 17, 1858. Age, 23. Height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 140 pounds; size of hat, 6½. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Independent Republican. Religious preference, Unitarian. Weeks absent, 64. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$700. Intended profession, Law.

Sanborn, C. P., born in Weld, Nov. 15, 1858. Age, 23. Height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 155 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. No religious preference. Weeks absent, 32. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$350. Intended profession, Business.

Shattuck, J. F., was born in Derby, Vt., May 23, 1852. Age, 29. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 140 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Lyndon, Vt. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 38. Expenses, \$800; earnings, \$320.

Strout, C. A., was born in Auburn, April 21, 1860. Age, 21. Height, 6 feet; weight, 145 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Edward Little High School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Congregationalist. Weeks absent, 72. Expenses, \$1000; earnings, \$900. Intended profession, Law.

Twitchell, F. A., was born in Plymouth, Nov. 7, 1858. Age, 22. Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 140 pounds; size of hat, 7¼. Fitted for college at Pittsfield. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Free Baptist. Weeks absent, 22. Expenses, \$1400. Intended profession, Law.

Wilbur, F. H., was born in Portland, April 10th, 1858. Age, 23. Height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 160 pounds; size of hat, 7½. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, "On the fence." Religious preference, Universalist. Weeks absent, 72. Expenses, \$900; earnings, \$500. Intended profession, Business.

Williams, C. W., was born in Georgetown, Aug. 28, 1850. Age, 30. Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; size of hat, 7. Fitted for college at Nichols Latin School. Politics, Republican. Religious preference, Baptist. Weeks absent, 38. Expenses, \$800; earnings, \$350.

## LOCALS.

'81 goes out.

"Who is at the head of this?"

Barnum's show called out a large delegation of collegians.

Several of the boys are away at the hotels for the summer.

Commencement exercises this year at the Free Baptist Church.

Twad. (in Botany recitation, holding up a cone)—"Prof., is this a corm or a bulb?"

A Junior remarked a few days ago, that the "Reversed Edition" of the Bible had just been issued.

On Tuesday of examination week the Juniors got a cut on Botany. This was the first since they entered college.

The prize of \$10 for the best written Junior part, not to be publicly delivered, was awarded to Miss Isa B. Foster.

The last chapel exercise of the year was conducted by the graduating class. Mr. Emerson, the class chaplain, officiated at the desk.

One Senior, on being asked by a STUDENT reporter if he was engaged, replied, "I don't know certain. I'll let you know some time this week."

Rowell, on being told that Miss Blodgett had promised a new patchwork quilt to the first member of '81 who got married, exclaimed, "I'll have that quilt or bust."

The Eurosophian Society appointed C. E. Mason, '82, E. Remick, '83, and E. R. Chadwick, '84, to make arrangements for the next annual public meeting to be held the coming fall term.

A large proportion of the students have engagements for the season at the mountains and seashore. Quite a large number have positions as clerks and head waiters. This is a pleasant and profitable way of spending the time during the hot weather of the summer vacation.

A certain college president once said to a graduating class: "Young men, my last words to you are, live the life that Paul lived and die the death that Paul died." (Paul was beheaded.)

At the annual meeting of the alumni of Maine Central Institute the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, B. W. Murch, Bates, '82; Chairman of Executive Committee, H. S. Bullen, Bates, '82; Secretary, A. B. Morrill.

In the lecture room, the other day, one of the Juniors inhaled laughing gas, and made himself rather frequent among the Prof.'s chemical apparatus. He appeared desirous of giving the Professor a lesson in the manly art. No particular damage was done.

The Seniors a short time since called on "Marm Blodgett" and made the old lady a present of a large family Bible. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Rowell. The old lady was highly elated, and made vigorous demonstrations of her gratitude.

Do not fail to read the advertisement of S. F. Hess & Co., Rochester, N. Y., in this number of the STUDENT. The gold clip tobacco and cigarettes offered to the market by this company, are worthy of a fair trial. We do not advise the use of tobacco in any form, but if students *will* use it, they are guilty of a grave offense if they do not use the best brands.

The Junior class has a member who can recall the events that transpired away back in the times of the flood. His descriptions of Noah and his three sons, and his glowing accounts of the conversations he had with them, are matters of great historical interest. He was present when the animals went into the ark "two by two," and said he really snickered when the pair of ants went in behind the elephants.

On the evening of June 11th the Junior class was entertained by Prof. Angell and lady, at their residence on College Street. The evening passed most pleasantly, and will long be remembered by the boys as one of the bright places in Junior year. The Professor thoroughly understands the art of making visitors feel at home. Select readings by Miss Laughton and music by Miss Nash, added much to the entertainment. The boys unanimously pronounce the affair *immense*.

A "schneid" little game of ball took place on the college grounds Friday afternoon, June 24th, between two nines from the Junior class. The "Phenogams" and "Cryptogams," marshaled by Douglass and Pease, displayed a vast amount of heretofore latent base-ball talent. The marvellous head work, together with the circumventive curve of "*Frye*," bothered the Crypto's somewhat, at first, and consequently allowed them to take the lead of the Pheno's at the outset, and maintain it to the end. Many especially brilliant plays were made, while all covered themselves with glory. In the evening the *boys* assembled in Doug's room and celebrated their successful completion of Junior year. What with music, lemonade, apples, etc., a very enjoyable evening was passed.

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#### IVY DAY.

Ivy Day was duly observed by the Junior class, Friday afternoon, June 10th, at 2.30 P.M. The exercises occurred at the College Chapel, as usual. A departure from the previous custom was made by doing away with the street parade. Promptly at the hour assigned the class entered the chapel, and carried out the following programme:

Prayer,	MUSIC.	O. H. Tracy.
Oration,	OPENING ODE.	J. F. Merrill.

CORNET SOLO.—E. PERKINS.  
Poem, W. H. Cogswell.  
MUSIC.  
Presentations, B. W. Murch.  
CLASS ODE.  
PLANTING THE IVY.  
IVY ODE.

The opening ode, written by F. L. Blanchard, class ode, written by J. W. Douglass, and ivy ode, written by D. E. Pease, were sung by the class.

The oration by J. F. Merrill was of more than ordinary merit. Its subject was "Union." Mr. Merrill presented the advantages of union and harmony, in a clear and interesting manner, making a gentlemanly and powerful argument for the establishment of all college exercises (such as Ivy Day, Field Day, etc.), which tended to bring classes together in social pleasure or friendly rivalry. The oration was highly commended by all who heard it.

The poem, subject, "Music," by Mr. Cogswell, reflected much credit upon its author. It described the allurements and pleasures which music has always possessed, and contained the interesting legends of the Sirens and Orpheus. It showed that Mr. Cogswell possessed considerable poetic ability.

The presentation speeches by Mr. Murch called forth hearty responses, and both were received by the audience with rounds of applause. Following is the list of presentations:

Popular Man—Hat.	S. A. Lowell.
Flirt—Handkerchief.	Miss I. B. Foster.
Story Teller—Mother Goose.	W. S. Hoyt.
Wit—Razor.	W. V. Twaddle.
Lazy Man—Chair.	L. T. McKenney.
Ambitious Man—Ladder.	C. E. Mason.
Awkward Man—Book of Etiquette.	H. S. Bullen.
Bashful Man—Veil.	F. L. Blanchard.
Lucky Man—Horseshoe.	C. H. Libby.
Fast Man—Bit.	B. G. Eaton.
Cynic—Tub.	J. W. Douglass.
Innocence Abroad—Dark Lantern.	R. H. Douglass.

After the presentations the members of the class passed out of the chapel, planted the Ivy, unveiled the tablet, and sung the Ivy Ode.

The decoration, which was the work of Miss L. W. Harris, '80, was very tasty. It consisted of a ground-work of garnet drapery, which covered the front of the pulpit. In the center of this was a large wreath having within it the figures "'82," made of old gold, the class color. Upon either end of the desk stood a large bouquet of flowers. The class extended a vote of thanks to Miss Harris for her kindness, and presented her, after the exercises, with the wreath.

The tablet, which is fastened to the west corner of the south wing of Hathorn Hall, consists of a ground-work of white marble 8x9 inches, with the figures "'82" cut upon the two pages of an open book, which has a twig of ivy for a book-mark.

The instrumental music by Perkins' Orchestra was first-class. The following were the officers of the day: President, E. Richards; Chaplain, O. H. Tracy; Marshal, W. S. Hoyt; Curator, W. T. Skelton.

### FIELD DAY.

The second annual meeting of the Bates Athletic Association was held on the Trotting Park, Saturday, June 11th. The following were the officers of the day: Field marshal, H. B. Nevens, '81; judges, S. C. Moseley, A.B., C. V. Emerson, A.B., referee, E. M. Briggs, A.B.; timers, J. F. Merrill, '82, E. Remick, '83; directors, H. E. Foss, '81, W. S. Hoyt, '82, L. B. Hunt, '83, S. Hackett, '84. Although our boys have had but little practice in such contests some very good records were made. The following was the order of exercises, with the names of the winners. Nos. 16, 18, and 20 were omitted.

1. Five-Mile Go-as-you-Please, McKenney, '82, 34 min. 24 sec.
2. Five-Mile Walk, Twaddle, '82, 52 min. 35 sec.
3. Hop, Skip, and Jump, Bartlett, '83, 37 ft. 9 1/2 in.
4. Three Standing Broad Jumps, Pease, '82, 28 ft. 7 3/4 in.

5. Standing High Jump, Parsons, '81, 4 ft. 1-2 in.
6. Putting Shot—25 Lbs., Hayden, '81, 23 ft. 11 3-4 in.
7. Running Broad Jump, Bartlett, '83, 17 ft.
8. Hundred-Yards Dash—3 Heats, Foss, '81, 11 1-4 sec.
9. Running High Jump, Perkins, '82, 4 ft. 8 1-2 in.
10. Standing Broad Jump, Pease, '82, 8 ft. 6 3-4 in.
11. Throwing Hammer—20 Lbs., Wilson, '84, 56 ft. 8 1-2 in.
12. Half-Mile Run, Parsons, '81, 2 min. 34 1-4 sec.
13. One-Mile Run, Bartlett, '83, 5 min. 48 3-4 sec.
14. One-Mile Walk, Barber, '83, 10 min.
15. Three-Legged Race—100 Yds., Douglass, '82, } 16 1-2 sec.  
Emmons, '82, }
17. Throwing Base-Ball, Hatch, '83, 320 ft.
19. Collar-and-Elbow Wrestle, Twaddle, '82.
21. Tug-of-War, '82.

As the Sophomores withdrew from the Tug-of-War the order in which the three remaining classes should pull was decided by lot. The Seniors and Freshmen went to the rope first. After quite a hard struggle the Freshmen drew the Seniors over the line. Then came a short but severe tug between the Juniors and Freshmen, resulting in a victory for the former. In spite of the heat of the day and the distance to the park the sports were witnessed by quite a goodly number of people, nearly all of whom remained until the close of the exercises. Everything passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned. There were no accidents, and although it was one of the hottest days of the season none of the contestants suffered any particular inconvenience from the heat. The association took \$25 at the gates. Taken as a whole Field Day was a success.

#### ANALYTICS.

The burial of Analytics was observed by the class of '83, Friday evening, June 17. The exercises began by the singing of a

dirge in front of Hathorn Hall, followed by an eulogy pronounced by D. N. Grice. After another song a poem was read by Everett Remick. The coffin containing the remains of the dear departed was then opened, and all were invited to take one last, long look. This ceremony was conducted amid the groaning and sobbing of the nearer relatives, who were dressed in painful-looking black "cerements of the grave," and who were disguised by black masks and antiquated caps and slouched hats.

The procession formed in front of Parker Hall (headed by Glover's Band of Auburn) in the following order:

*Imperator.*

*Cateria Musicorum.*

*Lictor.*

*Fossores Sepulchri.*

*Vespilo.*

*Vespilo.*

*Vespilo.*



*Vespilo.*

*Vespilo.*

*Vespilo.*

*Pontifex Maximus.*

*Daemones Ignis.*

*Princeps Lugens.*

*Feror Fakiris.*

*Ceteri Ploratores.*

*Taggeres.*

The line of march was down College to Sabattus, Sabattus to Main, Main to Frye, Frye to College again, College to Mountain Avenue, Mountain Avenue to Mt. David.

The exercises on the mountain were rather more in accordance with the custom of cremation than of burial. A funeral



pile was hastily erected by heaping together fagots of pine wood saturated with kerosene oil; the casket was placed upon the summit of this; the torch was applied, and the whole was soon a flaming mass, around which the Sophs gathered and united in singing a dirge. A panegyric was then delivered by F. B. Lothrop, followed by another song. By this time the flames had nearly consumed casket and remains, and served to dimly light the way down the mountain.

The exercises concluded to the satisfaction of all concerned.

### COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The Baccalaureate Exercises were held in Main Street F. B. Church, Sunday P.M., June 26th. They consisted of singing by the church and class choirs, Scripture reading by Prof. Howe, prayer by Prof. Chase, a sermon by the President, and the Baccalaureate Ode sung by the class. President Cheney's sermon, from Acts xvii. 32, was listened to with great attention and interest by the audience.

The Champion Debate, by the Sophomore Class, occurred at three o'clock, Monday afternoon, June 27th. The following is the programme:

#### PRAYER.

#### DEBATE.

*Question.*—Ought the United States to adopt the policy of Free Trade?

E. A. Tinkham,	{ Aff.	H. H. Tucker,	{ Neg.
C. E. Sargent,		O. L. Gile,	
		C. J. Atwater,	

The debate was exceedingly creditable to the participants. All the arguments were good. Those of Gile and Sargent were especially fine. Gile had a chain of argument in which it was difficult to find a weak link. He was the orator of the occasion, speaking with ease and effective earnestness.

Sargent's argument abounded in sharp hits and telling ridicule. He is more than an ordinarily pleasing speaker. He has an original way of putting things which holds the attention of his audience.

The Committee of Award was T. E. Calvert, Esq., A.M. Spear, Esq., and J. H. Baker, A.M.

The Original Declamations, by members of the Junior class, occurred on Monday evening, June 27th, at Main Street F. B. church. The programme was as follows:

#### MUSIC.

#### PRAYER.

#### MUSIC.

Government and Popular Education.

W. H. Cogswell.

Intellectual Influence of Catholicism.

E. R. Richards.

Culture and Happiness.

Miss E. B. Forbes.

Christianity the Basis of Modern Civilization.

B. W. Murch.

#### MUSIC.

Battle of Life.

W. T. Skelton.

Protestantism and Civil Liberty.

C. E. Mason.

Compromises.

J. W. Douglass.

Triumph of Republican Ideas.

O. H. Tracy.

#### CORNET SOLO.—MR. E. PERKINS.

Statesmanship in America.

J. F. Merrill.

Justice.

S. A. Lowell.

Chivalry.

W. V. Twaddle.

The Future of Africa.

J. C. Perkins.

#### MUSIC.

Although the weather was quite unfavorable the church was crowded. The declamations were all of a high order, and it was difficult to decide which was the best. The music, by Perkins' Orchestra, was excellent, as it always is. The cornet solo by Mr. Perkins himself, was especially fine. The exercises throughout were of such a character as to reflect much honor upon our *Alma Mater*.

The Committee of Award was as follows: Rev. G. S. Dickerman, Hon. M. T. Ludden, and G. W. Wood, Ph.D.

The Class Day exercises of '81 occurred Tuesday afternoon, June 28, at Music Hall. The crowd began to assemble at an early hour, and at the time for the commencement of the exercises the hall was well filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience. The following was the programme:

	MUSIC.	
	PRAYER.	Reuel Robinson.
	MUSIC.	
Oration.	Frank Arthur Twitchell.	
History.	Emma Jane Clark.	
Poem.		
	CORNET SOLO.—MR. E. PERKINS.	
Prophecy.	Charles Albion Strout.	
Parting Address.	George Edgar Lowden.	
	MUSIC.	
	SINGING CLASS ODE.	
	SMOKING PIPE OF PEACE.	

The prayer was offered by Mr. Emerson, the class chaplain.

The subject of Mr. Robinson's oration was "The Scholar and the World." He spoke of the achievements of the scholar, and attributed to his efforts all advancement in civilization from the age of the monks, the first scholars. He claims that the scholar is looked up to by the world as a leader among men. Many of those students who distinguish themselves while in college are never heard from after graduating, and the cause for it is, the desire for fame and wealth without the energy to continue in persistent toil, which will alone insure success. Unceasing labor is what the world demands, and he who shrinks from toil the world will not reward.

The History was, as Mr. Twitchell said, "the living over again, the last four years, in a few moments." It is the largest class that ever graduated. At the beginning of the course it catalogued 55, but the largest actual attendance was 45. During the course 11 have left, and 1 has joined the class. '81 has always taken a deep interest in base-ball, and has furnished from four to six men on the college nine. There is an unusual amount of musical talent in

the class, and it furnished both a single and a double quartette. The tallest man in the class is Record, height 6 feet 1½ inches, and the shortest is Emerson, height 5 feet 4 inches. Average height of class, 5 feet 9½ inches. The oldest man is Emerson, age 31 years 6 months, and the youngest is Coolidge, age 20 years 6 months. Average age of class, 24 years 3 months. The heaviest man is Davis, weight 190 pounds, and the lightest man is McCleery, weight 125 pounds. Average weight of class, 149 pounds. Thirteen will study Law, 8 Theology, 6 Medicine, 4 will go into Business, 2 will engage in Journalism, 3 will Teach, and 1 is undecided. One is married, 13 are engaged, and 1 is uncertain. Twenty-one are church members, 13 are Free Baptists, 5 are Universalists, 5 are Congregationalists, 2 are Baptists, 2 are Unitarians, and 1 is on the fence. In politics 34 are Republicans and 2 are Democrats. Sixteen use tobacco, and 11 dance. The largest amount spent by any one member of the class is \$1700, the lowest \$800. The average expense has been \$1150.

The Poem by Miss Clark was very good indeed, and was listened to with deep interest.

The Prophecy by Mr. Strout was—well words fail, but we feel confident in saying that it was the best prophecy we ever listened to, and we want to congratulate Mr. Strout upon his success as a prophet.

The Parting Address by Mr. Lowden was an able production, and we could but sympathize with the speaker as he bade his classmates farewell.

After the singing of the Class Ode the Pipe of Peace was passed around the class. It was amusing to watch the expression on the different faces of the class; some seemed to have a desire to smoke for all the rest, and others appeared as if they were perfectly willing that they should.

The music was furnished by Perkins' Orchestra, and was very nice indeed.

The Alumni Meeting at Hathorn Hall, June 28, was called to order at 4 P.M., by the President, W. E. C. Rich, '70.

Prayer was offered by Rev. G. S. Ricker, '67.

Records of previous meeting read and accepted.

On motion of G. E. Smith, '73, voted that the public exercises of the year be dispensed with, owing to the illness of the orator, L. H. Hutchinson, '71.

On motion of I. C. Dennett, '73, voted a committee of three be appointed to offer resolutions on the death of Frank W. Cobb, '73. Isaac C. Dennett, James H. Baker, and Nathan W. Harris, '73, were appointed that committee.

On motion of G. S. Ricker, '67, voted that a committee of three be appointed to offer resolutions on the death of John A. Plummer, '80. O. B. Clason, '77, F. L. Hayes, and I. F. Frisbee, '80, were appointed that committee.

On motion of Prof. G. C. Chase, '68, voted to adopt the amendment to Article 9 of the Constitution as amended, so that it shall read as follows:

This association shall at each annual meeting select five of its members by ballot, and at the next succeeding annual meeting two persons shall be nominated by ballot from the five selected the previous year, who shall be presented to the Board of Overseers of the college for their confirmation or rejection as members of said Board of Overseers.

On motion of G. S. Ricker, '67, voted to proceed to the election of two members to the Board of Overseers from those nominated last year, and that each be elected on a separate ballot. Josiah Chase, '70, was elected on the first ballot, and G. C. Emery, '68, was elected on the second.

On motion of J. S. Brown, '72, voted that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to nominate officers for the ensuing year. Prof. G. C. Chase, '68, J. S.

Brown, '72, and I. C. Dennett, '73, were appointed on that committee.

On motion of L. G. Jordan, '70, voted that a committee of five be raised to nominate five members from whom two shall be elected to the Board of Overseers next year. J. Chase, '70, F. E. Sleeper, '67, H. W. Oakes, '77, G. E. Smith, '73, and F. L. Hayes, '80, were appointed on that committee, and reported the following names, which were accepted: G. B. Files, '69, J. S. Brown, '72, A. M. Spear, '75, Rev. W. H. Bolster, '69, and Hon. L. H. Hutchinson, '71.

On motion of L. G. Jordan, '70, it was voted that the Secretary cast the vote of the association, which resulted in the election of those nominated.

The committee on nomination of officers for the ensuing year reported as follows: President, L. M. Webb, '70; vice-president, Thos. Spooner, Jr., '74; secretary and treasurer, N. W. Harris, '73; orator, J. H. Baker, '73; substitute, A. T. Salley, '75; poet, A. L. Morey, '76; substitute, E. W. Given, '79; executive committee, Prof. G. C. Chase, '68, H. W. Oakes, '77, and S. C. Moseley, '79.

The report of the committee was accepted, and on motion of L. G. Jordan, '70, voted that the secretary cast the vote of the association for the officers nominated, which resulted in their election.

On motion of A. M. Spear, '75, voted to adjourn to meet at Free Baptist Church, Wednesday, June 29, immediately after the close of the theological exercises.

The adjourned meeting at the Free Baptist Church was called to order by the President.

The report of the treasurer was read and accepted.

There is now on hand in the treasury a balance of \$91.32.

The following resolutions on the death of Frank W. Cobb, '73, were read, and the report of the committee was accepted:

Whereas, Death has removed from our number Frank Woodbury Cobb, one of our ripest scholars and most Christian gentleman, a man of no vices and but few faults, one whose name is a symbol of purity and truth, whose life was, in all respects, exemplary.

Resolved, That in his death we have sustained a loss which we greatly deplore, and that we deeply sympathize with his relatives and friends in their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents and also be printed in the *Lewiston Journal*.

ISAAC C. DENNETT, } Committee  
JAMES H. BAKER, } on  
NATHAN W. HARRIS, } Resolutions.

The following resolutions on the death of John A. Plummer, '80, were read, and the report of the committee was accepted:

In view of our bereavement in the death of John A. Plummer, of the class of '80, be it

Resolved, That while we sincerely sympathize with the family of the deceased, we also deeply lament our own loss in being by Divine Providence deprived of a brother whose personal qualities endeared him to all his acquaintances, and whose high scholarship and talents promised to make him an honor to his *Alma Mater*.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents and also be printed in the *Lewiston Journal*.

O. B. CLASON, } Committee  
F. L. HAYES, } on  
I. F. FRISBEE, } Resolutions.

On motion of L. M. Webb, '70, voted to appoint a committee of three to select speakers to represent the alumni at Commencement Dinner.

L. M. Webb, '70, G. C. Emery, '69, and F. E. Sleeper, '67, were appointed on that committee, and reported the following names: J. Chase, '70, G. B. Files, '69, and I. C. Dennett, '73. The report was accepted.

The report of the committee on by-laws was read and accepted.

On motion of J. S. Brown, '72, voted to adopt the by-laws, and rules and orders, as reported by the committee.

Adjourned.

The Commencement Concert was given Tuesday evening, June 28, at Music Hall, by the College Glee Club and the Mendelssohn Club of Lewiston. It is said to have been one of the most successful musical entertainments, both musically and financially, ever given in this city. The following is the programme:

#### PART I.

1. Mother Hubbard. College Glee Club.
2. Part Song—How Sweet the Moonlight (Leslie). Mendelssohn Club.
3. { a. Roving.  
b. Nut-Brown Maiden. Glee Club.
4. Trio—The Corall'd Caves of Ocean (Smart). Mendelssohn Club—Female Voices.
5. Frog Chorus (Froggerdebungtechug). '81 Quartette.
6. Ave Maria (Abt). Mendelssohn Club—Male Voices.
- With Obligato Solo by Miss Josie Thorne.
7. { a. Lauriger Horatius.  
b. Meerschaum Pipe. Glee Club.

#### PART II.

1. Miserere and Tower Scene from "Il Trovatore" (Verdi). Mrs. A. B. Edwards, Mr. W. L. Lothrop, and Male Chorus.
2. Duet—The Sailor Sighs (Balfe). Messrs. W. H. Jones and T. J. Adams.
3. Michael Roy. Glee Club.
4. Sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor" (Donizetti). Mrs. A. B. Edwards, Miss L. P. Sumner, Messrs. W. H. Jones, W. L. Lothrop, T. J. Adams, C. B. Reade, with Chorus.
5. Cheer, Boys, Cheer. Glee Club.
6. Alto Solo and Chorus from Hymn—op. 96 (Mendelssohn). Mrs. S. P. Robie and Mendelssohn Club.

The Mendelssohn Club furnished excellent music and was loudly applauded. The Glee Club—well, to use a college phrase, "did themselves ashes." We never heard them sing better, and we never expect to. Their selections were good and well appreciated, as was seen by the applause which followed upon the close of each song. They were recalled several times. The effect produced by "Michael Roy" was specially noticeable. On the whole we congratulate the class upon their success.

On Thursday the Main Street Free Baptist Church was crowded with the friends of the graduating class. The exercises were of an interesting character, and exhibited an excellent choice of subjects. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.  
PRAYER.  
MUSIC.

Salutatory. O. H. Drake, New Hampton, N. H.  
True and False Success.

W. P. Curtis, Auburn.  
(Natural Sciences—Second Honor.)

Schiller. J. E. Holton, Boothbay.  
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)

The Eternity of the Past.  
H. B. Nevens, Auburn.  
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)

MUSIC.  
The Ethics of Evolution.

\* E. D. Rowell, Fairfield.  
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)  
Our National University.

C. S. Haskell, Auburn.  
(Rhetoric and Eng. Literature—Second Honor.)

Vantage Ground. W. B. Perkins, Lewiston.  
(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)

The True End of Life. H. E. Foss, Lewiston.  
(Class Honor.)

The Development of the Sense of Beauty.  
J. H. Parsons, Eustis.  
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

MUSIC.  
The Strength of the Union.

G. L. Record, Auburn.  
(General Scholarship.)  
Robert Ingersoll as a Reformer.

E. T. Pitts, Lewiston.  
(Rhetoric and Eng. Literature—First Honor.)

Faith and Reason. C. A. Strout, Minot.  
(Psychology—Second Honor.)

Absence of Reverence in American Character.  
C. S. Cook, Harrison.

(Mathematics—First Honor.)

MUSIC.  
The Critic. Miss E. J. Clark, Lewiston.

(Psychology—First Honor.)  
The Future of our Country.

W. J. Brown, Auburn.  
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

The Secret of Prometheus.

W. P. Foster, Weld.  
(Class Honor.)

Valedictory—The Method of Progress.  
H. E. Coolidge, Canton.

MUSIC.  
\* Excused.

The most finished part was Mr. Foster's, but the parts of Messrs. Perkins and Haskell also exhibited careful preparation, and all were very praiseworthy. At the close, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred by President Cheney upon the members of the graduating class.

The class was divided into three divisions, according to rank, as follows:

*Orations.*—Winthrop Jumper Brown, Emma Jane Clark, Charles Sumner Cook, Henry Ephraim Coolidge, Orville Henry Drake, John Edgar Holton, Henry Beecher Nevens, John Hen-

ry Parsons, George Lawrence Record, Eugene Dunbar Rowell, Charles Albion Strout.

*Disquisitions.*—Walter Paul Curtis, Herbert Everett Foss, William Prescott Foster, Ransom Eugene Gilkey, John Henry Goding, Charles Sumner Haskell, William Crosby Hobbs, George Edgar Lowden, Otis Theodore Maxfield, Charles Latorest McCleery, William Blair Perkins, Eddy Thomas Pitts, Bates Sewall Rideout, Frank Arthur Twitchell, Charles Walter Williams.

*Theses.*—Oscar Davis, Fred Clarendon Emerson, Harry Peter Folsom, Wilson Warren Hayden, William Thomas Perkins, Henry Sands Roberts, Reuel Robinson, Clifton Packard Sanborn, John Franklin Shattuck, Frank Henry Wilbur.

At the close of the exercises, the class and many of their friends repaired to the college to partake of the Commencement Dinner. Remarks were made by Governor Plaisted, ex-Governors Garcelon and Dingley, Prof. Dennett of the University of Colorado, Revs. Haskell of Lewiston, Lowden of Portland, Randall (grandson of Benjamin Randall, the founder of the Free Baptist denomination,) of New Durham, N. H., and a gentleman from Boston, whose name we forget, but "who is always with us."

## EXCHANGES.

Since our last issue, Williams College has given birth to a paper which bids fair to rival many of our well established periodicals. The *Argo* comes to us as an eighteen paged quarto, printed upon heavy paper in clear, well-cut type. The editors are men of experience in their several departments and will no doubt succeed in making their paper a permanent institution.

The *Yale Lit.* is just what it pretends to be, a literary magazine. It is the oldest college periodical published in America, and has had as editors, during its forty-five years of existence, many of the ablest men Yale has produced. Although a literary magazine, its editors strive to make the table of contents as varied as is consistent with its character.

The *Hamilton Literary Magazine* has been ably conducted during the past six months. The editorials are always interesting and pertinent to the times.

The *Cornell Review* for May contains a thoughtful article on Longfellow's poetry. The writer is no doubt a careful student, but he should remember that there are many beautiful productions in literature and art which will not bear examination under the microscope of the critic.

The last number of the *Acta Victoriana* contains but one literary article, "The German Student." The *Acta* endeavors to be up with the times, and is one of the best exchanges which we receive from across the line.

The new board of editors of the *College Courier* have succeeded in giving that paper a new and vigorous push in the right direction. The departments are well balanced and give good promise of future success.

The *Cap and Gown*, published at the University of the South, and the *Excelsior Monthly*, published at Farmington, Me., are two new exchanges. The former would do credit to a high school or academy, but is unworthy of a more advanced institution. Perhaps the southern idea of a college is widely different from the northern, if so this fact may explain why the majority of our exchanges from that section seem puerile and inefficient. The *Excelsior Monthly* is a paper devoted especially to teachers and school work. It endeavors to aid instructors by making seasonable suggestions on important topics, and in discussing the leading questions connected with education.

The *New York World* says there is a total of 873 Seniors catalogued at the New England colleges, with only two or three of the minor colleges unrepresented. The bachelor's degrees conferred in New England this year will probably number 850.

## CLIPPINGS.

Psychology Class—"By acquired perception a man can tell by knocking on a barrel head whether it is full or empty." First Junior (aside)—"You can't tell whether the cider is hard or not by knocking on the barrel." Second Junior (aside)—"No, but you can tell by knocking at the bung."—*Oberlin Review*.

A devout Methodist asked Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't."

Prof.—"If Julius Cæsar had had three daughters, what would have been their names?" Brilliant Fresh.—"Julia." Prof.—"But how would he have distinguished one from another?" Fresh.—"He would have called them major and minor." Prof.—"But what would he have called the third?" Fresh. (desperately)—"Circumflex."

Said a female teacher to the class in composition: "Make a rhyming couplet including the words, nose, toes, corn, kettle, ear, two, and boil." There was silence for a while, and then a boy held up his hand in token of success. "Read the couplet," said the teacher; and the boy read: "A boil in the kettle's worth two on your nose, and a corn on the ear is worth two on your toes."—*Ex.*

"With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other he called loudly for assistance."—*Extract from Popular Romances.—Record.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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VOL. IX. No. 7.

*SEPTEMBER, 1881.*

LEWISTON:  
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1881.

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THE

# BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

No. 7.

## A FORM IS SEEN;—A VOICE IS HEARD.

["And about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, . . . . . and saith unto them, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."]

O Sea of Life, thou restless deep,  
Thy "troubled waters" never sleep!  
Though sometimes stilled by God's command,  
Thou motion hast from land to land;  
Thy shores eternal lands do bound,  
One lost;—the other still unfound.  
O voyage, thou transitory day!—  
A soul's confinement in its clay,—  
Amid the mists that shroud thy deep,  
And veil the stars that watch do keep,  
A form is seen.—Above the roar  
Of storms re-echoed from the shore  
A voice is heard. O guiding hand!  
That beckons toward the Father-land—  
That ne'er withholds the beacon lights  
Which shine like stars in cloudless nights—  
So guide our courses that at night  
We, too, may hold a beacon light.

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## THE INSPIRATION OF SPACE.

BY W. H. M., '76.

OF all the elements of the cosmic environment about us there is none so potent in its capacity to impress as the exceedingly ethereal thing called space. One may climb the sides of a towering mountain and gaze with expanding soul upon the magnificent scene afforded him of grand old woods, crystal lakes, and fertile meadows, and descend never to experience the same transports of raptur-

ous delight. Niagara, the ocean, sublime Mount Blanc can afford but one grandest scene, which, when once observed, cannot be repeated. Compared to the concept of space all the flights of the imagination, inspired by these physical percepts, are dwarfed in their power to expand the soul.

It is interesting to ask: What do the words that engage the soul's deepest emotion express? We answer, Relation of Space. In Bryant's "Ode to a Water-fowl" we are attracted by the simple faith that breathes in the lines, and the attraction has its charm residing in the words that pertain to space. In the opening lines of the poem the word that holds us is the small one—"far." Recall the first stanza:

"Whither midst falling dew  
While glow the heavens with the last  
Steps of setting day,  
*Far* through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?"

Here we have a picture presented of a waterfowl skimming over the surface of the sea at sunset. Rosy clouds, the sea, and water-fowls are common objects of sight to some persons—of themselves provoking no unusual emotion. But when one to the notion "far" joins the notion "thy solitary way," then is that a vast field for imagination and that is disclosed.

It is highly probable that our emotions, consequent upon the contemplation of eternity derive something of their profoundness from the words which, while actually referring to space, are yet em-

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It is highly probable that our emotions, consequent upon the contemplation of eternity derive something of their profoundness from the words which, while actually referring to space, are yet em-

ployed in terminal relations of time. Such words are "end," "extent," etc. A good example of this may be seen in the exclamation of David, in Psalm cii.:27, where, in addressing Jehovah, he says, "But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." In the cxxxix. Psalm we find that David's answer to the question, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit," derive much of their force from the words that concern space.

What is there about the notion, or rather concept of space that so strongly stirs our minds? Does not these three of its attributes have some influence? viz., immutability, eternity, and infinity? To become inspired by anything it must contain something gradually superior. The ocean that churns to foam its billows against opposing cliffs is seen to be limited in extent mutable in grandeur and is finite in its duration. But when "there shall be no more sea" there will be left occupying the minutest hiding place of its deepest ooze the ever present changeless thing called space.

#### GUITEAU IN THE LIGHT OF PHRENOLOGY.

BY C. E. S., '83.

**I**T is the science of phrenology alone that can reveal the hidden springs of human character. While the world is contending over the definition of insanity, and trying, in its comparative purity to comprehend the strange motive that must have inspired the heart of the assassin, phrenology calmly solves the problem, and suggests facts in human nature that it is well for us, at this time, to reflect upon.

We find by an examination of the numerous likenesses of Guiteau that have been published, a very broad head in proportion to its height, especially between the

ears, and directly upward and backward of them, indicating an enormous development of combativeness and destructiveness. These render him quarrelsome, severe, and inclined to dispute and wrangle whenever his operations are disturbed by others. He has an unusual amount of approbateness, hence he is anxious to make a sensation and be conspicuous. The highest point of his head is in the region of self-esteem and approbateness. He has large cautiousness and secretiveness; hence he is disposed to be sly and cunning in the accomplishment of his ends. The temperament indicates nervous excitability, restless impetuosity, positiveness, and a desire to be master. It is hard for the possessor of such an organization to walk in the ordinary path of life. The organ of ideality is very strongly marked, which, combined with this peculiar temperament, makes him disposed to look at life from an ideal standpoint; he cannot look at the practical side of the world. He is inclined to formulate a system of philosophy for himself, which form his moderate reverence and large combativeness, destructiveness, and self-esteem necessarily aims more to break down existing institutions than to build up new ones. He has the development of the typical Nihilist. He has a strong development of spirituality, hence he is superstitious. He has considerable of the religious sentiment, but lacks that moral stamina which alone can supplement and render of any avail the mere religious impulse. Although most of his moral organs are decidedly weak, yet it is not to this fact mainly that he owes his depravity, but to the fact that the principle of mental coördination is wanting. There is a mental condition resulting from peculiar temperamental and phrenological developments in which the several faculties seem, as it were, to be insulated, and those whose function it is to exert a mutually restraining influence refuse to recog-

nize their relationship. They act like a span of untrained horses; first one and then the other exerting all its power but never acting together. Such seems to be the character of Guiteau as indicated by his phrenological developments.

The question that is sure to present itself to the thoughtful mind is, How came he by this abnormal development, so strongly marked, that had he been hedged about, even in his earliest years by the strongest moral influences, it could hardly have been prevented from blossoming forth into the "deadly night shade" of depravity, whose flowers now reek with poisoned dew. Does it, after all, bear the impress of the divine workmanship? Was it the result of chance, or was it a curse sent by some angry God to tarnish and dishonor the memory of some irreverent ancestor?

Perhaps the latter, interpreted in the light of poetry, is not far from the truth. Individual character is not the result of chance. Whether or not in that last analysis, which man can never make, it bears the impress of the divine workmanship, we shrink from the task of answering. Perchance the future may reveal to our expanded souls that

"Evil is not a mystery, but a means  
Selected from the Infinite resource."

Be that as it may, one thing is certain, that nothing exists without a cause, not even the organic predisposition to crime. Every mental peculiarity of every individual is the outgrowth of myriad influences, whose infinite ramifications, none but Omnipotence can trace to their origin. We are what we are to-day because all the past was what it was, and had any of our ancestors been a different person, then we to-day should be different from what we are. Shakespeare does not deserve all the praise for his genius, but it should be distributed along the line of his ancestral development. His genius rests upon a

colossal pillar of ancestral influences that date back to the hour of history's birth.

If this be true of the grand characters of history, it is also true of the ignoble ones. If we are not to give to Shakespeare all the praise for his genius, then we should not give to Guiteau all the censure of his crime.

President Garfield was poisoned by a noxious weed from the vineyard of society. Guiteau was a legitimate product of social forces, and until the world learns the great secret of hereditary, until marriage is prohibited, either by legislation or by the general intelligence of the people, between parties upon whose union science would place her veto, we must continue to look for such products as Guiteau.

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#### LATENT POWER.

BY L., '81.

EVERY man lives below his possibilities, or life is a mockery. Every soul has latent energies, or conscience is a tyrant. Forever before us is the vision of an ideal life, and behind, conscience, with the word ought. But life is no mockery. True, at best, it is a hard struggle, a desperate battle; but conscience, the voice of reason, declares man should triumph, and to fail is ignoble disgrace. Says Emerson: "Wherever there is failure, there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted which Nature never pardons. The happy conditions of life may be had, if you will take all the steps in order. Their attraction for you is the pledge that they are within your reach." Do we not accept these words as true? Do we not believe that success is man's privilege and duty?

But success depends upon belief in our possibilities. Said Franklin: "Men fail because they begin a thing and meeting a

difficulty fly from it discouraged; but they have capacities if they would employ them." To illustrate: The somnambulist, stripped of fear and self-distrust, performs with ease feats that in his waking moments he would declare impossible to him. Yet sleep adds no new powers. Under its influence he displays simply his physical possibilities.

What encouragement have we, then, to believe in our possibilities to will and to do? We answer, the consciousness in our calmest and best moments of supreme powers native to the soul. What else is this rising of a better self within us as we commune with our ideal, but the self-assertion of latent power and undeveloped energies of soul? Says Phillips Brooks: "We are haunted by the vision of an ideal life, because we have within us the beginning and possibilities of it"; and Emerson, "Our prayers are our prophets."

Again, our desire for a future life springs largely from our consciousness of latent powers. Had we attained our highest development, achieved our grandest possibilities, life would have no attraction. Alexander wept that there were not other worlds to conquer. The contemplation of the past would weary us, aye, madden us. Death itself would be preferable. Progress, attainment, is life's attraction, and our desire for life springs from our consciousness of undeveloped power, unattained possibilities of being. (A writer has well said, "There is not yet any inventory of a man's faculties any more than a Bible of his opinions.") Are these theories? Do we say the best test of a man's powers are his performances? Then explain, if you will, these facts of history and personal observation.

Is it not a common occurrence that a dunce at school becomes a scholar with a change of teachers? A kick received on the playground transformed Isaac Newton—the great Isaac—from a third-rate schol-

ar to the first in his class. Why did France become a nation of heroes under Napoleon, or America under Washington? Did these two men give power? They only awakened and called into action powers before dormant. Why does a rabble of coarse and vulgar men become respectful in the presence of a pure and virtuous woman? No new nature is given them. Purity and virtue appeal to their better self, before sleeping, and receive a positive answer.

No other faculties, but the perfect use of those we have, will insure success. Says Schiller: "Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given up. Man is made great or little by his own will." But you say, here is the difficulty, man has not the power to will. We answer, the will is a faculty of the mind and is developed and strengthened by use. Man has the power to will. "The will of man is by his reason swayed." Not other capacities, but loyalty to those we have—belief in our possibilities. What we need, then, is to place continually before the mind a motive for action that will move the reason and fire the will. That motive we have when we believe, with Geo. MacDonald, "that it is a glorious thing to be a human being with Jesus Christ as the centre of humanity." Says Emerson, "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can." "This is the service of a friend." This friend we have in Jesus Christ—the perfect man, the revealer of our possibilities, the inspiration of our best endeavors, the pledge of our triumph; for by Him and through Him,

"Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."



During the past fifteen months, the sum of \$19,000,000 has been given by individuals in the United States for the cause of education.



## THE METHOD OF PROGRESS.

BY H. E. C., '81.

AMONG men there are two unequal but well-defined classes, those who question, and those who take for granted. The former are the master-builders, the latter the material to be wrought. A careful study of these classes, in their relations to one another, will reveal the method of human progress.

History, for the most part, deals with people whose governments were tyrannous, whose creeds were the dictates of priests, and whose social systems were what time had made sacred. In a few of these races there were the elements of progress; elements that only needed to be expressed in order to become vital forces. Through these tendencies the nations were themselves great. From here, then, strong men, the leaders of opinion, could spring. These leaders, the real nobles of the world, are the characteristic of the nation expressed. They give form and life to the influences that were there, but unrecognized. Of this the story of each great man is proof. Greece could produce a Phidias, because her people loved the beautiful; England a Shakespeare, because in the island empire centered the life of the world.

Though called landmarks of history, such men as these even are not greater than their people. They lead the world by collecting in themselves the life of the time; and from them, as starting points, the nations advance until others express with yet greater power the influences of a higher and nobler civilization. These great men, the shapers of a nation's thought, are a long way apart, because each rare one in his sphere embodies the energy of the race.

These master spirits, widely separated in the course of progress, and in their influence raised far above their fellow-men,

are not the chance creatures of great crises. Luther was not a product of the Reformation. He was the Reformation; the expressed thought of the people. The tyranny of Charles the First did not make the name of Hampden a watchward to freemen.

As some mysterious power gathers and crystalizes the scattered materials into the valuable gem, so do great men, superior to circumstances, transform the influences by which they are surrounded into powerful truths in accordance with which the world must act.

To the few these truths are not old. They are live realities, fresh as to the first thinkers. With the many, though unmeaning, they are powerful. The former are to-day leaders in history—the successful men. The latter are the zealous followers of success, the blind imitators of the strong, both in men and customs. “These,” as Whipple says, “had generally rather die than think.” Acts, not arguments move them.

It is said that men must first be slaves, afterward masters. Better, then, servitude to success, than to self, for amid its hinderances to progress it is a condition of improvement. It makes parties possible, and discussion common. Thus it educates the people, trains men to think, and gives prosperity to the state. Though helpful as a means, unless outgrown, such servitude renders further advancement impossible; it leaves the vital truths still the possession of the few. Moreover, it strengthens the prejudices of the masses, resists every advance in science, and compels every invention to fight its way to public favor. Hence the popular author is praised, the advocate of a new idea finds few friends.

Again, this unthinking devotion to accepted opinions breeds ill-feeling between communities and nations. The former slaveholder is denounced for his cruelty,

but we forget that he was not born in New England, and since the present opinions were popular. With what a cry of joy the death of the Indian chief Victoria was hailed. Men remembered the enemies he had slain, but forgot that he was an Indian fighting for his home. From less noble material heroes have been made.

Did men dare to think they would see another side than that to which the inclinations tend. Principles would influence, not compel them to act. Parties there would still be, but prejudice would not be the binding cord.

It is ennobling to be the follower of a man strong in himself, when the following springs from a thoughtful appreciation of his opinions; but debasing to be slavishly led even by the mightiest and best.

Let men be independent. The thing that concerns us is, what we think, not what our neighbors think. What the world needs is not meek following. It is an earnest appreciation of the noble, a thoughtful consideration of life and its duties. For this the noblemen of the race have lived. With this thought ever present, the young men of to-day ought to live. It is not enough to stay. It is an old truth that though life be full of inspiration it quickens only the action.

When each one sees what and why he believes, then and then only, as Emerson says, "will the luster be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen."

---

#### OUR PRESIDENT.

[The following lines were written and sent to Mrs. Garfield, expressive of the universal anguish on Sunday, August 28th, when all hope seemed vain.]

He is sinking, sinking, sinking!

E'en "the one chance" fades away.

Yes! the Nation's Head is dying,

Slowly, sadly, day by day.

He is losing, losing, losing!

Hope—so long his buoyant cheer.

"Shall we keep up struggling longer?"

Asks the Chief, while death's so near.

We've been watching, watching, watching!

Every symptom, hour by hour,

Eight long weeks of doubt, yet trusting

No more clouds of gloom would lower.

We are sighing, sighing, sighing!

As we read the long, sad roll:

Through eight-and-fifty days of languor;

Pangs of anguish fill each soul.

Still we're hoping, hoping, hoping!

Faith and love sustain our trust.

May he live! Long may he govern,

With mind so clear and heart so just.

Yet we're fearing, fearing, fearing!

Lest his vigor fail the morrow,

Snapping life's one cord asunder,

Dashing all our hope to sorrow.

We are waiting, waiting, waiting!

Our near fate God only knows.

May some gleam of hope betoken

Relief which He, alone, bestows.

We are praying, praying, praying!

Every Temple sounds to-day!

Hear, O Lord! a Nation pleading!

Give him strength while now we pray!

Send Thy Holy Spirit, breathing

On his brow Thy healing power!

Spare him to his loving people—

O, restore him from this hour!

—*National Republican.*

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Only a thought, and a noble life;

Only a glance, and a heart is given;

Only a word, and an end to strife;

Only a prayer, and a soul is shriven.

A thought, a glance, a word, a prayer,

May ease for one his load of care;

May lift the clouds that hide the skies,

May dry the tears on tired eyes.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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BEFORE another year opens it would seem advisable that some change be made in the manner of conducting the STUDENT. The desirability of a change will be evident to every one when a little thought is put upon the matter, and we speak thus early in order that measures may be taken which shall bring about a satisfactory method before the next board of editors is appointed. As matters are at present, the whole responsibility of managing, the whole expense of conducting, and the whole censure for errors, falls upon a single class. Of course the expense is small, for the STUDENT now nearly, if not quite, pays for itself, but there is always a possibility of falling behind, and in that case the publishing class must foot the bills. The three lower classes are simply critics and lookers-on. It is time there was a change. A college journal is supposed to be the organ of the college, and ought to represent the interests of every class alike. Every student in the institution ought to have an interest in the columns of the college paper. If each were represented on the editorial board it would bring the members of each class into more intimate relations with the magazine, and perhaps would be all the change that is needed. Every class then would have a direct and equal interest in all things connected with the paper. Let each student think upon the matter, and devise some means to bring about the desired end. The Faculty will doubtless co-operate with us in any measure which is for the best interests of our college journal. The columns of the STUDENT are open to any communication upon the subject. Let each class speak.

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Our attention has lately been called to the importance of paying up college debts.

We refer to all debts due organizations connected with the college. It is well known that both literary societies, the Reading Room, and Base-Ball Association are in the main supported by the students, and that it is the moral duty of every student to become a member of each, and share his proportional part of the burden in keeping each on such a footing as shall be a benefit to all. Every man, on becoming a member, has a voice in the manner in which it shall be controlled and supported, and when assessments are made he is holden for his part. Upon nothing else than the collection of these assessments depends the existence of these associations. Now it is apparent to every honest, thinking, reasoning student, that if one shirks these debts year after year, and finally graduates without settling them, that man is doing an act dishonest in itself, to say nothing of the injury done the members of the body. He is virtually reaping where he has never sown nor even destroyed weeds and thistles. He tends to make the body of which he is a member, an association supported by the few for the benefit of the many. If we are to become citizens of a nation, whose religion teaches us to love our enemies, then let us have regard enough for our friends to pay what we owe them.

---

Many times since we have been in college our attention has been called to the condition of the Gymnasium windows. Often have we known destruction to hold high carnival in that building. A stranger would wonder whether it had been mobbed or *bombarded*. Not a window but has lost from one to a dozen lights of glass. Here and there will be one which has not only lost all its glass but its sash also, and all there is left to show that a window had

ever been there is the place where the window ought to be. Considerable of this damage is done by yaggers, but by far the greater part is done by the students while playing ball in the building. In the spring, before it is warm enough to practice on the diamond, the nine properly and necessarily use the Gymnasium for this purpose. But while our base-ball talent is developed by this means, the window glass is destroyed. Do the students realize who pays for this damage, and how large the bills are? As a matter of fact, these bills, amounting from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, are paid by the students themselves.

Believing this rather a large amount to pay for the luxury of breaking glass, we have been led to investigate the subject with a view to finding some means of stopping this needless waste of money, and the best plan seems to be to protect the windows outside and inside by strong wire screening. It would require about twelve hundred square feet of this material to make the glass perfectly safe. The cost, including the labor of putting it on the windows, would be about one hundred dollars, or not much more than the annual bill for damages. Now let the committee on repairs have this done, and put the expense on the term bills of the students. It will be a good investment, and will greatly reduce future bills for repairs.

We have missed, thus far this term, the friendly rivalry between our two societies which usually characterizes the opening term of the year. Possibly a still hunt may be in progress. Probably such is the case, for of course no Freshman will be allowed to join one society if the other can prevent. Perhaps a word to the new class in this line will not be amiss. We do not care to urge the claims of either society in particular, but we would like to

impress upon every member of the Freshman Class the necessity of becoming a member of one society or the other. It matters very little which one you join. The purposes of both are the same, and both are non-secret. In the debates and general exercises of the weekly meetings one gains a feeling of confidence in his own abilities which must be of value in after life. The library is well worth the trifling tax which is imposed upon members, if we look at the matter from a pecuniary point of view. Now let each member of '85 visit each society, weigh the merits of each carefully, and then join that one which seems to him the better. The members of either are ready to extend to you the right hand of fellowship, and nothing will be left undone to make society associations both pleasant and profitable.

The long summer vacation has passed and we are again in college halls. Those who left school last spring tired and enervated, come back with vigorous limbs and a rested brain. It will take some time for our thoughts to become centralized upon our books, but a little persistent effort will hasten this end. All summer we have been enjoying the freedom of mountain, seashore, or country life, and have slackened the lines of studious application. Books have only been opened to pass away the time. Greek, Latin, and other heavy studies must now claim our attention for another year. We shall have the same old habits of laziness to contend with, and the inclination to be superficial in our work will be nearly as strong as ever. Good resolutions are about as numerous with college men at the beginning of a new school year as they are with the rest of the world on January first. But they really amount to but very little unless accompanied by earnest efforts to fulfill them. If vigilance and perseverance are exercised during the first few weeks of the

term, the student will soon find himself interested in his books. Time will not drag heavily on his hands, but the term will have passed by almost before he is aware of it.

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The Faculty of our college have at their disposal between twenty and thirty scholarships. These are designed for indigent students who desire to enjoy the benefits of a college course but have not the means to pay the expense of such a course. Every thoughtful man will immediately see the wisdom of such a provision. By the assistance which a scholarship affords, there is hardly a young man of brains and common sense who could not attend Bates for four years and acquire what would otherwise be far beyond his reach. Therefore it is not our intention, in this editorial, to condemn scholarships, but to call the attention of the Faculty and college to a few facts which seem to have been either carelessly examined or entirely overlooked. During our three years' connection with this institution we have heard frequent complaints in regard to the way scholarships have been bestowed. Young men who are abundantly capable of paying their own way through college have sent in applications for such assistance, and with little effort have succeeded in convincing the Faculty of their needy (?) condition. There are others who obtain free tuition in the same way. Little or no investigation is made and the recipient of these favors soon enjoys the assistance he has so easily obtained. Now the question is, Are these scholarships bestowed on deserving or needy students? As far as our observation has extended we are compelled to admit that, in the majority of instances, they are not. Case after case has been brought to our notice in which these same students, who have received scholarships and free tuitions, could afford to attend nearly every theatre and opera

of the season, could hire stable teams, dress in the latest fashion, and smoke fine cigars, while their neighbors, who were endeavoring to be independent and pay their own expenses, found it somewhat difficult to obtain money enough to pay for their board. Ought the Faculty to encourage such extravagant expenditure by an indiscriminate distribution of scholarships and free tuitions? Our college needs every dollar it can obtain, and the young man who passes through the four years' course and obtains a liberal education to assist him in acquiring a position in the world, ought to be willing to aid his *Alma Mater* by paying his own term bills. This is a matter worthy of more thought than is usually bestowed upon it, especially by incoming classes. No young man ought to ask for assistance from the college unless he really deserves it. To such a student it is no disgrace to be reckoned among those who apply for scholarships. If the Faculty will make a thorough examination of a student's application, we are confident that there would be less dissatisfaction in the disposal of these aids.

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It is our pleasure as well as privilege to welcome the class of '85 to the halls of Bates. As upper-classmen we extend to you the fraternal hand, and wish you success in the course you are about to pursue. As we have traveled the road before you, it will not be considered presumptuous in us to tell you of a few things which may make the way easier for your feet. As a writer has said, "College life forms a little world by itself." You will find that the same elements of character are as essential to success here as in the world outside. The man who imagines he can go through college and gain a practical knowledge of the languages or sciences, without good hard work, will find himself doomed to disappointment. Neither cheek,

translations, nor keys can bolster a man up during his course so that he can graduate with credit. There are some who imagine they can cheat their professors and classmates into the belief that they are doing good work. The fact is, in a very short time, the majority of the class can tell who the real students are. Hard work will make even a naturally dull brain quicken into new life. There is no more trying year in a college course than the Freshman. You will have to study more hours to gain a thorough knowledge of your studies than any subsequent year. If you start in with the determination to do your best, there will be little trouble in overcoming the obstacles which may lie in your path. The habits of study which you form now will cling to you during the next four years. If you allow yourselves to be satisfied with slipshod work, if you think that it will make little difference whether you spend two or eight hours in your study each day, then your career as a student will be characterized by the word, *failure*. You will find college men to be jovial, good-natured fellows in the main. They are usually willing to assist you in any reasonable way. It will not take very many weeks for the class of '85 to accustom itself to its new quarters, and we feel certain that, although the year before them may require the closest application, yet it will prove one of the most enjoyable ever experienced.

With the class of '81 our college lost the greater part of its musical talent. Had it not been for the strong, well trained voices of that class, the Glee Club would have been dead and buried these five years. Now that we are deprived of their assistance, there may be an inclination on our part to neglect the musical interests of Bates. With no one to take the lead it will be very easy for us to allow the Glee Club to perish; but this idea ought not to

be entertained for a moment. We have in college, to-day, just as good voices as we had last year. To be sure they need training and development, and it will take some time to get the students into the habit of attending rehearsals, but these difficulties soon will be overcome. Let a meeting of the students be called immediately, and the Glee Club re-organized. Every student who has a taste for music and can sing ordinary pieces, after a little practice should be invited to become a member. As we now have no student who would feel capable of taking the position of leader, let one of our best city musicians be invited to meet the Club once or twice a week for instruction. The expense of such instruction would be very small indeed when divided among twenty or more members. This plan has been employed by the Club at Bowdoin with much success. No time should be wasted in perfecting the plans for this fall's work. If each man will make this a personal matter, there is no reason why the jolly college songs of loyal New England students should not be heard once more in the halls of Bates.

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Mr. Libby, our efficient Managing Editor, retires from the STUDENT with the present issue. During his connection with the paper it has prospered financially, having considerably more than paid its way. Perhaps this is as high a compliment as could be paid to Mr. L.'s business skill and financial ability, for college journals are not wont to keep even square with the world. We understand that business life is hereafter to claim Mr. Libby. All are sorry to lose the genial face and hearty laugh which have been with us for the last three years, but what we lose here at Bates the world will gain. We predict for you, Mr. L., a successful future whatever you may undertake. Vale! Vale!

## MEMORIAL SERVICES AT BATES.

Desirous of showing their respect for the nation's honored dead, the students and friends assembled on Monday for the purpose.

Exercises commenced with the singing of the hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul" by the quartette, I. M. Norcross, J. W. Douglass, E. F. Burrill, and W. D. Wilson, with Miss F. A. Dudley at the organ. Then followed Scripture reading and prayer by the college chaplain, Mr. O. H. Tracy.

The quartette then sung the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep."

The following resolutions were read to be adopted at the close of the exercises:

*Resolved*, That in the death of General James A. Garfield, our nation mourns the loss of an upright and honest politician, a noble and true statesman, an honored and beloved President.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with his many friends, and especially with his family.

*Resolved*, That in our affliction we recognize the hand of a just and loving God.

*Resolved*, That from this time forward, we, as students and citizens, be more zealous for right and justice, more hostile to wrong and oppression. That we will take for our model the life of James A. Garfield, loathing, as he did, wrong, injustice, strife, and oppression, and loving, as he did, peace, equality, justice, purity, and holiness.

Mr. Small, the orator of '85, was then introduced and said:

"To-day we mourn for President Garfield, but we cannot help him. We honor him, but we cannot add to his glory. We eulogize him, but we cannot give him immortality. He does not need us, but we do certainly need him. To us, as a nation, he has given an example of all that is pure and honest in political life. Garfield was always master of the situation; whether we consider him as a driver in the tow-path, as a student in college, as a soldier on the field of battle, as a statesman in Congress, or as President of a great nation, he was always successful. His was not the success of genius but of hard, faithful work. He was discouraged by no labor, he was daunted by no difficulties. The whole world has watched with breath-

less admiration the matchless courage and fortitude with which he faced death. We may not be able to distinguish ourselves in the manner that he did, but it is possible for us all to become great in the sense of making the most of our talents.

Mr. Wilson, the orator of '84, said:

"James A. Garfield was truly a great man; not because he had great advantages, but because he knew how to make the best use of such opportunities as came within his reach. At the age of twenty-six, we find him as President of Hiram College, manfully training the minds of young men for future usefulness until civil dissension threatened the life of the nation. Then the union found in him an unswerving volunteer. So thoroughly had his students been trained in right principles, so great was their confidence in President Garfield, that when the hero marched to the defense of his country, his classes, to a man, kept pace with their instructor. Is there a parallel in history? When he came before the nation as candidate for its chief magistracy, he had already given to every man, woman, and child of every race and clime the lofty example of an unsullied and illustrious life. Did men wish to know if it was possible for a man to pass through all these grades of civic honors, satisfy the demands of all, and still be a temperance man and a Christian? With what dignity and reverence did we cite them to the life and career of James A. Garfield. Yes, our President is dead. His patriotic heart is still. The great intellect that had so long planned for the melioration of the whole country thinks no more. And as he passed to his blessed abode, methinks the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem never stood ajar for a nobler spirit than that of our departed President."

Mr. Gile, the orator of '83, said:

"Words are idle at such a time, and their echo seems to mock us, as we attempt to eulogize one so truly noble as our mar-

tyred President. A glance at his countenance inspired one with the feeling that, like Washington, he was born to command. He was a man who never compromised with evil, who swerved not from the right, who served not self but humanity, a man of undying patriotism and stainless purity. Of him it could truthfully be said 'he was always ready.' When the pulpit was vacant he proclaimed the truth; when Ohio so many times called him to serve her in Congress, he faithfully met his responsibilities; when suffering humanity and the battle field appealed to him, he voluntarily offered his services; when the right demanded support he was at the front; when our national craft needed a strong man at the helm, fearlessly, yet with firm trust in God, he undertook the task and successfully accomplished it; and when the bugle call came down from the battlements of heaven, he could cheerfully and confidently exclaim as he did at his first prostration, 'Ready, if it be God's will.' Ready for the duties of life, prepared for the summons of death. We have but few Garfields in the historical past, and where shall we look for one in the living present? We shall ever remember him as one faithful to his family, loyal to his country, and true to his maker."

Mr. Lowell, the orator of '82, said: "Our President is dead. To-day he lies in Ohio's beautiful city, cold in silent death. This is the nation's mourning hour, and we, as a part of the whole, are gathered here to pay a passing tribute to his memory. Of lowly birth, he rose like Lincoln, step by step, until when the summons came he stood, without a stain, the head of the world's noblest nation. The pages of history will contain the record of no truer life. He climbed to the top by throwing no other down. While his earlier years were filled with bitter struggles, his later ones were marked by

grand successes. For years to come his life must be the model of the nation's youth. Perhaps such a blow was necessary to show us how near to our hearts our ruler was, and as some one has said, 'To show us how great a man we had raised to the presidential chair.' If so we have learned the lesson well. Of all the eloquent tributes paid the dead to-day, none will say too much to satisfy the people. The new President has thus far manfully stood the test. With a loyal people behind him he cannot fail. I have no higher tribute for the dead, and no kindlier wish for the living, than to say, in Holland's beautiful words upon Johnson's accession to Lincoln's vacant chair: 'It is our sincere prayer that history, which will associate their names forever, can find no seam where their administrations were joined, and mark no change of texture by which they may be contrasted.'

After the addresses the hymn was sung, "Why should we start and fear to die?"

Mr. Sargent then read the following poem:

On viewless wings the angel came  
And hovered o'er his prey,  
And marked the heart upon whose pulse  
His iron hand might lay,  
He came, and in a hero's face,  
Breathed full his fatal breath,  
And from his fleshless fingers dropped  
The poisoned shaft of death.

And now deep silence reigneth  
O'er all the land to-day,  
While in the sable shroud of death  
Our nation's chief they lay,  
And o'er Columbia's tear-stained face,  
Falls now the mourner's veil,  
And fifty million human hearts  
Respond to sorrow's wail.

The crowded mart that yesterday  
Was wild with Mammon's cry,  
To-day is silent as the bed  
Where dreamless sleepers lie,—  
What means the awful silence  
That stops a nation's breath,  
And wreathes her pillared temples  
With drapery of death?

Can sympathy alone for those  
Who gather round his pall,  
Move us to tears, while thousands lie  
In sorrow's iron thrall,



Yet move no fibre of our hearts,  
Nor call forth pity's tear,  
Although the earth be vocal  
With wails of grief and fear?

Do men take pride in mimic grief,  
And all for empty show,  
To blend their cold and tearless sobs  
With pomp of wealth and woe?—  
Or is it that the Ship of State,  
With freight of human weal,  
Is floundering through the stormy deep  
With racked and broken wheel,

While mast and sail are rent and torn,  
By storm king's wild excess,  
And o'er the troubled billows boom  
The signals of distress?  
For 'tis proud freedom's leader now  
That Death proclaims his own,  
And even freedom's goddess feels  
The shock upon her throne.

It is not crowns our goddess hates,  
It is the tyrant's rule;  
It is the enemy of man,  
Of freedom and the school.  
She is the first to place the crown  
Upon the waiting brow,  
If toil has crowned that brow with sweat,  
At forge, or desk, or plow.

Such life as his can ne'er be lost;  
It blends with unborn blood,  
And through the ceaseless flow of years  
Moves with the mighty flood.  
His life is ours; he lives in us  
We feel the potent thrill,  
And through the coming centuries  
The world shall feel it still.

The web of human fate is wove,  
Not with a single strand,  
But every grand and noble man  
Holds one within his hand.  
And in that pulseless hand to-day,  
There lies a strand of power,  
Whose gentle draft shall still be felt  
Till Time's remotest hour.

To every youth who seeks to climb  
The rugged path of right,  
There stretches forth an unseen hand  
To aid him up the height.  
From every lowly cottage roof,  
However poor and brown,  
From every dusty hovel, points  
A hand at glory's crown.

There's not a mother in the land,  
With loved and precious boy,  
But holds the mirror of that life  
To the idol of her joy.  
He speaks, in death's deep eloquence,  
To every father's heart,  
Who sees youth struggling through life's deep  
Without love's guiding chart.

The grandest eloquence oft comes  
From lips that death has sealed,

There is a meaning in his death,  
His life has ne'er revealed,  
The hearts of men will oft receive  
A truth from lips of stone,  
That they would spurn with mad contempt,  
If uttered from a throne.

Death tells us that the good, man does,  
Outlives his fleeting day,  
But evil dies, though it exist,  
While souls are bound to clay.  
And if the slanderer's foul report  
Has ever marred his name,  
It dies upon the blistering lips  
Of those who dare defame.

As maiden brings her wreath of flowers,  
Bedewed with love's fond tear,  
And lays the tender tribute low  
Upon her lover's bier,  
So fair Columbia brings her flowers,  
Wet with a nation's grief,  
And strews the snowy symbols o'er  
Her loved and fallen chief.

And 'neath a wilderness of flowers  
He lies in peaceful rest,  
No more can life's deep conflicts stir  
That grand and manly breast.  
Upon our Nation's broken heart  
We write his name to-day,  
In deathless characters of love,  
That ne'er shall fade away.

Till fount of years shall cease to flow,  
Till monuments shall die,  
Till fane and altar, grand and vast,  
In mingled ruin lie,  
Till Time shall lay his wasting hand  
On storied urn and bust,  
Let memory guard the hallowed grave,  
That holds his sacred dust.

The resolutions were then adopted, and the meeting closed with the singing of the hymn, "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

The platform was appropriately draped. The window was covered with the American flag, gracefully folded and fastened with crape. Above this were the touching words of the dying statesman, "*The people my trust.*" This was surmounted by a handsome shield, and above all was a graceful draping of black, tastefully relieved with white. The pillars in front of Hathorn Hall were also neatly draped.

The orators and poet played with skillful hands upon the chords of human sympathy, and the highest praise they could have was the honest tears of their audience.

**LOCALS.**

'85.

Exit, '81.

Workmen are slating the roof of Parker Hall.

The veteran bell-ringer "Mac" still holds his position.

'85 takes the cake on calico. There are six ladies in the class.

B. W. Murch, of '82, is at present teaching the Lisbon High School.

The meetings of the Eurosophian Society are enlivened by instrumental and vocal music.

We call the attention of the students to the hair-dressing room of Shorey, on Main Street. We have noticed several fine clips from there lately.

We are glad to say that the committee on repairs has taken steps toward the protection of the gymnasium windows. It is the right solution to the glass problem.

W. D. Wilson, '84, takes up the mantle and sandals of the departed Emerson, and is prepared to mend locks, door hinges, panels, windows, etc., and also to squelch all riots in Parker Hall.

Professor, explaining about the Freshman class: "We've got one man that dropped out of college several years ago—got married—wasn't satisfied—and now comes back to complete his course."

This hardly seems like the fall term. We have had no rope-pull and no class game of ball. Is the spirit of the forefathers dying out? "Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins?"

Tuesday morning came the news of the President's decease. The chapel bell was tolled from half-past seven to half-past eight. Recitations for the day were discontinued. All seemed to realize the calamity which had been so long brooding over the Nation.

The Freshman class numbers 41.

B. W. Murch is librarian for the ensuing year.

Through the courtesy of the Faculty, a holiday (Wednesday) was given the students in which to attend the State Fair.

It is gratifying to students in college to meet with alumni. During Fair week we were pleased to see many familiar faces of '80 and '81.

B. F. Wood, the music teacher, has a class at the college which he is to meet every Friday afternoon. This is a move in the right direction and we wish it success. Let us maintain the musical standard of the college at any cost.

Professor in Chemistry class—"It will be necessary to watch those chemicals in the retort pretty closely or they will boil over." Inquisitive Student—"What will be necessary to do, Professor, in case they do boil over?" "Keep cool," was the reply.

The improvements going on in the basement of Parker Hall will meet the approval of its denizens, no doubt. Five water-closets are being put in on the north side, and will soon be completed. Now why could not some one suggest the idea of a bath-room?

The following are the officers of the College Christian Association: Primarius, Prof. R. C. Stanley; President, C. E. Mason, '82; Vice Presidents, B. G. Eaton, '82, O. L. Gile, '83, E. R. Chadwick, '84; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Barber, '83; Recording Secretary, E. F. Burrill, '84.

Great improvements, during the summer, have been made on the campus. The old house, known as the "Bee Hive," has been moved on to a lot on College Street adjoining that of Mr. Merrill. The work of grading has been pushed with energy, and the campus presents quite a different appearance.

The *Lewiston Journal* says: "The city supplies the public schools with about 6,000 lead and 10,000 slate pencils every year." The high school girls must make a regular business of eating slate pencils.

Sargent accounts for his great inclination to Biblical disputations by the fact that he came into the world from a long line of theological ancestry. We don't know what he came into the world on, but there isn't much doubt that he will go out on a line.

He—"When twilight flees from the embrace of brooding night, and the majestic moon, panoplied in its golden mantle, rises into the blue expanse of heaven, don't you always feel insignificant?" She (enthusiastically)—"Yes, indeed; but especially when the *Aurealis Borealis* rises."

"There's a divinity shapes our ends," thoughtfully remarked a Senior, the other day, while in a soliloquizing mood. Then he happened to look down at his feet pinched into No. eleven cowhide boots, and added, "And yet I doubt if God was implicated in that job."

The Polymnian Society has elected the following officers: President, W. H. Dresser; Vice President, C. J. Atwater; Secretary, Miss F. A. Dudley; Treasurer, I. M. Norcross; Librarian, W. H. Barber; Executive Committee, H. S. Bullen, O. L. Bartlett, C. H. Curtis; Editors, F. L. Blanchard, F. E. Manson, Miss E. L. Knowles; Orator, O. H. Tracy; Poet, D. E. Pease.

Now the spirit of improvements at the college is fairly awake let the work go on until all the "crooked paths are made straight." After the improvements are made, let the power of public opinion in the college restrain all who are inclined to be destructive. The proper place for a man who persists in defacing and destroying college property, is "at home digging potatoes."

Sargent, last Sunday, argued for five solid hours, with a Senior, on the divinity of Christ and the immateriality of the soul. At the end of that time, not being any nearer an agreement, the Senior remarked that they had better take a few Bibles and works on Psychology and camp on some desert island for a month and have it out. Millett, who stood by, suggested that they could have it out quicker by each taking a double-barreled shot gun.

During the week of the State Fair, Lewiston was crowded. College exercises were suspended on Wednesday, and large numbers of the students attended the Fair. The terrific heat greatly diminished the enjoyment of the occasion. The trials of speed received the greater share of attention. The hotly contested race for the sweepstakes of Saturday, between Patchen and Knox Boy, were sufficiently exciting to stir the most sluggish blood.

On Friday, Sept. 2d, the Eurosophian Society met and elected the following officers: President, W. G. Clark, '82; Vice President, J. L. Reade, '83; Secretary, Miss K. A. McVay, '84; Executive Committee, B. W. Murch, '82, C. E. Sargent, '83, E. M. Holden, '84; Treasurer, J. B. Ham, '83; Librarian, W. D. Wilson, '84; Editorial Committee, E. R. Richards, '82, Miss N. R. Little, '83, E. R. Chadwick, '84; Music Committee, J. W. Douglass, '82, O. L. Gile, '83, W. D. Wilson, '84.

It was the good fortune of two editors of the *STUDENT*, Hoyt and Richards, in company with others, to pay a visit to Weld during the vacation just past. We found there Sanborn, Foster, and Coolidge, '81, Twaddle, '82, and Merrill, '80. A party of seven, including Pease, '82, Colby and Kittredge, Weld, visited Four Ponds, which is about eighteen miles above Weld. A good quantity of fish were obtained, to say nothing of the fun enjoyed. The scenery about the vicinity of Weld is beauti-

ful, and in many places, grand. We extend our hearty thanks to Sanborn and Twaddle for their hospitality during our stay, and wish we had space to give an unabridged account of all the proceedings.

The public meeting of the Eurosophian Society which was to have occurred on the 23d of September, was deferred on account of stormy weather to Wednesday evening, September 28th. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Declamation—Extract from Inaugural Address of Garfield.

C. S. Flanders.

Poem—Death.

C. E. Sargent.

Eulogy—William Lloyd Garrison.

J. W. Douglass.

MUSIC.

Discussion—Are Secret Societies a Benefit to a Community?

Aff.—J. L. Reade.

Neg.—W. D. Wilson.

MUSIC.

Oration—Modern Political Assassinations.

W. H. Cogswell.

Paper.

Everett Remick, Miss Kate McVay.

MUSIC.

Several of the Seniors, taking advantage of excursion rates, recently visited Farmington. They report themselves well pleased with the location and appearance of the place. Among the objects of interest, were the school-buildings. An hour or two was spent in looking over the grounds of the "Little Blue School," which is a family school for boys. Here parents send their children from various parts of the country, and can feel that their wants are supplied, their health guarded, and their education prosecuted as well as if they were at their own homes. The grounds are cut up into paths and walks lined with grass, moss, and shrubbery. A small brook runs through the grounds, connecting two miniature ponds. Across this brook, at various places, stone and

rustic bridges are built. A miniature mountain, called "Little Blue," from which the school takes its name, is included within the grounds. This elevation is about one hundred feet high, and resembles Mt. Blue, which is about eighteen miles northwest of Farmington. Several other places of interest were visited, and the boys "did" Farmington.

On the evenings of September 19th and 20th, C. H. Smith's double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company played in Lewiston to crowded houses. The fame of that wonderful story of "Life Among the Lowly" is still very great, though so many years have elapsed since it was written. It is still a living book, and its wondrous pathos stirs the heart with a power equaled by very few books in the language. It is classed by Joseph Cook in the very highest grade of literature. Those who have not read the work should do so at once, as in no other way can they get such an insight into Southern life of the ante-Bellum period, and into the workings of that terrible social evil which has since been destroyed. The acting of Sam Lucas in the character of Uncle Tom was distinguished for naturalness and power, and helped one to understand the noble character he represented, better than a simple perusal of the book could do. The character of Marks, the lawyer, is an important one, as on it the humor of the play greatly depends. The two Marks in this company well sustained the part, but were much inferior to the Marks of the Anthony and Ellis's Troupe which played here last spring. The skillful rope dancing of Topsy was heartily encoored by the audience. The character of "Eva" was sustained in a remarkably easy and appropriate manner. It is something wonderful that so young a child should have the endurance and power to sing and act, night after night, as does little Romaine Sherwood.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We have received a catalogue of works on natural history from Bernard Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, W. London. Also the thirty-third annual announcement of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia.

"*Texas and Her Capabilities*" is a small pamphlet by William W. Lang, of Merlin, Texas. It gives interesting statistics relative to the resources and capacities of the great Lone Star State.

The most notable literary event in the college world during the past year, has been the publication of the *Harvard Register*, under the editorial management of Moses King. The enterprise displayed by Mr. King in undertaking such a task is certainly worthy of the highest commendation. The *Register* appeared originally as a large sized thirty-two paged paper. Among its contributors were numbered many of Harvard's most distinguished graduates and professors. Each issue of the *Register* contains articles upon the college itself, papers upon prominent topics of the day, poems by men who have been crowned with the laurel, stories by some of the best writers of the day, and a host of things pertinent to the general subject of education. Mr. King was, however, disappointed with the meagre support which he received, and was finally obliged to announce the suspension of its publication. The last number, a portly volume of 262 pages, appeared last Saturday. It is brim full of interesting matter and deserves a wide circulation.

## EXCHANGES.

We have often wondered, since we assumed the duties of the exchange editor of the *STUDENT*, why there is such a dearth of real wit or humor in our college periodicals. Not more than a dozen out of a list

of more than a hundred exchanges pretend to preserve the *bon mots* of the class-room or college life in general. The local department of the majority of them are usually filled with common place events; jokes, puns, and the like, find no place in their columns. Occasionally, to be sure, some remarkably sharp saying will be caught by the reporter's pencil, but such occasions are rare indeed. Now, it is a well-known fact that there is no place in the world so redolent with fun and brilliant repartee as college halls. One or two hundred young men brought into daily contact with each other originate many bright things that are worthy of being preserved as mementos of college life. It is the duty of our periodicals to catch these flying shafts of wit and save them from becoming lost. If more attention and care were exercised, there is hardly a paper in the country that would not become more interesting to its friends in the present and more valuable in the future.

We have received Helmick's *American Juvenile Speaker and Songster* from F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio. The book contains many choice selections for the use of teachers in preparing for concerts and exhibitions, and will, no doubt, find a hearty welcome wherever it is introduced.

The *Haverfordian* is a new visitor to our sanctum. It is a stout folio of twenty pages, printed on tinted paper. Its table of contents is varied.

Song, "God Bless the Little Woman": F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have received the following miscellaneous periodicals since our last issue: *Oxford Comet*, *American Sentry*, *Agents Herald*, *Hour Glass*, *Our Home*, *Musical Herald*, *Magic Flute*, *Agents Hand Book*, *Publishers Monthly*.

"Maid of Athens ere we separate us,  
Give me back my cordiac apparatus."

## COLLEGE WORLD.

Canada has forty colleges.

Ohio State University had no Commencement oration this year.

The Freshman Class at Colby is smaller than that of last year.

In the will of James T. Fields his manuscripts were bequeathed to Harvard University.

Harvard College is to have a full length portrait of ex-President Hayes, to be hung in Memorial Hall by the side of the pictures of John Adams and John Quincy Adams.

Yale has sent out 9,202 alumni, of whom less than half are now living, and has conferred 11,909 regular degrees, and 923 honorary; 1707 was the date of the first conferred.

Prof. Tyler of Michigan University has accepted the professorship at Cornell, where he is attracted by an increased salary and a larger library. He was one of the most popular professors at the University. He is to fill the chair made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Russell.

A collection of Yale undergraduate poetry has been published under the title of "Elm Leaves." It is a 16mo. volume of two hundred and sixty pages, and is divided into two parts, Miscellaneous and Humorous. The *Record* speaks very highly of it.

Columbia students celebrated their triumph Legendre in great style. Over three hundred strong, they marched about the streets of New York. Returning to the college about midnight, a fire was kindled on the altar and a poem recited. The entrails of a little wool goat on wheels were then examined and found to consist of an "opera hat, a brick, etc." The assemblage then retired to Hamilton Park, where a convivium was held. The whole affair was a decided success.

## CLIPPINGS.

Prof. to Soph.—Pointing to a prodigious expectation on the class room floor: "Quid est hoc?" Soph. (in quivering accents)—"Hoc est quid."—*Ex.*

"My son," said a tuitor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got a hold on you." "I believe so, too," replied the boy.

Boy (to a lady visitor)—"Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winking at me." Teacher—"Well, then don't look at her." Boy—"But if I don't look at her she will wink at somebody else."—*Graphic.*

An Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that's nothing," retorted the Yankee; "in the museum in Boston they've got the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark."—*Archangel.*

## A CLASS-DAY BEAUTY.

Golden ringlets dancing  
Round her little head,  
Seem a magic network,  
For enchantment spread.  
When her lips are parted,  
Each a cherry grows;  
But when sweetly pouting,  
Then a rosebud blows.

Like a shifting sunbeam,  
Now she's here, now there;  
Now in Massachusetts,  
Now in chilly Thayer.  
Flitting like a fairy  
Through the mazy waltz;  
Hear her rippling laughter;  
Who could dream her false?

Naughty little beauty,  
How she nods and smiles  
At the happy Seniors,  
Victims of her wiles!  
Each one fondly believing  
He's her chosen knight,  
Harmless, fond delusion,—  
Who would set him right?

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VOL. IX. No. 8.

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*OCTOBER, 1881.*

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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 8.

VOICELESS.

BY E. F. N., '72.

O sweet, brown bird on the swaying pine,  
Where is thy song to-day?  
Where are thy carolings, bird of mine,  
Thou art wont to be so gay?

On the topmost bough of thy stately tree,  
Thou sittest alone, apart;  
Room there is none for other than thee,  
Does thy solitude chill thy heart?

The skies are blue, the world is fair,  
Thy mates below sing sweet;  
Thy rapturous song should fill the air  
With its joyous, jubilant beat.

Will it ever be thus, O bird of mine,  
Wilt thou ever be mute as now?  
Will ever sit on thy lonely pine,  
And dream to the swaying bough?

I may not know what thought of God  
Works through thy slender frame;  
Who cares for the flowers that deck the sod,  
He careth for thee the same.

Perchance the same instinct that prompts thy lay,  
With its mad, exultant gush,  
Is holding thee now, when the world is gay,  
In thy quiet, solemn hush.

Howe'er it be, O bird of mine.  
That art wont to be so gay,  
As thou sittest alone on the swaying pine,  
Thou art near to my heart to-day.

J. G. HOLLAND.

BY C. E. S., '83.

IF genius may be measured by the facility with which it shapes the thought and sentiment of the world, and compels the willing homage of the great multitude, then must we place the name of Dr. J. G. Holland high upon that thinly-covered

scroll, for while the little critics have raved over imagined imperfections, the great critic, the world, has drank his words with hungry heart, and still hangs upon the silver music of his song with bended brow and parted lip. The thousands of young men and women who owe so much to the helpful words of this great poet, journalist, and lecturer must feel in the announcement of his death a sense of personal loss.

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Among the numerous works of Holland may be mentioned: the "Timothy Titcomb Letters," "Bitter Sweet," "Katharina," "The Marble Prophecy," "The Mistress of the Manse," "Seven Oaks," and several other volumes made up from his magazine essays.

# THE BATES STUDENT.

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BUSINESS MANAGER: W. H. DRESSER.

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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 8.

VOICELESS.

BY E. F. N., '72.

O sweet, brown bird on the swaying pine,  
Where is thy song to-day?  
Where are thy carolings, bird of mine,  
Thou art wont to be so gay?

On the topmost bough of thy stately tree,  
Thou sittest alone, apart;  
Room there is none for other than thee,  
Does thy solitude chill thy heart?

The skies are blue, the world is fair,  
Thy mates below sing sweet;  
Thy rapturous song should fill the air  
With its joyous, jubilant beat.

Will it ever be thus, O bird of mine,  
Wilt thou ever be mute as now?  
Wilt ever sit on thy lonely pine,  
And dream to the swaying bough?

I may not know what thought of God  
Works through thy slender frame;  
Who cares for the flowers that deck the sod,  
He careth for thee the same.

Perchance the same instinct that prompts thy lay,  
With its mad, exultant gush,  
Is holding thee now, when the world is gay,  
In thy quiet, solemn hush.

Howe'er it be, O bird of mine,  
That art wont to be so gay,  
As thou sittest alone on the swaying pine,  
Thou art near to my heart to-day.

J. G. HOLLAND.

BY C. E. S., '83.

IF genius may be measured by the facility with which it shapes the thought and sentiment of the world, and compels the willing homage of the great multitude, then must we place the name of Dr. J. G. Holland high upon that thinly-covered

scroll, for while the little critics have raved over imagined imperfections, the great critic, the world, has drank his words with hungry heart, and still hangs upon the silver music of his song with bended brow and parted lip. The thousands of young men and women who owe so much to the helpful words of this great poet, journalist, and lecturer must feel in the announcement of his death a sense of personal loss.

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Among the numerous works of Holland may be mentioned: the "Timothy Titcomb Letters," "Bitter Sweet," "Katharina," "The Marble Prophecy," "The Mistress of the Manse," "Seven Oaks," and several other volumes made up from his magazine essays.

History affords few examples of so grand a triumph over adverse criticism as is furnished in the life of Dr. Holland. And we believe it is true, with few exceptions, that adverse criticism, which fails to drive its victims to retirement, is, necessarily, unjust, for there is in the nature of error that which causes its speedy elimination from the sympathies of men, and it needs only to be pointed out to seal the doom of its author.

It is true that Holland has contended with the obstacle of didactic poetry, which by many critics has been denied the right to rank as poetry at all. But let us look for a moment at the question of didactic poetry, and in the first place, we must examine the subject of poetry in the abstract. Poetry is a term that has never yet been satisfactorily defined. It has been defined as "the language of the imagination," and the world, relying on authority, have acquiesced in this definition, although they have felt that there is something in the word poetry that the definition fails to embrace. Is it true that, in its final analysis, poetry is language at all? Is it not rather a sentiment that employs language for its expression? True, as generally understood, the term has reference to the outward expression as found upon the written page, but in discussing the nature of poetry, and comparing the different forms, it becomes necessary to go back to the sentiment. And this we would define, as a mental condition resulting from the blending of pleasure and pain; the pleasure of contemplating an ideal blended with the pain of the deprivation. This definition may at first seem abstract and to convey but little idea of the nature of poetry, but we would ask the reader to withhold his judgment until he has considered it in the light of the following illustrations: The pleasant contemplation of an ideal home, blended in painful comparison with the one we possess, constitute all there is of poetry in the word "home." "The Old

Oaken Bucket" is poetical only because it is a constituent element of a home that fancy clothes with attributes above the real and the possible. This principle explains why such poems as "Home, Sweet Home," and "Beautiful Snow," have usually been composed by outcasts who possessed no homes, and for this reason their ideals were the more vivid. Hence, the constituent elements of poetry, the pleasure of the ideal and the pain of deprivation existed in their minds in greater quantities. The thoughts of childhood give rise to sentiments of poetry simply because upon the happy picture falls the shadow of the painful thought, we never can experience it again. The longing desire to drink at the purest, the deepest, and the holiest fountain of affection, blended with the despair of ever finding it, is all there is of poetry in human love. It is this that prompts the glowing lips of youth, beneath the stary witnesses of night, to whisper in the waiting ear of love a sentiment too holy for the day, and clothing it with robes of immortality, bids it live on in fancy, when Chaos has stopped upon its golden track the jeweled car of night, and Death, with amorous kisses, has wooed the maid of Nature to his dark embrace. It is this that decks the robes of bridal joy with the symbols of that which flesh and blood can never attain.

There is no poetry in pure pleasure nor in pure pain. We are told, however, that works of art are sources of pure or unmixed pleasure, and this is true, because the work of art is the embodiment of our ideal and is the source of only *one* of the elements of poetry, while the other comes from the painful contrast with the real.

Now, if poetry be a compound of pleasure and pain, its character will, of course, depend upon the character of the elements that compose it, and we come now to consider the constituent elements of didactic poetry.

There is an ever-restless yearning in the heart of man to know the deep significance of being; to scale thought's golden ladder, and from the starlight heights to touch the throne of the Infinite. A sentiment that through all the ages of the past has impelled the human heart to look up through the misty shroud of doubt and darkness, and reverently whisper Father! amid the voice of the thunder and the storm. The pleasure of these deep yearnings blended with the pain of baffled hope, give rise to the grandest and loftiest form of poetry.

Such was the muse of Holland. But it may be asked, why, if this be true, has he been adversely criticised? We would answer this by answering the more general question. Why has didactic poetry been thus criticised? We believe it is simply because there have been few didactic critics to speak for themselves. The qualities that make up the critic are peculiar. Human nature seems in him to be reversed, while others seek for truth and profit by its discovery, he seeks for error, and delights only in its detection, and this practice is incompatible with a healthy tone of mind or heart. But the very breadth and comprehensiveness of thought that makes one a didactic poet, prevents him from becoming a critic by making him proof against that disease of scholarship that comes only from a too narrow range of thought. The works of the great didactic poets, like the master-pieces of painting in the galleries of Rome, will not bear a too close inspection of the critic's microscope. They must be viewed by telescopic and not by microscopic minds. Their beauty is the beauty of the crag and cataract, and not of the polished sheen; and if we would feast our soul upon that beauty, we must view them from a distance that becomes our reverence.

The professional criticism of Holland has been narrow and one-sided, and yet the

world's verdict upon the charge has been "not guilty." He not only stands acquitted by the world to-day, but he comes boldly forth from the hall of his trial panoplied in the iron mail of genius, to defy the shafts of unborn critics. The world to-day writes upon the snowy tablet of sorrow, veiled by the sombre shadow of the cypress, a name that must live in story till human hearts shall cease to yearn for "the good, the beautiful, and the true;" till love's sweet whisper dies, forever unuttered on the lips of youth; till joy forgets her song, and grief her prayer.

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WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY J. W. D., '82.

BRILLIANT men are not always great men; in fact not often is it the case, but without a very careful examination they are often apt to pass for such in the markets of the world. Multitudes may be charmed by the matchless eloquence and impassioned words of silver-tongued orators; armies may be skillfully marshalled and led on to successive victories by sagacious generals; the human soul may be stirred by the graceful rhymes of poetic geniuses and the fascinating tales of voluminous writers. But all these powers possessed by man do not of themselves constitute, although they often accompany, greatness. A truly great man builds for himself, in the hearts of the people, a pyramid more lasting than an Egyptian; he leaves behind him words and deeds which possess the elements of permanency; his life and character must be such that future generations will be perceptibly influenced by them. In short, true greatness can not be temporary, it must be durable. We may be attracted and amused by the brilliant, flashy light, but it is the steady, continuous one alone which is ser-

viceable. We have no hesitation in affirming that William Lloyd Garrison was a great man; great, because the world to-day is better for his having lived in it.

Through all time, there have lived men who have acted such prominent parts in national events, have so closely identified themselves with public interests, that a record of their career furnishes us with a key to national history. The history of men becomes the history of events. It is just so with all great revolutions. Trace the career of Martin Luther and you have the record of the Great Reformation; William the Conqueror's, and you have the Norman Conquest; Napoleon's, and you have the history of France for a quarter of a century; Washington's, and you know the story of the American Revolution; Garrison's, and you know the story of the struggle against human slavery in the United States of America, and its final overthrow. It was Garrison who first proclaimed to this nation, in an unmistakable voice, that there was a stain upon its escutcheon, a deep and contaminating stain, which, unless blotted out at once, would spread until it permeated every part of it. As the voices of Mahomet and Buddha of old gave a shock to torpid races, so did the clarion voice of Garrison awake from lethargic slumber the American people. He had the moral courage to grapple, single-handed at first, with an evil which had been fortified by years of approbation from the people. The wealth, intellect, morality, and Christianity of a nation were combined against this single individual; but with weapons of truth, he boldly confronted the enemy, believing that justice and right was on his side and that they would eventually triumph. And it was even so. He lived to see the realization of his reformatory hopes and aspirations; he lived to see the shackles fall from 4,000,000 of fellow beings; to see them clothed with the rights of citizenship, and elevated to posi-

tions of trust. Fortunate man! It does not often fall to the lot of man to see their life's work crowned with success, to reach the summit of their earthly ambition.

Garrison's life was a noble exemplification of singleness of purpose and concentration of power. He was pre-eminently a man of a single idea. We do not mean by this that he was "narrow, confined, and shut up" to one idea, for he was interested in more reforms than one, and after the war, frequently demonstrated his capability of grasping with questions of paramount importance to the nation. The innate, animating principle of his life was to do one thing at a time and do that well. All the powers of his intellect and will, every opportunity and circumstance was directed to the accomplishment of the mission which he set before himself to fulfill early in life. Difficulties he surmounted; obstacles he removed.

Alexander was supported by a magnificent army, before which cities were evacuated and armies melted; Cromwell had a host of sympathizing followers; O'Connell was backed by three millions of Irishmen; Cobden was upheld by the wealth of England; Lincoln fell back upon the resources of a mighty nation and the sympathy of a mighty people. But as Mr. Phillips said: "Garrison stood alone, utterly alone, at first. There was no sympathy anywhere; his hands were empty. No matter if he starved on bread and water, he could command the use of types; that was all. Trade endeavored to crush him; the intellectual life of America disowned him." Garrison was a self-reliant man. Individual in his thoughts and acts, opposition only served to strengthen his convictions and intensify his zeal. Many of his co-workers in behalf of the enslaved negro, were men of greater intellect and broader culture. He possessed not the oratorical power of Phillips, the logical reasoning



and scholarly attainments of Sumner, or the varied genius of Whittier. He was simply a man, richly endowed with common sense—the power behind nations' thrones—and a burning love for humanity, especially the oppressed and downtrodden. He completely lost sight of self in the intensity of his philanthropic ardor. What can we say of such a man? Is he a worthy model for future generations? Can we call him great? Ah, yes. In such men as he, rests our faith in the stability of popular government, for if we have not men with the keenness to perceive an existing evil and the courage and will to seek to eradicate it, then will our institutions become corrupt, our foundations undermined. A man eminent for purity, patriotism and philanthropy is the world's instructor; the record of his life belongs to the people.

Garrison's life will not soon be forgotten; it was a grand success from first to last. Would that the motto that shaped and directed his life, might be stamped in letters of fire upon the blue firmament above: "Our country is the world—our countrymen are mankind."

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY J. L. R., '83.

IT has been said that some men seem to have been chosen by Providence as instruments for carrying a nation through some great crisis in its history.

Most truly can this be said of Abraham Lincoln. Born and reared in the humblest circumstances, he raised himself by his indomitable will and perseverance, under the blessings of a Providence which he always recognized, to sit in the highest place in the land, and to preside over the destinies of thirty millions of people.

His youth was marked by the same devotion to principle, by the same upright-

ness and integrity for which he was conspicuous in after years. The foundation of his noble character was laid by the influence of a Christian mother's life and teachings. Her influence was illustrated by those qualities of obedience, diligence, and truth, which characterized his whole life.

His father was wholly illiterate, being unable to read or write. His mother had a limited education, and by her aid Abraham learned to read. She furnished him with what books she could obtain, but they were few, the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Æsop's Fables*, and Weem's *Life of Washington* being the principal books of his boyhood. These books were few in number, but what better ones could have been chosen for him from the richest library of the world? What could have better served to perfect the principles inculcated in his mind by the teachings of his mother? Her efforts to inspire him with pure and noble principles, her simple instruction in divine truth, her devoted love for him, he fully appreciated in after life. As he once said to a friend, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory."

The labor and hardships of his early life served to develop his physical nature, as if a wise Providence prepared him for the responsibility of an hour, under which ordinary constitutions would have failed. His unquestioned honesty, which adorned his boyhood and youth, as it did his manhood and age, gave him an enviable fame, and aided him materially in making his way from the log cabin to the White House. In the year 1860, when the first low murmurings of the storm which was to deluge this land were beginning to be heard, the country demanded an honest, Christian man to take the helm of the Ship of State, to guide her, under Providence, clear of the breakers, shoals, and quicksands that were appearing in her course, and found

him in Abraham Lincoln. Later, when that storm burst in fury, and that ship seemed about to become a hopeless wreck, with his calm judgment, his pure purposes, strengthened by his inherent belief in the ultimate prevalence of right and justice, inspiring his crew and passengers with confidence by his own courage and calmness, his steady, strong hand on the helm, he brought the ship out of the dangers that surrounded her, and moored her safely in the port of Peace.

Lincoln, although one of the humblest of American citizens, struggled through personal trials and national turmoils to immortal fame and renown. How was this fame wrought? Not alone by intellectual power—which in him was great—but by that power, aided by the everlasting principles of righteousness and justice. He trusted in God. He trusted in the convictions of a Christian people. He ignored the loose morality of party politics. Conscience with him was above all expediency and temporary advantage, above all love of power and applause, and with due respect to law, fully realizing the obligations imposed upon him by his oath of office; he was cautious, not slow; loyal, not timid.

If he seemed to delay action that popular clamor demanded of him, it was not for want of loyalty, not that he was slow and timid, but that in all things appertaining to his high position, he was actuated and guided by a true loyalty and a self-denying virtue that would not permit him to arrive at hasty conclusions, or to act until he had fully matured his plans, until he had weighed the whole matter in those scales of justice, which were his standard.

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#### MODERN POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.

BY W. H. C., '82.

**F**ROM the remotest antiquity the records of conspiracies and political murders

have filled a large space in history. How many kings have ascended their thrones only to find them the threshold to an untimely tomb! Cæsar, William Prince of Orange, Charles I., and later, the Czar of Russia, are a few examples in point. But we usually think of these tragedies as happening long ago or a great way off. Recent events, however, remind us that even America is not exempt. Glancing back over our short history as a nation, we find that we have had our full share. And it is no ignoble blood that has been immolated on our altar of political hate. It is our noblest and our best. There is the most brilliant name in our early history, the great, the eloquent Hamilton. There is the stalwart champion of "equal rights," whose great heart beat in sympathy for a downtrodden race, and whose voice rang defiance to the oppressor, baptizing with his blood the floor of the Senate Chamber of the United States. There is our martyred Lincoln, worn with the toils and cares of civil war, crowned with the blessings of an emancipated race, shot down at the very dawn of victory. And there is the man for whose restoration to health a nation's prayers so long ascended. In a time of profound peace, when there was the least probability of such an event, at the very culmination of a brilliant life, President Garfield falls at the hand of an assassin.

We have often wondered *why* the most worthless, cowardly miscreant who walks the earth, a curse to the name of humanity, should ever have been given the power to destroy the grandest and the best. Why the lightning from heaven had not annihilated Charles Guiteau before he could have aimed that deadly shot, God alone knows! Nature is so constituted that there is no flower on earth so fragrant and beautiful that somebody's foot may not crush it, and there is no giant oak so kingly that it may not be cut down. The

range of human possibilities is infinite. There are no heights of moral grandeur to which humanity may not rise, and there are no depths of infamy to which it has not sunk. And, lamentable as it is, there are those who cannot see anything beautiful without wishing to destroy it; anything good without seeking to defame it; anything grand and noble in human rank or character without reaching their murderous hand to tear it down and trample it in the dust.

This principle of riding rough shod over humanity may have been necessary in past ages, when the argument of brute force was the only one respected by the majority of men. One can hardly censure the heroic Charlotte Corday for plunging her knife into the heart of that bloody monster of the French Revolution, Jean Paul Marat, for when he fell there perished a fiend on whose head was the blood of hundreds of innocent victims, and whose ambition it was to cut off the heads of 270,000 more. Nothing but death could quench his inhuman thirst for blood. Circumstances were such that legal justice was out of the question, and assassination was the only recourse. These were the natural workings of an age of ignorance when passion was king. Considering the circumstances, it is almost incredible that the human mind, weighed down by such burdens, could have risen to the comparatively high plane where we now find it. But all this seems to have been foreseen by infinite wisdom, and to have been made a part of the original plan. For there is in the constitution of man a hidden spring, a law as imperative as that of gravitation, and its name is tireless, unending progress. It is the workings of this law that has made the nineteenth century vastly superior to any that preceded it. Experience and the instincts of our nature cause us to believe that this same progress will continue until man's emancipation from vio-

lence and blood shall be complete, and around the altar of universal peace shall be gathered all the nations of the earth. Until that time comes we must expect considerable ignorance and crime, but they have no fellowship with the spirit of the age. They are the baleful offspring, the hideous relics of the barbarous past. Assassinations at the present time are deplorable, not only in themselves considered, but in their brutalizing influence upon society. They familiarize the people with the contemplation of the darkest crimes. Blood arouses the fiercest passions in man, as it does in the tiger. Men, noted for their gentleness, and who all their lives have preached forbearance and forgiveness of injury, are now ready to join the maddened mob who are hurrying to tear down the jail and lynch the object of their fury. Women, who would be horror-stricken at the idea of killing a butterfly, now mourn that it is not in their power to hang the wretch by the thumbs and roast him with a slow fire. It was continual contact with the horrible crimes of the French Revolution that turned even the women of France into bloody-thirsty furies, and enabled them to look calmly and smilingly on the agonized faces of the victims as they perished on the blood-reeking guillotine. Familiarity with crime, the habitual contemplation of violence and blood cannot fail to blunt the finer feelings of our nature, to debase and brutalize society.

Again, we are too apt to mistake vengeance for justice. Forgetting that vengeance is fierce, impulsive, and blind, while justice is calm and passionless as the mountain glacier. Forgetting that justice is divine, while vengeance is the vicious product of man's intemperance.

Maddened by the sudden discovery of a terrible crime, men frequently lose their self-control. Their fierce indignation cannot brook restraint. To their hot blood

the majesty of the law seems too tame, and without judge or jury, they visit upon the offender the punishment due him. There are to-day, in this nation thousands of stalwart men whose eyes flash and hands clench at the word Guiteau, and if it would bring their idolized Garfield back to life, back to his sorrow-stricken country, they would tear the fiend who shot him down into ten thousand pieces.

But there is one encouraging result from this great calamity; one bright oasis in this desert of gloom. It is the irrepressible, spontaneous overflow of a nation's sympathy. Sectional controversies, North and South, Democrat and Republican, all are forgotten, while the hearts of the people throb in honest sorrow. Our people have been lifted out of the narrow ruts of individual and sectional selfishness, party rancor has for the time melted away, and the people of this nation have been fraternized by this common sorrow, as they never were before.

This affliction has also shown us the strength of our republican form of government. While prophets high and low have prophesied our downfall; while philosophers have reasoned and argued over our weak points, and decided that they are necessarily fatal, our nation still lives. Crisis after crisis it has passed through, and become stronger for every victory won. Twice within sixteen years our chief magistrates, on whom such vast interests depend, have been suddenly struck down; the pilot of our Ship of State has dropped the wheel, yet the machinery of government did not stop. There are no riots, no anarchy. All is strong and steady from keel to topmast. And we are teaching the world that there is no government that can pass through such crises, that is so safe from the dangers of revolution as that which is founded on the hearts of the people.

## TWO SONNETS.

GARFIELD AND LINCOLN.

A noble heritage is ours by birth,  
Who are brought forth of English-speaking  
race;

Ours is the light that shone on Milton's face,  
Hampden's renown, and mighty Shakespeare's  
worth.

We lack not those who toiled to make the earth,  
For upright-minded man, fit dwelling place;  
Nor those who in the battle's fiery space  
Have died for country and domestic hearth.

A countless roll of dead, of lofty deeds  
Inspirers, like a great line of lights  
That burn where nations walked in ancient  
nights.

How far into the past their glory flames!  
And at the end, Garfield and Lincoln—names  
That show like martyrs, time's most fruitful  
seeds.

FROM YORKTOWN.

Oct. 19, 1881.

In this day's pomp we pause a little space,  
England, to greet thee, looking century-ward.  
We would be friends: though from thy temples  
barred,

And ocean-parted, we are one in race.  
And when we look, great mother, on thy face,  
And read thy glorious history, battle-starred,  
When we remember our forefathers, scarred  
In thy stern wars from Cæsar's landing-place  
To Agincourt, our hearts are flushed with pride;  
And, though our deeds have made another name  
Renowned, something as Englishmen we claim.  
And if again, as seers foretell, around  
Thy shores the mad world rage, we shall be  
found,

Methinks, in that last day, firm by thy side.

— W. P. Foster, '81, in *Boston Transcript*.

Prof. Geo. L. Vose has severed his connection with Bowdoin College, and goes to Boston to assume the duties of Professor of Civil and Typographical Engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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COPIES of the last number of the *STUDENT* were sent to all members of the Freshman class. It is expected that all students of our institution will become subscribers to the magazine. No college periodical can live without the generous support of the undergraduates.

We are glad to note the fact that a Glee Club has been formed and placed under the able instruction of Mr. B. Frank Wood, the well-known organist of High Street Church, Auburn. Rehearsals are held every Friday afternoon, and much musical talent is being developed under the baton of Mr. Wood. The "Student's Life in Song," a book which has already won the favor of the older college men, is used. We earnestly hope that the members of the Club will spare no pains to make this one of the most successful musical organizations ever established at Bates.

There are, no doubt, many of the Freshman class who are undecided as to the advisability of teaching school this winter. Some feel that they must teach or give up their college course; others who are better situated financially can hardly determine, to their own satisfaction, whether it will be better to attend to their college work or to wield the pedagogic rod and fill their pockets with shekels. It is to this latter class that we desire to address a few words at this time. If there is any one term in all our college course which we recall with pleasure, it is the Winter Term of our Freshman year. There were only twenty of us present at that time, but in spite of our limited number we thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the term. Never shall we forget the talks which Prof. Stanton gave our class upon the "Immortality of the Soul." They

were well worth the denial they cost some of us. Indeed, were we to go through the course at Bates again we would make almost any sacrifice rather than be deprived of these valuable talks by Prof. Stanton. Then, too, the Latin and Greek are especially interesting and require considerable study. A student may be able to make up these classics after teaching, but he has really lost more than he can possibly make up. Finally it is far better for our young men to delay teaching till the Sophomore or Junior year, when the studies are more easily made up and less depends upon the daily drill of the classroom.

The annual meeting of the Reading-Room Association will be held the first week in November. At this meeting it is hoped that some arrangements will be made for placing a new newspaper rack across the upper side of the reading-room. Many of our most valuable papers are now lost or mutilated beyond recognition, simply because no place has been provided for filing them. The expenditure of a few dollars in this way will do much toward reducing the inclination of some of our students to express themselves in language not at all Biblical. Another matter which will undoubtedly be brought before the meeting, is the advisability of adding the *Portland Daily Press* and *Chicago Tribune* to our list of periodicals. For more than a year we have had no morning paper. Must we still be content to wait till late in the afternoon or early next morning before we get the news of the previous day? This delay although trifling to some is inconvenient and annoying to others. The eastern section of our country is now well represented by papers from nearly every State. Why should we

not have at least one representative from the West? The *Tribune* is one of the foremost papers of that section and would be a valuable addition to our list.

We have often heard it remarked by students rooming in Parker Hall, that if certain improvements would be made in and around the buildings, they would tend to restrain the boys from acts of vandalism, such as marking upon the walls, breaking down balusters, kicking out door panels, throwing tin pails, funnels, and small stoves down stairs. This assertion would doubtless hold true as regards the better portion of students; but we still believe that a healthy bull will do more real execution in a first-class than a third-class China shop. Now all necessary improvements for the present have been made, and it rests with us alone to decide whether they are useful enough for our preservation. By destroying our own means of enjoyment and comfort, who is the loser? If anyone is so careless of his own well being as to wantonly injure that of his neighbors, that person ought to be restrained; and as we are situated here, that restraint can only be secured by arousing a healthy prejudice against all acts of rudeness and destruction. Will we do it?

Within the past few weeks our nation has lost three men whose places it will be difficult to fill,—President Garfield, General Burnside, and Dr. Holland. While deeply mourning the death of the first, recognizing his purity and his greatness, we ought not to be wholly blind to the loss the country has sustained in the death of the latter two. Not Rhode Island alone but the nation felt the shock when the veteran Senator passed away. He was a man whom men could trust. No stain of dishonor or stigma of disloyalty was attached to his name. Whether on the battle-field, in private life, or in the nation's Senate, he

stood at the front, ready to make himself the champion of the oppressed and the advocate of justice and right. Few men were his equals in all that makes a public man honored. Never brilliant perhaps, but nevertheless at all times ready to perform the duty imposed upon him.

In Dr. Holland, the nation may not have lost a general or a statesman, but in him she surely lost a son to whom she owes much of her culture, and who had contributed not a little to her progress in art and letters. He was a writer who could reach the common people. His style was such that all could understand him, and therefore he wielded an influence wider than many abler men. He has left behind him much that will live and continue to grow in popularity and influence.

In the death of A. L. Houghton, the class of '70 loses one of its most beloved members, and the college one of its most promising graduates. His career has been short, but eminently successful. Called to the pulpit of the Free Baptist church, at Lawrence, Mass., he was soon recognized as one of the ablest and most popular pastors of that city. Failing health soon compelled him to take needed rest. A trip to Europe, and latter, a winter in Colorado did not loosen the hold which consumption had already obtained upon his life. He spent the past summer at his father's home in Weld. Death called him hence on the evening of October 2d. At the funeral services, Dr. Cheney pronounced a fitting eulogy upon the life of his beloved pupil and friend. Mr. Houghton was a trustee of the college and a leading member of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Free Baptist church. Few men have won so high a place in the affections of friends than Mr. Houghton. His life was a poem. Impressed with the importance of his mission, he threw his whole soul into his work and left no duty

undone. His memory will be cherished with holy reverence by all who knew him.

The Normal Publishing House of Danville, Ind., is issuing a little pocket pamphlet called "A Brief Outline of Government." It is compiled by Sam. Pfrimmer, and appears to be a book of considerable value to all. Its design is especially for teachers, but it would be a very handy pocket reference book for anyone interested in matters pertaining to governments. The book contains the names of the rulers of each country, together with the names of those directly connected with *this* country in the diplomatic service. There are also notes on the constitution of each country which, in a few words, express all that need be known. The whole is arranged in a simple manner, and can be understood by all. It is in paper covers, and about four and one-half by two and one-half inches in size. The cost is ten cents.

### LOCALS.

Cowell, '83, has the typhoid fever.

Millett, formerly of '83 has entered '84.

Eighteen new members joined the Euro-sophian Society, October 7th.

We solicit items for this column from all students, irrespective of class.

The Juniors who walked round Lake Auburn one evening, thought "Jordan a hard road to travel."

First student to second—"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Have you got any tobacco?"

A student accused of using horses during his first two years, refuted the charge by saying he never had a book from which the class recited only once a day.

The Senior class recently spent three hours in company with Prof. Stanley, examining the trap rock and pot-holes in the ledge just below the Falls.

College boys are proverbial for getting into scrapes. They will find no better place in the city for a "scrape" than at Lothrop Brothers, on Lisbon Street.

The Juniors played a class game of ball recently, when it was so cold that they shivered in overcoats. They have been doctoring for the rheumatism since.

Subscribers to the STUDENT who have not paid up, are requested to send their subscriptions to the business manager at once. It is necessary to collect our bills in order to close our year with success.

When singing, it is of course quite appropriate to have an accompaniment, but when declaiming in a prize contest we should prefer to have babies keep their mouths shut till their assistance was asked.

The Seniors have been studying Astronomy the present term under Prof. Stanley. The professor has given some interesting lectures, and placed the telescope and other instruments where the class may have free access to them.

One day recently, the Senior class went with Prof. Stanley to examine into the operation of making illuminating gas. Mr. Scott, the overseer of the factory, showed much patience in answering the questions of the students.

A party of seven Seniors in company with their ladies from the college, recently visited the school of Mr. Murch, in Lisbon. They report themselves well pleased with Mr. M.'s school, and extend him their hearty thanks for his kind efforts for their entertainment. The party left Lewiston about one o'clock A.M., in a three-horse carriage and did not return until *far* into the evening.

It is always supposed that every student in college will take the STUDENT. Consequently a copy is sent to each member of the Freshman class, and they will be considered as regular subscribers unless the manager is notified to the contrary.

What is better calculated to lacerate the heart of a fond parent, than to see an only son, the pride of the family circle and hope of the village, seated in a well furnished apartment in Parker Hall, and playing poker for imaginary drinks with three dummies?

As we look about Parker Hall and note the improvements going on, we can't help reflecting that somebody among the college fathers is beginning to coincide with that recent writer, who said he did not believe in drinking skim milk in this world for the sake of butter milk in the next.

We have noticed much dissatisfaction expressed by the audience every time they are informed that "*no encores are allowed.*" This rule has the merit of pleasing no one, and of dissatisfying everybody. The boys are at considerable expense to get these musicians, especially to please their audience. *Encores injure nobody.*

One of the Seniors possesses the happy faculty of purloining lead pencils with remarkable success. He has now a large collection, and experiences no little difficulty in keeping them outside the visual angle of their owners. When Mr. A drops in he uses the one with the rubber head; when Mr. B comes in, he uses the long black one; when Mr. C comes in he uses the small, red one, and so on *ad libitum ad infinitum*. After a busy day, he retires with his great head *much* wearied.

Mr. J. F. Merrill, '82, has presented us with a mammoth vegetable product, in the form of a potato, measuring in length 12 3-4 inches, and in breadth 6 inches. About four of these vegetables would fill

a bushel basket. This potato was eaten at the Jones Club, in the presence of Mr. Merrill, and made a square meal for the entire club of eighteen persons. This is only a specimen of a new variety just grown from the ball. By the judicious use of chemical fertilizers, Merrill hopes in another year to raise one sufficient in size to fill a bushel basket.

The students in Parker Hall were surprised a week or two since, to hear the chapel bell ringing lustily on Tuesday evening. It seems that Mac had got tired of studying, fell asleep, and dreamed that the professor in Psychology had just "interjected on interrogatory" for him to answer. The active energies of the soul were so much exercised in endeavoring to get at the meaning of the interrogatory, that Mac awoke and found himself ringing the bell for a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

The long-expected game of ball between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, occurred Thursday afternoon, October 6th. A large and interested audience was in attendance. Though the score was large, the interest did not wane. The Freshmen were ahead for several innings, but the fickle goddess of fortune changed her mind and the Sophomores won the game. The pluck and skill displayed by both nines was a subject for congratulation. We are glad to see so much base-ball talent in the lower classes.

The following are the officers of the Junior class: President, O. L. Bartlett; Vice-Pres., C. J. Atwater; Secretary, J. B. Ham; Executive Committee, F. E. Manson, A. E. Millett, F. E. Foss; Treasurer, W. H. Barber; Orator, O. L. Frisbee; Poetess, Miss N. R. Little; Odists, Miss N. R. Little, E. P. Jordan; Chaplain, O. L. Gile; Historian, E. J. Hatch; Prophet, Everett Remick; Toast Master, W. F. Cowell; Reporter, J. L. Reade; Marshall, L. B. Hunt; Curator, C. E. Sargent.



Psychological reasoning: Intuition=regulative faculty. The Faculty of Bates is a regulative Faculty, therefore intuition is the Faculty of Bates.

Saturday, October 15th, the Seniors had a grand hunt. Messrs. McKenney and Skelton chose up, the losing side to furnish the peanuts. The day was inauspicious. It was very cold in the forenoon, and there was a drizzling rain in the afternoon. McKenney's side got discouraged when it began to rain and quit. The other side, however, stuck to business and hunted all day. The result was that Mr. Skelton's side was overwhelmingly victorious. Mr. Skelton followed several of us to his house, where we were hospitably entertained. He has our thanks for his kindness. Another hunt is talked of for October 29th.

The annual public meeting of the Euro-sophian Society was holden at College Chapel, on Wednesday evening, September 28th. Everything passed off well and with honor to the participants. The meeting opened with a prayer by Mr. Eaton, of '82. Then followed the declamation by C. S. Flanders, which was well delivered. Mr. Sargent's poem was short, but well written and in keeping with the occasion. The eulogy and oration, by J. W. Douglass and W. S. Cogswell, respectively, were very fine, both in matter and delivery. Messrs. Read and Wilson discussed ably the question, "Are Secret Societies a Benefit to a Community?" The paper by Mr. Remick and Miss McVay was a perfect society paper filled, as such a paper should be, with sharp hits and witty sayings. Music was furnished by Perkins' Orchestra, and as usual was more than good. This Orchestra has been a favorite with the college boys since its organization. Owing to the dampness of the evening and the threatening clouds, the audience was comparatively small, but those who were brave enough to come, went away well paid for the effort.

Prof. in Psychology (discussing consciousness)—"When the German who defined consciousness as 'clear knowledge,' said that the miller was unconscious during sleep, he was at a loss to account for his waking when the mill stopped. Now the fact that the miller awoke at just the instant the mill stopped is pretty good proof that the miller must have been conscious in his sleep that the mill was going." Twaddle—"Professor, is it well authenticated that the miller did wake when his mill stopped?"

A few days since an old gravestone and a few partly decayed bones were dug up on the college campus. They were found about two feet below the surface of the ground, showing that many years had elapsed since the stone was placed there. The stone was a block roughly hewn out of some kind of soft rock, about two and one-half feet long, and five inches square. The inscription is very simple, and is as follows:

"M	D	
M	D	
Died 3	3	1815"

Some suppose it to be the tombstone of a Quaker, for they always make their dates in that way, numbering the month as well as the day. One of the bones being much too large to belong to a human skeleton, a more reasonable conjecture is that it is the veritable "jaw-bone" with which Samson "did himself ashes" on the Philistines. It is of great historic value, since it settles beyond all question the exact location of this famous scrimmage in which Samson "was prisint."

On Friday evening, October 21, the first division of the Freshman class delivered their prize declamations in the chapel. Music was furnished by Ballard's Orchestra, and Miss Helen Nash, vocalist. The latter gave excellent satisfaction. A large audience was in attendance. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.  
PRAYER.  
MUSIC.

1. Vice President Wilson.—Anthony.  
George S. Eveleth.
  2. Leak in the Dyke.—Cary.  
Clara L. Ham.
  3. Extract from a Speech by Senator Frye.  
Charles L. Prince.
  4. The American Flag.—Beecher.  
M. P. Tobey.
- SONG—MISS HELEN NASH.
5. Battle of Bunker Hill.—Webster.  
C. M. Ludden.
  6. Duty of the American Scholar.—Curtis.  
William V. Whitmore.
  7. Abraham Lincoln.—Beecher.  
A. B. Morrill.
- MUSIC.
8. Robert of Sicily.—Longfellow.  
Nellie M. Parlin.
  9. Duty of Literary Men to America.—Grimke.  
F. E. Parlin.
  10. The World's Progress.  
I. A. Storer.
- SONG—MISS HELEN NASH.
11. Inveective Against Mr. Flood.—Grattan.  
Henry A. Robinson.
  - 12.—Eulogy on Sumner.—Rice.  
Frank A. Morey.
  13. Eulogy on Webster.—Davis.  
W. E. Quimby.

MUSIC.

DECISION OF COMMITTEE.

The committee of award (S. A. Lowell, O. H. Tracy, W. V. Twaddle) selected Morrill, Whitmore, Tobey, and Miss Parlin to compete for the prize in the final contest. These declaimed excellently. Miss Ham's gestures were graceful and her expression of the selection very fine. Mr. Parlin's clear, ringing voice and enthusiastic manner was heartily appreciated by the audience. We should have been pleased to have listened to him in the final contest.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### *Editors of the Student:*

The Inter-Collegiate Conference of Christian Associations met with the State Y. M. C. A. Convention of Massachusetts, at Spencer, October 12-14, 1881. Amherst, Bates, Brown, Colby, Williams, and Yale

were represented by eight delegates. Of these, Williams and Yale only are members of the regular body of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States.

Bates and Colby have adopted the practical parts of the Y. M. C. A. constitution, while Amherst and Brown conduct their association meetings in a way peculiar to their respective institutions. It may be well to state here something of the plan of bringing the Christian Associations of the various colleges under the Y. M. C. A. constitution. Mr. L. D. Wishard, of New York, a graduate of Princeton, is developing the plan. Since the convention at Baltimore, in May, 1879, seventy associations have been organized, in as many colleges, making a total of 120 College Associations, with a membership of 6,000 students. At 26 State Conventions 164 students from 144 colleges attended. Visitation has been made to 86 colleges, containing 10,000 students.

It is urged that our colleges being composed mostly of young men are the proper sphere for Y. M. C. Associations. It is thought that special advantages would be derived from inter-collegiate intercourse and conference, which such a step would probably bring about. The friends of the plan also advocate that there would be a benefit arising from relations with the State and National body of the Y. M. C. A. Between all Christian young men, whether in or out of college, there should be a common bond.

The college conference occurred Friday afternoon, and was led by Mr. R. C. Morse, of New York, of the Inter-National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He read the third chapter of Colossians; said it was a chapter of especial interest when in college. After prayer by Mr. Morse, all joined in singing "Blest be the tie that binds." Then the reports of the various colleges represented were listened to, followed by an informal talk upon association

work. Much stress was laid upon personal work. If as much personal work was done in Christian Associations as in the societies, better results would follow. Later, in the convention, Mr. C. K. Ober, of Williams, read a paper upon "Advantages of Association Work in College." This was followed by brief reports of the work being done in the colleges.

The State Convention was a success. One only needed to be present to feel the zeal and warmth of the meetings. The singing, conducted by Mr. C. B. Willis, of New Haven, was spirited and earnest. Practical papers were read and useful questions discussed. The finest thing we listened to was the address of Rev. H. L. Hastings, of Boston, upon "The Inspiration of the Bible." It was forcible and convincing. The Bible reading by Geo. C. Needham was especially interesting and instructive.

B. G. EATON, '82.

#### A PLACE AND CALL FOR A MAN.

*Editors of the Student:*

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the play-grounds of Eton. I was thinking of this remark on seeing the following lines in the *Missionary Herald* for this month: "It was a remarkable scene at Oberlin, Ohio, when on Sabbath morning, June 26th, six young men of the graduating class of the theological seminary was ordained to the ministry, with a view of entering upon foreign missionary service. Two other members of the class, eight in all, are under appointment to foreign fields, three of them to North China, two of them to Bibé, West Africa, one to Natal, one to Umzila's Kingdom, and one to India. Others of the class may yet offer themselves, while from classes not yet graduated several have decided to labor abroad. This is a noble contribution for

one theological seminary to make to the cause of foreign missions. The means will surely not be wanting when the "men are ready." My whole heart says, "God bless you Oberlin."

I am not in the least surprised, for it is just like Oberlin to do this thing. She has sent many men and women in the highest and hardest departments of Christian work, and into many lands of the earth. Her sons and daughters may be found from the Golden Horn to the China Sea, all over Asia, and in many parts of darker, more desolate Africa. True to the name she bears, she delights in doing good, in sending her messengers of mercy bearing joy and blessings to all the weary and waiting ends of the earth. There is no American college outside of New England, that is doing more for the world's weal than Oberlin.

As the Iron Duke said of Eton, so in a higher sense may it be said of our American gymnasia at Amherst, Williamstown, Oberlin, and other places. The men who are to win our future battles are being trained in our American colleges. The fate of many a moral Waterloo in Asia, and Africa, and Oceanica, is being settled today by the temper and the training of young men now pouring studiously over their books. When Cyrus Hamlin was a humble student at Bowdoin, who dreamed of an American college on the Bosphorus? And when Adoniram Judson was mastering his lessons at Williams, he little thought that he was appointed of God the apostle to the millions of Burmah.

One of the questions that many young men in America have been asking themselves during their sultry summer days, is this, "What is my work in the world to be?" On the eve of graduation this question pushes itself to the front, and, like Banquo's ghost, *it won't down*. Every earnest man must ask himself this question over and over, until by God's help, he

settles it right. It is a dreadful thing to settle such a question wrong. More lives than one, even the weal or woe of multitudes may depend on the answer to that short, simple question. The world is full of work and the workers are many; but as Daniel Webster told a young lawyer, "There is room at the top."

Among other topics of interest discussed at the Inter-Seminary Missionary Convention, held at New Brunswick, N. J., last year, one related to the advisability of calling men to the foreign work as men are called to the pastorate of our churches at home. Whether this will prove a good plan or not, only experience can determine. But for these ten years, we, over here in India, have been calling for a man from Bates, but the Bates man comes not. In behalf of a suffering mission field, with its few overworked men, I repeat the call for a Bates man for this place. Cannot the college send us one man? Its missionary society should send its first representatives to this mission field.

The place has waited long and is waiting still. It offers no worldly emoluments, but abundance of opportunity for honest, hard work. It will tax the best energies of the cleverest scholar, and it will also demand the warmest and heartiest consecrations of the affections. In short, the place we have here for a Bates man is "a large place," and it calls for a large man to fill it, with a good make-up to start with, and ample, intellectual, and moral qualifications and acquisitions. We want the best of brains, bone, blood, and the sweetest of heart and life with it. We want health, robust, rosy health of soul and body both, and courage to face sin in every form. We call for such a man.

Diogones, quaint old cynic, took a lamp in the day time to find a man. Men were rare then. They are so still. We should rather wait another decade than have somebody sent us who isn't a man in

the true, high sense of the word. Will the alumni et alumnæ of dear Bates do as the philosopher did, look for a man? *Will they pray for a man for India? Will your missionary society send him to us?* These three questions are humbly and heartily commended to your earnest and immediate consideration by your fellow-worker across the seas.

JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

Midnapore, India, August, 1881.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'70.—We regret to note the death of the Rev. A. L. Houghton. He was one of the ablest of the graduates of the college, and his loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends.

'71.—L. H. Hutchinson, Esq., who has been absent from the city the past few months on account of illness, has returned in much improved health.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford has lately been chosen one of the associate editors of the *Morning Star*. The managers of the *Star* have made a wise selection.

'73.—C. B. Reade, Esq., who has been practicing law in this city, has obtained a position in Washington, D. C., and left at the opening of the present session of the Senate to assume his duties there.

'77.—C. V. Emerson, who was admitted to the Maine Bar, at the September term of court in this county, is to commence the practice of his profession in the West.

'79.—R. F. Johonnett is studying law in the office of Mr. Whittier, one of Boston's ablest attorneys. S. C. Moseley was admitted to the bar at the last term of court in this county. He will stop in Lewiston through the winter.

'80.—E. E. Richards, who has been studying law at his home in Farmington,

the past year, is about to take a course in the law department of Michigan University.

'81.—W. T. Perkins is in the office of Frye, Cotton & White. J. H. Parsons and O. H. Drake have charge of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, the present year. H. S. Roberts is at present engaged with Thompson & Temple, clothing dealers, in this city. J. H. Goding is in the West. Lowden, Curtis, Rideout, and Hayden are in the Bates Theological School. H. P. Folsom is in Leadville, Col.

### EXCHANGES.

Well, here we are again in our sanctum. The dust which had striven to bury the ink spots upon the table, the dead rats who fell victims to the fatal contents of the paste pot, and, finally, the tardy numbers of last summer's exchanges, have all been removed, and now we are ready for work again. Ah, here comes the mail carrier and deposits an armful of papers and magazines on our table. We light our pipe, elevate our feet upon the back of a neighboring chair, and proceed to tear open the wrappers of our exchanges.

The first issues of the majority of our exchanges we find have a decidedly Commencement flavor. Page after page is filled with a rehash of the events of that eventful week. Prize essays, class orations, and society addresses fill up the literary departments and crowd the local columns. Student editors are not apt to feel much like doing hard work after the freedom of a two months' vacation. Hence it is one of the most natural things in the world that they should fill the columns of their papers with such matter as can be easiest obtained. The entire college world mourns the loss of President Garfield. His life and death form the subjects of editorials in every periodical we have examined. Heavily leaded pages set forth the noble traits of our martyred

President and bewail his untimely end. No man can read these heartfelt utterances without being impressed with the universality of our loss.

Before we write any criticisms upon our recently arrived exchanges we desire to say a word or two concerning the *Art Student's Supplement* to *Student Life* for June. This paper deserves more than a passing notice. Of all American colleges, Washington University holds some of the best inducements for students to enter its art department. The school is a large one, and has already won the favor of some of our best artists. The present number of the *Supplement* contains twenty-two original drawings, contributed by members of the Art School. These drawings show a marked degree of proficiency on the part of the young men and women contributing them. The first six pictures are sketches from the interior of the new Art Museum which was recently thrown open to the public. Charles Holloway is the author of one of the best sketches, entitled "A Study from Life." It is not what may be termed a finely finished drawing, but rather one belonging to that class of pictures which has recently become popular with *Scribner's Magazine*. Fred Lippett, J. H. Frye, and J. M. Barnsley contribute several very creditable sketches. The best of these are: "The Doctor's House," "The Lover and His Lady," and "A Marine Sketch."

We are glad to see the *Berkeleyan* from across the continent once more. It has taken a new lease of life and starts out under favorable auspices. The editors have taken advantage of the criticisms offered last term, by making several changes in its make-up.

The *Knox Student* is a new comer at Bates. It has the virtue of having its departments well balanced. The editorials are to the point and treat of college topics.

## COLLEGE WORLD.

The Freshmen at Amherst wear Oxford Caps.

\$21,000 has been subscribed as a "retiring fund" for Harvard professors.

Fifteen thousand blue books are used yearly in the examination at Harvard.

The Princeton Glee Club cleared over \$600 at their concert in Cincinnati, during the spring recess.

Williams is the only eastern college that has shown an increase of membership during the past ten years.

Harvard has the best dressed men of any college, Yale the hardest workers, Princeton and Cornell the stoutest men, Columbia the greatest talkers, the University of Pennsylvania the most active men, and Trinity the best big boys.—*News*.

Columbia College has just acquired by purchase from Berlin a very fine terrestrial globe, the largest ever brought to this country, and one of the eleven largest ever made. It is four feet in diameter, and cost, unmounted, \$350. It is to be used in the history department to illustrate lectures in Physical Geography, its surface being very carefully arranged in relief to show the different elevations on the earth.

The new library building at Michigan University is to be a fire proof building with capacity for 100,000 volumes, with shelving for 50,000. It will also contain a reading-room to accommodate 200 readers; a lecture room to accommodate 250 auditors; a librarian's room with 400 square feet of floor surface, and a room for cataloguing and administration, of not less than 800 square feet of floor surface.

The progress of languages spoken by different people is said to be as follows: English, which at the commencement of the century was only spoken by 22,000,000, is now spoken by 90,000,000; Russian by 63,000,000 instead of 30,000,000; German by 66,000,000 instead of 38,000,000; Spanish by 44,000,000 instead of 32,000,000; Italian by 30,000,000 instead of 18,000,000; Portuguese by 13,000,000 instead of 8,000,000. This is, for England, an increase of 310 per cent.; for Russia, 110 per cent.; for Germany, 70 per cent.; for Spain, 36 per cent., etc. In the case of France, the increase has been from 34,000,000 to 46,000,000, or 36 per cent.—*Enterprise*.

## CLIPPINGS.

He blushed a fiery red,  
Her heart went pit-a-pat;  
She gently hung her head  
And looked down at the mat.  
He trembled in his speech;  
He rose from where he sat  
And shouted with a screech,  
"You're sitting on my hat."

"Bring out your canes," says an Ex.  
But we are not Abel to sport Ev'n Adam  
one.—*Orient*.

A Boston artist painted an orange peel on the sidewalk, and six fat gentlemen slipped upon it and fell down.—*Des Moines Campus*.

The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover has caused "quite a sensation" among the ladies of Westfield, N. Y., who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resolutions:

*Whereas*, It is reported that an Iowa girl died recently in her lover's arms, while being hugged, and

*Whereas*, Judging from experience, we believe such an event utterly impossible, therefore

*Resolved*, That notwithstanding said report, we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risks of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful, perfectly elegant custom abolished.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication.

A day or two since, two French women were passengers on one of the local trains between Virginia City and Carson. They had with them, in a big tin cage, a parrot that annoyed everybody with its constant squalling and gabble. Observing the unfriendly glances that were bestowed upon the bird, one of the women pulled down a cloth cover that was on the top of the cage. When the extingisher was dropped upon the bird and it found itself in the dark, it growled out, "That's smart." The bird kept quiet for a few minutes, then yelled in its shrillest tones: "Look out Sarah, he's going to kiss you!" The conductor, who happened to be in the car, said: "That parrot must be an old traveler on railroads. He seems to think we are passing through a tunnel."

## *Advertisements.*

# BATES COLLEGE.

### *FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.*

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,

President.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,

Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,

Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,

Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,

Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,

Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,

Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,

Professor of Hebrew.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,

Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,

Professor of Mathematics.

### *CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.*

#### *TERMS OF ADMISSION.*

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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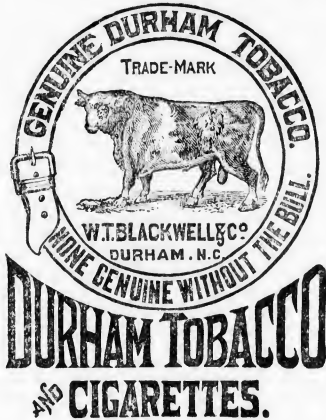
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VOL. IX. No. 9.

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*NOVEMBER, 1881.*

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1881.

# THE BATES STUDENT.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

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THE

# BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

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## THE PRINCIPLE OF EMULATION.

BY T., '82.

THE principle of emulation which in all time has exercised a controlling power over the actions of individuals and nation; which lies at the foundation of all great and glorious achievements in science, literature, and art; which is interwoven into the very tissue of human nature; we find in this age of revolution and reform assailed as not only unchristian and unworthy of the highest manhood, but as a dangerous rule of action allied to the worst passions of the human heart. But let us examine the principle and determine, if may be, what is its nature, what its influence upon the great drama of individual and national life.

Emulation may be defined as a desire to attain superiority by worthy efforts and honest merits—a desire to gain those benefits which an honorable distinction implies and bestows. Fired by emulation the individual seeks to win the approbation of the wise and good through the laudable performance of noble deeds. Prompted by emulation a man strives to attain position, not for the sake of an empty title, nor the low gratification of surpassing others, but for the superior advantages which wealth and station always bring. Of all the motives to human endeavor, this is the most powerful. It excites to the performance of great achievements, to the pursuit of true glory, know-

ing that glory is but the shadow of genius and virtue. It is not satisfied with an empty display of power; it seeks rather those inward adornments so beautiful in man, which time cannot efface.

Cicero remarked that the man of the greatest and most shining parts, is the man most attracted by emulation. Now whatever principle of action prompts to the cultivation of the beautiful and noble in our natures, that principle deserves to be encouraged. But it is associated, we are told, with selfishness, envy, jealousy, and is adverse to the principles of Christianity. It is indeed true that the highest order of greatness thinks not of self, cares not for position or distinction, but pursues knowledge and truth for their own sake, and from its ardent love of them. So, also, the most exalted piety is that which leads a life of purity and virtue because of its love of abstract right and duty. This is unquestionably the highest type of Christianity—if this can be attained by morals. But is not such a type purely ideal, or so rare as to be of little practical value in this world?

There must be some hope of a reward either here or hereafter, to incite men to righteous living. Hence it is that every page of the divine word teems with promises of reward for the righteous—"An hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." In the whole course of God's moral government

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Emulation may be defined as a desire to attain superiority by worthy efforts and honest merits—a desire to gain those benefits which an honorable distinction implies and bestows. Fired by emulation the individual seeks to win the approbation of the wise and good through the laudable performance of noble deeds. Prompted by emulation a man strives to attain position, not for the sake of an empty title, nor the low gratification of surpassing others, but for the superior advantages which wealth and station always bring. Of all the motives to human endeavor, this is the most powerful. It excites to the performance of great achievements, to the pursuit of true glory, know-

ing that glory is but the shadow of genius and virtue. It is not satisfied with an empty display of power; it seeks rather those inward adornments so beautiful in man, which time cannot efface.

Cicero remarked that the man of the greatest and most shining parts, is the man most attracted by emulation. Now whatever principle of action prompts to the cultivation of the beautiful and noble in our natures, that principle deserves to be encouraged. But it is associated, we are told, with selfishness, envy, jealousy, and is adverse to the principles of Christianity. It is indeed true that the highest order of greatness thinks not of self, cares not for position or distinction, but pursues knowledge and truth for their own sake, and from its ardent love of them. So, also, the most exalted piety is that which leads a life of purity and virtue because of its love of abstract right and duty. This is unquestionably the highest type of Christianity—if this can be attained by morals. But is not such a type purely ideal, or so rare as to be of little practical value in this world?

There must be some hope of a reward either here or hereafter, to incite men to righteous living. Hence it is that every page of the divine word teems with promises of reward for the righteous—"An hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." In the whole course of God's moral government

man is urged to a life of industry, virtue, and generosity, by the promise of approval and reward. In the parable we shall see the faithful steward rewarded, and the slothful rebuked for his inaction, and deprived of what he possesses. If emulation be, as has been defined, a desire to merit and obtain those benefits which belong to superior knowledge and virtue, what is it but emulation that excites the individual to pursue a moral and religious life for the sake of some personal benefit? If this be emulation, then it affects not alone our worldly success, but is a thread in the golden cord that binds us to our lost heirship to Paradise. And need this principle be allied to envy or jealousy? Perhaps it sometimes is. That slothful steward, from whom the one talent was taken to be given to the one, who, by industry, had proved his worth—may have cherished envy in his heart,—but must it not have been the product of indolence, rather than emulation?

It is not uncommon to hear this principle objected to by students and the friends of education, as a wrong and dangerous motive power in the government of colleges and seminaries. They advocate the proscription of all college prizes, honors, and distinctions, on the ground that they hold up improper motives of action and excites envy and jealousy. They speak of the unfairness that attends the awarding of honors; of the injury done worthy students by disappointment of their hopes; of the animosities to which such a system gives rise. But these objections are greatly magnified, we think, and on a candid examination it will be found that the arguments in favor of such a system of education will far outweigh the objections made against it.

If emulation means, as has been improperly supposed, a desire to surpass others, or to gain distinction by whatever means, then it justly deserves the con-

demnation of all. But this is not the principle under consideration; nor do we know any students so weak and narrow minded as to be actuated by such motives. This objection is not a valid one. We answer the second, by saying that envy cannot take up its dismal abode in the youthful heart until emulation has forsaken it. Surely a high-minded student will never be envious at the success of another. It is far more honorable to enter the list of competitors and try strength, though often defeated, than to remain inactive. There is no dishonor in defeat, provided one has made an honorable fight, and the benefit resulting from earnest effort is one's own, though otherwise unrewarded. Disappointments are but small clouds that soon drift by, causing only temporary depression. And what if there be some envious malcontents? We have always noticed that discontent is begotten of indolence; that dissatisfaction springs from a consciousness of deserving no reward or distinction. Shall all incentives be removed from the halls of learning? Is the petulance of a disappointed man anything against the principle? Students are proverbially indolent, and were the rewards for industry and merit removed from our colleges, paralysis would seize all its parts, and its members would sink into general inaction. The most wakeful interest is found in schools where emulation is most encouraged. This is indeed the essential spirit in an institution. It is the mainspring of action. It is exercised in every fresh acquisition of knowledge and in every honorable triumph. Not more charming in its innocence is the astonishment of the simple Indian at the flash which accident has drawn from the cold pebble at his feet, than the enthusiasm which flashes from the eye of an unpromising youth aroused by a noble ambition. Without emulation nothing great and glorious in letters, arts,

or arms, ever has been, or ever will be achieved.

The unparalleled development of genius in the Egean Isles, has for two thousand years excited the wonder and admiration of the world. In this nineteenth century—this age of wonders—we are startled by the boldness and grandeur of its achievements. Which of our orators or poets has not drunk long and deep at the crystal fountains of that ancient literature? Which of our artists or architects has not knelt for his models of grace and beauty at the shrine of Grecian art and glory? And how is this singular development of genius to be accounted for? Was it in the perfect combination of beauty and grandeur in those natural surroundings that they found their inspiration? Was it in the beautiful tints which suffused those winding shores; in the unfading green which robed those olive groves, those valleys of delight? Was it in that sky so gloriously blue? Not all of these combined are sufficient to explain it! They doubtless left their happy impress upon the tastes of the people. But we must seek the explanation of their marvelous achievements in some other source. Their vigor and industry were not due to their soft intoxicating climate.

If we look into their history we shall find that emulation was the secret of all their success. The separate existence of so many little islands supplied sources of emulation to which the arrangement of other parts of the globe can afford no parallel. Each island had poets, orators, and sculptors; and to be the first in either of these divine vocations was the highest reward of earthly labor. If Greece had been consolidated into a single island, or peninsula, she would have had but few men of note in any single profession. By the number of her islands emulation was multiplied. The reason that empires do not promote the welfare of the great

masses, and lift them to the highest plains of knowledge and achievement, is that power and favor are generally centered about the single point of the court. The mass of the people despair of attaining public trust, honor, or distinction, and so sink into inactivity. The ability outside of the court perishes in inaction.

Why does our own country stand at the head of the whole civilized world in enterprise and action? Why is the social, moral, and intellectual condition of our people so far superior to that of any other? Why this nation of orators and statesmen? It is because within this general government there are thirty-eight images of that government. Thus are sources of emulation multiplied to the farthest extent. No one who possesses taste and ability need fear living unrecognized. Through these multiplied sources of emulation are aroused the listless ability of the nation—the heavenly fires of patriotism and intelligence.

Upon the altar of the ancient temple of *vesta*, was kept burning a sacred, undying fire. Its extinction was regarded as the most fearful of all evil omens, being emblematic of the extinction of the state. And through the slow march of centuries, fed by the hand of pure maidens, ascended to the gods the smoke of the eternal fire—symbol of the people's life. In the heart of every nation, state, institution, and household, is set up a *vestal altar*, with the sacred injunction, that the fires of a noble emulation be kept burning thereon. Allow them to become extinguished and death will lay his icy fingers upon the pulse of enterprise, the brow of knowledge, and the lips of eloquence. The pen will fall from the lifeless fingers of the poet and historian, the brush and chisel from the palsied hand of the artist and sculptor. In short, there are no depths of lethargy to which man may not sink. But keep these fires alive, nourish them by

the hand of justice, patriotism, and religion, and there are no heights of glory to which he shall not rise.

Standing upon the pinnacle of his achievements, he will write the record of his deeds amid the *stars*.

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### ORIGIN AND FUNCTIONS OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

BY O. L. F., '83.

THE English Parliament is the result of centuries of continuous legislation for the English people. Indeed, it is the final outgrowth of the toil and struggle for liberty of the English nation. Its origin, therefore, cannot be assigned to any one epoch, but must be traced through the successive stages of Parliament formation. Its germ, however, in some respects, indeed, its origin is generally conceded to have been the ancient assembly of the Saxons. At first all classes attended, but afterwards only those that had a special interest at stake, consequently the land holders or Barons and Clergy became the principal representatives.

The business of the assembly was, according to a phrase often found in early documents, "to talk with the king," to hear what he had to propose, and give him an answer. Such a process implies discussion among the members of the assembly, and we find records of such discussions older than the Norman Conquest. About accepting the advice the king could do as he chose; but since he received his revenues for all national purposes chiefly from Barons and Clergy, he usually acquiesced in their decision. Before William the Conqueror, the assembly had often been discontinued, but throughout his reign it was regularly called. This established it firmly, and aided in no small degree in reconciling the Anglo-Saxons to

the Norman rule, for they saw in this a guarantee for the continuation of their ancient customs and privileges.

The composition of Parliament as well as its functions were largely determined by the various charters granted. These were the most potent forces in determining its history. They were usually granted on account of some usurpation of the people's rights, or in compliance with their demands for some new privileges. Thus they were for many years the chief means of obtaining and defending popular liberty. The first charter was given by William. It defined the nature of his government and guaranteed to the people the observance of the laws. There were four of these charters, of much the same tenor, granted before the Magna Charta. This was the most comprehensive of all. It embraced all classes, aristocracy and the people. From this time the rights of the people which they had so long asserted become their tangible possession. Indeed, this act of John has done more to secure the present condition of the liberties of the English people than any other act in their history. It was the first great public act of the English nation after it had recognized its own identity. Stubbs says: "The whole of the constitutional history of England is little more than a commentary on the Magna Charta."

Step by step through the reign of John and Henry III., the principle of parliamentary representation was gaining ground. Before the accession of Edwards I., it was fully established that the Knights, chosen by each shire and Burgesses from every city and town, were an essential part of that assembly of the nation which had now taken the definite name of Parliament.

The body that was first officially called Parliament, met June 11, 1258. The acts decreed were known as the Provisions of Oxford. In these the charters were confirmed, and it was decreed that four



Knights should be chosen by each county to state their grievances, and that three sessions of Parliament should be held every year. On the 20th of January, 1265, there assembled, at London, a Parliament composed on a different model from any previous great council of the Kingdom. Besides the Barons and Clergy there were present two Knights from each shire and two Burgesses from every city and town. These two classes, though for the present sitting in one chamber with the nobles, formed the germ of the House of Commons.

In the earlier Parliament each of the four orders, Clergy, Barons, Knights, and Burgesses met and deliberated apart from one another. This isolation, however, of the estates soon showed signs of decay. The Knights were drawn by the similarity of their social position into a close connection with the Barons. The Burgesses on the other hand took little part in Parliamentary proceedings, except in those which related to the taxation of their classes. But their position was raised by the wars of Edward II., when their aid was needed by the Barons in their struggle with the Crown; and their right to share fully in all the legislative actions was asserted in the statutes of 1322. A right they have exercised ever since. Gradually, through causes with which we are imperfectly acquainted, the Knights drifted from their older connection with the Barons into so close and intimate a union with the Burgesses that, at the opening of the reign of Edward III., the two orders are found grouped formally together under the name of Commons, while the Barons became the Lords. In this form Parliament has been preserved ever since. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this change. Had Parliament remained broken up into its four orders of Clergy, Barons, Knights, and Citizens its power would have been neu-

tralized at every great crisis by the jealousies and difficulty of co-operations among its component parts. A permanent union of Knights and Barons, on the other hand, would have converted Parliament into the mere representative of an aristocratic class, and robbed it of the strength that it has drawn from its connection with the great body of the commercial classes. The political union of the Knights with the Burgesses, and their social connection with the Barons welded the three orders into one, and gave that unity of feeling and action to Parliament on which its power has ever since mainly depended.

Yet this peculiar constitution of the English Parliament, which has been transplanted and imitated in so many countries of the civilized world, was simply the result of an accident. The Clergy failed to take root as a separate body and thus died out of all strictly parliamentary life. Two estates only remained, and the relation of those two estates gradually settled themselves in a way which no one could have foreseen in the days of Edward I., nay more, judges and other lawyers received the summons to Parliament as well as Lords, Clergy, and Commons. But no estate of lawyers ever came into full being. The Lords and Commons alone lived on and flourished.

Thus the English Parliament, like the English constitution, came of itself. A series of accidents, or rather a series of historical causes, gave it its present shape. Its special functions have gradually been given it by the events of English history. They were never deliberately invented or ordained by any particular man at any particular time. There was no moment in English history when men said that two Houses would do the work better than one. The system of two Houses came of itself. The House of Commons grew out of the representative element by the side of the House of Lords, which grew out of

the non-representative element. That this is so, is the result, not of any abstract theory, not of any set purposes of any kind, but of that web of causes and accidents which makes up the history of England.

Thus we see the British Parliament claims an origin as ancient as that of the British nation itself, and they have grown and become strong together according to the immediate needs of successive generations. No better deliberative body could be devised for that people. Its growth has been so gradual, yet so timely, that it has adapted itself to nearly every demand of the English government. In short, it has been the grand instrument for obtaining the liberties of England. It has been patented, as it were, as the time and circumstances demanded, so that to-day it is acknowledged as the most comprehensive and practical legislative body in the world.

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#### DESTINY IN HUMAN LIFE.

BY A. B., '84.

**I**T is plain that every one is influenced in life by destiny. This destiny is manifest in youth, at middle life its power has become strong, and in declining years it assumes a definite character, from whose power we can hardly escape.

When life is drawing to its close men often search for the motive power that has ruled them, but in the thoughtless hours of youth we rarely consider the effect which present action has upon future life. The destiny that rules us is a creature of our own making,—commenced in childhood, and increased by every word, and action, and thought, till it rises above us and rules over us. The words that we utter, and the actions that we perform, not only have their effect upon those with whom we

associate, but they have a reflexive influence of far greater weight upon ourselves. This influence encircles us like a magnetic chain, and operates upon us when we are least conscious of its workings. In this mysterious chain, every word and every action, even the most minute, forms a link; and the thoughts and inmost motive of the heart form the electric current with which it is charged.

The first links in this chain are small, being commensurate with the powers of youth; but they at once exercise their influence upon their author, urging to the performance of more and greater actions of a similar kind, till at last we are entirely encircled and our destiny is fixed.

If our actions are uniformly noble, and our thoughts pure, we increase in true greatness till duty becomes a pleasure, and devotion to a noble cause our delight. We forget self, and the noble influence of the destiny that we have formed renders us equal to every occasion. But, if our actions are base and our thoughts low, we form a destiny of far different character,—its aspect is loathsome and its touch is poison. The noble spirit which God has given us may still live, and at times shoot forth from within its prison bars, in the performance of some noble action which the world admires, while it detests the author. And yet this direful destiny is a creature of our own formation,—so feeble at first that we can hardly perceive its workings, but so powerful at last that we can hardly escape its grasp. How important, then, that in early youth we should endeavor, by the help of our Creator, to have every action and thought of the highest order. Motives do not appear to the world; they are entirely within and they exercise their influence directly upon the heart.

He that lives nobly dies nobly, and nobly enters the world beyond.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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WE have been unable to determine in our own minds, since we assumed the management of the *STUDENT*, why it is that our alumni take so little interest in its welfare. Not more than a half or a third of our graduates are subscribers to this single representative of their *Alma Mater*. Why is it? Are our men too poor to keep up their subscription after graduation? Assuredly not. The majority succeed in obtaining good positions, and consequently a good income. Has the *STUDENT* failed to represent the interests of the alumni? No. All we have spoken with concerning the matter seem well satisfied with its management. What then is the trouble? There is a certain class of young men who think that as soon as they have gained their diploma and paid their college bills, they owe nothing to Bates. But this ought not to be. They *do* owe something to their *Alma Mater*. They owe their influence, their assistance in times of need, and their hearty co-operation to undergraduates in their efforts to advance the interests of our college. We have been encouraged in our work during the past year by the kind words of more than one alumnus. Quite a number have, at our earnest solicitation, contributed articles to the literary department of the *STUDENT*. For these favors we have been sincerely grateful. If the majority of our graduates would take such a substantial interest in our prosperity, we should soon be able to present to our friends a much more satisfactory magazine.

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Would it not be a good plan to change the form of the *STUDENT* during the coming year, as well as the time of its issue? The present magazine form may make a convenient volume for library shelves, but in other respects there are few arguments

in its favor. Out of the hundred exchanges we receive each month, not more than a dozen preserve the magazine form. Harvard, Yale, and Cornell, each have distinctively literary magazines, but they are double the size of the *STUDENT*. What we need at Bates is not a literary magazine as her representative periodical, but a live college paper published twice a month. The folio form now used by all the leading colleges is much more convenient and attractive to the students. Such a change would, of course, necessitate an increase in the number of students on the editorial board, but this could be easily arranged. If three editors were chosen from each class, with a managing editor from the Senior class, there would be little difficulty in publishing a bi-monthly at Bates. If such a plan were adopted a greater interest in the *STUDENT* would be developed among our undergraduates, and the college would be better represented before the eyes of the public. Will not the class of '83 make a move in the right direction?

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We are pleased to see in the catalogue just issued, the names of Geo. S. Dickerman and Wm. H. Bowen, as lecturers in history and natural theology, respectively. In securing these men, and in instituting lectures of such a nature, we feel that the college has taken a step in the right direction. There has long been a need of something of this sort. The number of professors is so limited, and each professor pressed with the care of so many classes, that necessarily there has been heretofore few lectures outside the regular course. We hope, before many years elapse, to see a Professor of History at Bates, but knowing that the condition of college finances will not admit of such a thing at present, we

feel grateful to the college for giving us at least, a lecturer. We know Mr. Dickerman as a man of broad culture and eminent ability, and extend to him a hearty welcome. Those who have listened to Dr. Bowen's logical and pointed sermons, cannot fail to rejoice that the students are to be permitted to listen to his clear and earnest thoughts upon natural theology. The college could hardly have secured two fitter men. So far as we personally are concerned our only regret is that this step was not taken three years ago.

There has lately been instituted at Amherst College, a system which will be anxiously watched by all American colleges, and which, if successful, must revolutionize the present methods of college government. Of course it may take years to decide whether such a mode of government can be successful, but it certainly looks plausible. The plan is something like the common court form. A jury or board of reference is selected from among the several classes, and this board is to hear evidence and settle difficulties, and decide upon all matters pertaining to the government of the students. In their hands is placed the power to suspend or expel. All acts of the board are to be subject to the approval of the college president. There are certainly many things in favor of the plan, and many against it. It is entirely new and can only be tested by continued trial. We are sorry to see by the papers that the plan does not meet with favor among Amherst students. They ought certainly to give it an honest trial before condemning it. There ought to be an improvement in the methods in general use, and it is possible that a fair trial might show this to be the very thing needed.

"In the present Congress thirty-four

Senators and twenty-eight Representatives are college graduates." The preceding statement we notice in one of our exchanges, and wish it might be read by all those young men who are debating with themselves the question, "Shall I go to college or not?" Not many years ago college graduates were comparatively rare, as it was thought to be and was a great undertaking for a young man, with no resources but his own hands and brains, to secure a college education. Hence few, except the sons of wealthy parents, could avail themselves of its advantages. Now it is far different, and no young man with fair ability and good health, however poor he may be, need despair of obtaining a college education. The number of yearly graduates is increasing, and, while a few years ago we found them only in the so-called learned professions, we now find them in all occupations from the farmer to the statesman. Higher education is becoming general, and, in the hot competition of every business and profession, he finds himself at a disadvantage who is without it. We find college graduates occupying the majority of the places of trust and responsibility in business life, and it is now rare indeed, that we find a young man studying either of the learned professions without having first taken a classical course. Nearly all of our politicians and statesmen who have achieved anything like success are educated men, and the greater number of them graduates of some classical institution.

It is well known that steel pens will corrode and become worthless in a short time. When we desire to preserve a pen as long as possible, we are very careful to wipe it thoroughly, and even then the acid in the ink will soon corrode and ruin it. To protect steel pens from this injurious action of the ink, Mr. C. E. Sargent of Bates, '83, made use of a principle well

known to science and thoroughly established by many years of constant application in the arts. The principle as stated by Olmstead's College Philosophy, on page 276, is as follows: "In a dilute acid put two plates, one of copper and the other of zinc, and connect by a wire. A feeble flow of electricity will take place through the wire, the plates, and the liquid. So long as the circuit is closed no corrosion of the copper plate can take place, but break the circuit and the acid at once attacks and corrodes it." As further authority for the fact that zinc has the power to protect other metals, we quote, *verbatim*, the following from the article on Sir Humphrey Davy, in the American Encyclopedia.

"In 1826, Sir Humphrey Davy had his attention directed by the commissioners of the navy to the corrosion of the copper sheathing on the bottom of vessels, by the sea water. He ascertained that the corrosion is due to the joint action of the air and the saline ingredients in the water. He succeeded in protecting the copper sheathing from corrosion by rendering it negatively electrical by small pieces of tin or zinc, or iron nails. These metals making a surface of copper, two hundred or three hundred times their own size, so electrical as to have no action on sea water. This effectually prevented all corrosion." The Encyclopedia Britannica gives substantially the same statement as the American.

Now, by soldering or riveting a narrow strip of zinc to the concave side of any pen, we have a miniature galvanic battery. When the pen, thus protected, is immersed in ink, a gentle current of electricity at once begins to flow from the pen, through the metallic connection, to the zinc, and thence through the acid ink to the pen again. And so long as this flow of electricity continues, no corrosion of the pen is possible. Wishing to know its

value from personal experience, we secured from Mr. Sargent, about three months ago, a common Spencerian pen with the zinc attachment. Since then it has done service for two college students, which is no small amount. We have purposely neglected to wipe or clean it in any way, but we can't spoil it. To-day it will make just as fine and a little smoother mark than on the day we got it. Another of these pens was put in a bottle of ink and kept there for a month. It was then taken out and wiped; no traces of corrosion were to be seen. These, with many other severe tests, have established in our mind the utility of the invention. Another valuable, because convenient, feature is that the strip of zinc, by being curved at its lower extremity, forms a receptacle for a large amount of ink, thus making it a fountain pen. One does not need to dip the pen in ink more than once while writing a page of congress letter paper.

Now, boys, since we have here an article of real merit, let us benefit ourselves, and him to, by patronizing this work of a Bates inventor. The patent for the non-corrosive pen has been applied for.

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### LOCALS.

I stood on the porch at evening,  
When the sun went silently down,  
And the Junebug bright in the starry night  
Flew merrily through the town.

O, the hallowed hours of that evening!  
O, the cruel caprice of fate!  
Her father, unkind, came up from behind,  
And fired me over the gate.

"Where does Parker Hall live?"

Perkins' Orchestra is having a big run at the college now.

Read in this number the full description of C. E. Sargent's invention.

W. S. Hoyt, '82, has just returned from a successful school in Georgetown.

Sargent's non-corrosive pen will out-wear a half dozen ordinary pens.

F. L. Blanchard, '82, has just returned after finishing a ten weeks' school in Weld Village.

Hold, presumptuous Freshman! How bold art thou! Listen to the voice of age and experience!

Blackwell's Durham "Long Cut" received the golden medal at the Australian International Exhibition.

Prof.—"Mr. E., translate." Student—"He is absent." Prof.—"Perfectly right! Probably couldn't have done it if he'd been here."

Mr. I. M. Norcross, '82, has again resumed his college duties, after being absent a few weeks to finish out a school at Livermore Falls.

The Bates Glee Club went to Lisbon a few weeks since, and entertained the natives with college songs. The boys report "a big time."

Professor (to student who has conjugated *mourir* with the wrong auxiliary)—"If a man was dead would he say *J'ai mort*, or *Je suis mort*?"

First Student—"I must go home." Second Student—"Where is that, on C—l Street?" First Student—"Oh no, not yet!" Third Student—"That is where your home-in-law is, isn't it?"

The Seniors, to a man, are of the opinion, should the earth happen to come so near the sun, at perihelion, as to scrape against it, that you couldn't realize a dime on a life insurance policy even if pronounced legally valid.

Amherst students who attend nine-tenths of the recitations are not required to attend the examinations.—*Hamilton Literary Monthly*.

If a man at Bates should cut one-tenth of the recitations during a term, in all probability he would not have an oppor-

tunity to pass an examination. He would get the grand bounce, regardless of his knowledge of the studies.

By mistake the last number of the student contained the following: "Millet, formerly of '83, has entered '84." It should have read Nutter instead of Millet.

We hope all the members of the college patronize those business firms advertised in the STUDENT, so far as possible. By helping them you will help your own interests.

Genteel Wife (to uncultivated husband while out sailing)—"My dear George, will you please tell me if those animals are amphibious?" Husband—"No, they're porpoises, you d—d fool."

Match game of ball between the Preps and Freshmen: Prep gets to third base. Long fly to centre. All the Preps shout, "Go home." Prep (mistaking the meaning of the word home), scoots for his room.

We have just received from the publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co., "The Banner of Victory" song book, and "Cambridge Trifles, or Splutterings from an Undergraduate's Pen." Both are interesting works.

The editors of the STUDENT for next year have been appointed from the Junior class, and are as follows: C. E. Sargent, Editor-in-Chief; O. L. Gile, C. J. Atwater, Everett Remick, and J. L. Reade, Associate Editors.

About twenty-five of the ladies and gentlemen of the college went to Lisbon at the close of Mr. Murch's school and had "a big time" number two. The exercises consisted of a spelling school, select reading, music, etc.

Prof. (in Chemistry)—"Mr. D., what peculiar property has lead?" Mr. D.—"It is heavy." Prof.—"For what purposes may this property render it very use-

ful?" Mr. D. (laconically)—"Sinkers." Prof.—"You may sit, if you please."

The officers of the Reading Room Association for the coming year are as follows: President, F. L. Blanchard; Vice President, F. E. Foss; Treasurer and Secretary, W. H. Dresser; Executive Committee, S. A. Lowell, '82, E. J. Hatch, '83, W. D. Wilson, '84.

W. D. Wilson, '84, has gone to Harper's Ferry to teach in Storer College. The boys gave him a good send off. Good luck to you, Wilson! While you are basking among the sweet potato vines of Virginia, think of us, poor sinners, shivering among the snow drifts of Maine.

A few mornings since a little brown dog came into the Senior recitation room. The professor was endeavoring to give the class a clear idea of the "abstract," the "concrete," and more especially the "concept." The dog necessarily became restless and attracted the attention of the boys, when the professor remarked: "Mr. T., will you please turn out this concrete object so that we may be enabled to get a clear idea of the concept?"

The following have been elected officers of the Freshman class: President, C. A. Washburn; Vice President, Miss N. M. Parlin; Secretary, J. H. Dike; Executive Committee, C. E. Tedford, D. C. Washburn, J. M. Nichols; Treasurer, C. E. Tedford; Orator, M. A. Drew; Poet, J. H. Dike; Chaplain, W. V. Whitmore; Historian, C. F. Bryant; Prophetess, Miss N. M. Parlin; Toast-master, C. M. Ludden; Reporter, A. B. Morrill; Marshal, W. B. Small; Odist, H. H. Robinson.

The following have been elected officers of the Senior class: President, L. T. McKenney; Secretary, G. P. Emmons; Vice President, W. S. Hoyt; Treasurer, C. E. Mason; Executive Committee, B. W. Murch, B. G. Eaton, L. M. Tarr; Orator,

O. H. Tracy; Prophet, F. L. Blanchard; Historian, J. F. Merrill; Poetess, Miss J. B. Foster; Parting Address, S. A. Lowell; Toast-master, W. V. Twaddle; Odists, D. E. Pease, Miss E. B. Forbes; Marshal, E. R. Richards; Chaplain, W. T. Skelton. The election was distinguished by great harmony and good feeling.

We wish to call the attention of all the students to the fact that D. N. Grice, of '83, is prepared to accommodate all who have baggage to be carried to and from the depot. For obvious reasons he has not the same opportunities to make money that his fellow-students have. He cannot easily obtain a school. How many of us would escape bankruptcy if we hadn't any more resources than he has? It will cost us no more to employ him than it will to patronize others, but to him it would be worth as much as a fine term of school. When we come back in the spring let us drop him a card telling him when to meet us. We can, by this means, greatly assist one of our own number, a most worthy person, to continue his college course. This is written entirely without the knowledge of Mr. Grice, and simply because it seems to us a duty to assist one so deserving, and so appreciative of all favors. He can be seen at the college any day.

Thursday evening, November 10th, the Bates Glee Club, under the efficient leadership of Mr. J. W. Douglass, assisted by Ballard and Stinchfield, Lewiston, gave a concert at Hebron Academy. At an early hour the hall was well filled, and before the concert began every seat was occupied. The programme was as follows:

Piano Duet,	Ballard and Stinchfield.
Song,	Glee Club.
Banjo Duet,	Richards and Gilpatric.
Violin Solo,	Ballard.
Duet, with Chorus,	Douglass and Perkins.
Piano Solo,	Ballard.
Song,	Glee Club.
Banjo Duet,	Richards and Gilpatric.
Solo,	Wilson.
Horn Solo,	Stinchfield.

Song, Glee Club.  
Overture,—Piano and Violin, Ballard and Stinchfield.

Song, Glee Club.  
After the first two or three selections, everything was encored.

The second division of Freshman prize declamations occurred Friday evening, October 28th. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. Extract from Emmet's Speech. C. E. Stevens.
2. What Might Have Been. W. W. Jenness.

3. Ideas the Life of a People.—Curtis. A. F. Gilbert.
4. Has the Capitol Been Captured?—Frye. J. H. Dike.

MUSIC.

5. Virginius to the Roman Army.—Kellogg. W. B. Small.
6. Incentives to Duty.—Sumner. Frank Blake.

7. Eulogy on Daniel Webster.—Clark. Charles P. Bryant.

CORNET SOLO.

8. The Maiden Martyr. Nellie Dennett.
9. Regulus to the Roman Senate. D. C. Washburn.

10. Citizenship.—Lossing. R. E. Atwood.

MUSIC.

11. The Last Charge of Ney.—Headley. J. M. Nichols.
12. Joan of Arc and Bishop of Beauvais.—DeQuincey. Josephine Woodside.

13. National Hatreds are Barbarous.—Choate. C. A. Scott.

MUSIC.

The committee of award, W. H. Cogswell, S. W. Douglass, and W. G. Clark, selected Gilbert, Bryant, Blake, and Dike, to speak in the prize division. Miss Dennett deserves honorary mention. Music by Perkins' Orchestra.

Prize declamations by the third division of the Freshman class were held on Friday evening, November 4th. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. Extract.—Curtis. G. A. Goodwin.
2. Pyramids not all Egyptian.—Barnes. C. A. Washburn.

3. The New Sangreal. Mamie Emerson.

MUSIC.

4. Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin. M. N. Drew.
5. Liberty.—Dewey. C. W. Harlow.

6. The Curse of Regulus. Fred Gilpatric.

MUSIC.

7. Valley Forge.—Brown. C. E. Tedford.
8. Spartacus to the Roman Envoys.—Sargent. C. T. Walter.

9. The March of Mind.—Lofland. F. S. Forbes.

MUSIC.

10. Speech of Kossuth. H. F. Thurston.
11. Margery Gray.—Dow. Fannie B. Libby.

12. Extract.—Ingersoll. H. D. Eminger.

MUSIC.

The committee of award, J. F. Merrill, H. S. Bullen, and W. T. Skelton, selected Washburn, Drew, Tedford, and Forbes to compete in the prize division. Mr. Walter and Miss Libby also deserve special mention. Music by Perkins' Orchestra.

The fourth, or prize division of the Freshman declamations, occurred Friday evening, November 11th, at College Chapel. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin. M. N. Drew.
2. Incentives to Duty.—Sumner. Frank Blake.

3. Has the Capitol Been Captured?—Frye. J. H. Dike.

MUSIC.

4. Abraham Lincoln.—Beecher. A. B. Morrill.
5. Pyramids not all Egyptian.—Barnes. C. A. Washburn.

6. Eulogy on Daniel Webster.—Clark. B. F. Bryant.

MUSIC.

7. Ideas the Life of a People.—Curtis. A. F. Gilbert.
8. The American Flag.—Beecher. M. P. Tobey.



9. The March of Mind.—Loffland.  
F. S. Forbes.

MUSIC.

10. Valley Forge.—Brown.

C. E. Tedford.

11. Duty of the American Scholar.—Curtis.

W. V. Whitmore.

12. Robert of Sicily.—Longfellow.

Nellie M. Parlin.

MUSIC.

The committee of award, Rev. A. S. Ladd, Rev. G. S. Dickerman, and Rev. W. H. Bowen, awarded the prize to Mr. Gilbert, and honorably mentioned Morrill and Tedford. This was a first-class division. The fortunate contestants spoke finely. All deserved complimentary notice, and to the eleven who did not get the prize, we will say that it is no discredit to be second in such a division. Music by Perkins' Orchestra.

The annual public meeting of the Polynesian Society was held at the College Chapel, Wednesday evening, Oct. 26th. Perkins' Orchestra furnished music. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Declamation.—Extract from Fitch.

Sumner Hackett.

Select Reading.—The Aged Prisoner.

Miss F. A. Dudley.

Eulogy.—John Knox.

L. M. Tarr.

MUSIC.

Discussion.—Is Hero Worship Beneficial to Mankind?

Aff.: L. T. McKenney. Neg.: C. J. Atwater.

MUSIC.

Oration.—The Principle of Emulation.

O. H. Tracy.

Paper.

W. A. Davis, Miss E. L. Knowles.

MUSIC.

The small audience present were much interested. The audience expected a fine oration, and were not disappointed. The paper received a good share of attention.

The first division of the Sophomore prize debates occurred Saturday evening, Nov. 12th. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

DEBATE.

*Question.*—Was Oliver Cromwell a greater man than Napoleon Bonaparte?

AFF.

NEG.

C. H. Curtis,  
Miss E. M. Brackett,  
F. S. Sampson.

Sumner Hackett,  
C. S. Flanders.

MUSIC.

S. A. Lowell, J. W. Douglass, O. H. Tracy, and W. H. Dresser decided that Mr. Flanders had earned the prize. His argument was pointed and his delivery spirited and effective. Miss Brackett's argument was very creditable. It was a stormy evening and the audience was small.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The *Musical Record* for November contains the following articles: "The Tam-Tam," "John Sebastian Bach," "Review of Recent Concerts," "Musical Generosities," "Listening," "Listz's Birthday." The music published in this number deserves special attention. The vocal and instrumental pieces are as follows: "The Lord is my Shepherd," "The Star of the North," "Lilian," "Hunting Song."

We have received a copy of the *Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln* from the publisher. It is the poorest attempt at tragedy writing we ever saw. The author attempts to bring every important character of the Rebellion upon the stage during the play. He mingles with the language of tragedy the cheapest slang and negro songs of the street. The writer is entirely off his base.

*The Method of Teaching the Latin Language* as employed at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H.; Tabulated by John Wentworth Sanborn; Boston, J. S. Cushing printer, 16 Hawley St. This little pamphlet is designed to assist teachers and private students in a thorough study of

the Latin language. As it is but a tabulated table for parsing the parts of speech, it in no way lessens the drudgery of grammar work, but rather systematizes it for the convenience of the pupil. With this work in his hand the pupil soon learns how to dispose of every Latin word. For twenty-five cents, a copy of the book will be sent postpaid by the author from Perry, N. Y.

*A Romance of the Nineteenth Century. The author's reply to his critics.* In this fourteen-paged pamphlet the author makes some explanations for the benefit of his English critics.

*The Evolutionist at Large*, by Grant Allen; Humbolt edition. Fitzgerald & Co. publishers, New York. The subject of evolution, although an interesting one to scientists, is, nevertheless, a rather dull one to ordinary people. This is due, in a great measure, to the fact that those who discuss this subject, presuppose an extended acquaintance of the principles of science on the part of their readers. Mr. Allen, the author of *The Evolutionist at Large*, fittingly says in his preface:

"Ordinary people cannot be expected to interest themselves in the *flexor pollicis longus*, or the *hippocampus major*, about whose very existence they are ignorant, and whose names suggest to them nothing but unpleasant ideas. What they want to find out is how the outward and visible forms of plants and animals were produced."

With this thought in mind, the writer proceeds to develop his subject by the use of simple, familiar objects as illustrations. The ripe strawberry, the gambolling lamb on the hillside, a sprig of crow-foot,—objects familiar to all, are employed in his explanations. The author's style is easy and graceful. By easy stages he carries the reader over the difficult places of his subject, and succeeds in giving him a very clear and practical knowledge of the leading facts of evolution. The work is especially adapted to the use of students and general readers.

## EXCHANGES.

There are few persons, outside of the editorial boards of our college periodicals, who are aware of the high grade of poetry maintained by the college press of this country. Since we assumed the duties of exchange editor, we have had the privilege of examining, monthly, more than a hundred papers and magazines edited by college students, and have had, therefore, ample opportunity to note their excellencies as well as defects. In the higher grade of these periodicals no feature has afforded us more pleasure than the poetry. College poetry is peculiar in its subjects and style. Emanating as it does from the best educated class of young men in the world, it is not strange that it should be characterized by the enthusiasm and passion of youth. The poems which have found the greatest favor in the eyes of the college press are those which embody some touching or tender sentiment. Young men are more given to singing in verse the praises of a pair of blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair, than the beauties of Platonic philosophy. They often find subjects for dainty poems in what would appear to olden people to be very trifling objects. Here is one from the *Acta*, entitled

### A SKEIN OF ZEPHYR.

In a quaint Queen Anne chair,  
Dressed in silk and laces rare,  
Æsthetic from her eyes of blue  
Down to her high-heeled, buckled shoe,  
A maiden sat. Oh! wondrous fair.

A youth sat idly in the glare  
Of a lamp of antique ware,  
Holding, as many others do,  
A skein of zephyr.

She with a graceful, languid air,  
Wound the zephyr ball with care,  
And as the soft ball larger grew,  
Into her toils his heart she drew;  
So I warn you, youths, beware  
A skein of zephyr!

"F. D. S." who, by the way, has written some of choicest bits of poetry we have

read for a long time, contributes this old-fashioned rondo to a recent number of the *Argo*:

HER BUCKLE SHOE.

Her buckle shoe ye bootman dyd  
Make of ye smoothe, soft skyn of kyd;  
Cut low, ye sylk hose to reveale;  
Trym, taper-toed; and for ye heel  
A daynty, upturned pyramyd.

Full lyghtlye o'er ye floor she slyd—  
( When at ye ball ye festyve fyd—  
Dle called ye couples for ye reel )—

Her buckle shoe.

Ye youth doth love thatt leathern lyd,  
'Neath whych fyve small, pynk toes are hyd  
Lyke lyttle myce who never squeale,  
They have some corn, perdie ! I feel  
Ye wycked cause of thatt,—*est id* :

Her buckle shoe.

F. D. S.

But college poetry is not entirely devoted to sentimentalism. Nature furnishes many a sketch for the muse to elaborate in verse. Here is a sonnet from the *Crimson*, entitled

EAGLE LAKE, MAINE.

The evening sun still brightens all the west  
And sends his mellow rays across the lake,  
Lying in shadow, to the green hill-tops,  
That answer with a smile of luminous peace.  
Purely the waves transparent kiss the shore,  
And with a steady love the west-wind blows  
Refreshing cool. A moment yet I stay,  
While the soft hills grow purple, and the sea's  
Sweet lips are tinged with violet at the approach  
Of her unloved and dark-browed suitor, Night.  
Alas, poor timorous lake ! It dreads to shift  
Its leaden waves in heavy restlessness  
Under a midnight sky ; it fears to pass  
Thus darkly to the rosy ray of morn.

This, too, taken from the *Argo*, is quite suggestive :

FOX FIRE.

Within the lonely forest, dark and low,  
Beneath the shadow of the moaning trees,  
The solitary hunter sometimes sees  
A feeble and half-intermittent glow.  
Which woodsmen call the fox-fire,—and they know

Its fire is colder than the northern breeze.  
'Tis dead, as are the barren, autumn leas,  
Waiting the coming of their robe of snow.

False as the fox-fire of the lonely night  
Is the love-sparkle in a woman's eyes ;  
At first approach it beams a welcome light,  
And seems to beckon on to win the prize.  
Too soon it fades before the longing sight,  
Too soon one finds its promises are lies.

When, a few weeks ago, the earth was covered with a richly adorned mantle of green, the following song, from the *Harvard Echo*, possessed peculiar significance :

SUMMER'S SONG.

O west wind, blowing listlessly about the mossy eaves,—

The soft replies that echo from the rustling of the leaves,

The brook that chants like music, the plashing of the pond,

The cricket, chirping dreamily in pasture slope beyond :

Your sweet low sounds have lulled me, in days now vanished long,

Through many a summer noontime, with strains of measured song.

Ah ! varied still, in varying hours, has come that gentle strain,

Like anthem chorus has it soothed my waiting hours of pain ;

With notes of glee it raised the glad some song of boyhood's years ;

In youth it echoed tremulous to changing hopes and fears ;

Then, gentler still, like seraph music floating from above,

It voiced the old, sweet story,—the heaven-born song of love.

Thus have I heard your melody ; thus with your changing song

Across my wakened memory a host of visions throng.

Like silver chime that strain has come, and rung the sombre change

Of joy or fear or sorrow throughout my lifetime's range ;

And when that life lies fainting on the brink where life must cease,

Still may the chime ring sweetly the melody of peace !

The humor of college poetry is well known. Those who have watched the "clippings" of this magazine have seen some of the best specimens we have

found. The *Yale Record* recently published the following :

ONE DAY.

When fiery Lucifer with mighty scratch  
Upon the mountain's back has lit his match;  
And when old Zephyr with his bellows gay  
Has puffed the budding morn to full-blown day;  
When Sol has driven past the midday goal  
And down the westward course begun to roll;  
When creatures of a day have three times drunk,  
And Morpheus has tucked each in his bunk;  
When Madam Night at bashful Vesper's call  
Has thrown about our heads her old black shawl;  
And when the last deep stroke of twelve is done;  
One day is finished, and one more begun.

The *Columbia Spectator* is responsible for the following :

O RŪS BEATUM !

The lane was lined with leafy trees,  
The moon was shining brightly over,  
The gently-whisp'ring evening breeze  
Brought odors sweet from fields of clover.  
Behind them lay the glare of light  
Whence came the sound of waltzes, sighing  
Upon the silent air of night,  
And o'er the meadows slowly dying.  
Along the way that stretched ahead,  
He strolled, the maid beside him tripping,  
"These lanes are awful rough," she said,  
"And I can't move without my slipping."  
He hesitated for a while,  
But growing soon, a little bolder,  
Encouraged by the winning smile  
That lit the face so near his shoulder,  
He twined his arm around her waist  
He gently said : "Miss May, I'm ready,—  
If such support is to your taste,—  
To lend my aid, your steps to steady."  
No matter where the path-way led,  
Tho' rough the lane that lined the clover,  
No more about the roads was said  
Until the moon-light walk was over;  
Then, peeping at him thro' the maze  
Of curls that twined about her forehead,  
She smiling said : "Those country ways  
Aren't all so very, very horrid."

There is a spontaneity in these productions of undergraduates which is quite refreshing. The thought is not often encumbered with a superfluity of words.

Several of our colleges have deemed the poems of the students of sufficient merit to have them collected and published in book form. "Elm Leaves," compiled from the columns of the Yale papers, and published last spring, was a book of this kind. It was not our purpose, at this time, to write an extended article upon college poetry, but simply by giving a few specimens clipped at random, to call the attention of the exchange and student world to this feature of our papers and magazines.

The *Occident*, a rival of the *Berkeleyan*, asks for admission to our sanctum. After having come so far we have not the heart to refuse our Western visitor. We bid you welcome, *Occident*. This new exchange is hardly up to its neighbor in enterprise or literary standing. It has but six pages of matter besides the advertisements. It contains but one thing worthy of preservall, and that is a simile taken from a professor's lecture. The beauty of this must be read to be appreciated, and so we give it below :

"A glacier may be likened to human life. High up in the lofty recesses of the mountain, it is formed from white snow, the very emblem of innocence and purity, which descends like a spirit from Heaven. Gradually this purest material is made more compact, and hardened, as the character of the man is formed. It moves down the great cañon of life, carrying along with it the impurities which force themselves upon it. It is hemmed in on each side by lofty and solid walls, the impassable barriers set up by society. It is urged forward by an irresistible power from behind, the never-ceasing roll of time, groaning and complaining as it moves. At last it emerges from its place of grinding toil. Its ruggedness is melted away. It is reduced to a stream of bright, sparkling, clearest water, and hurries away to lose itself in the great ocean of eternity."

The *Niagara Index* begins its career this fall with a new board of editors. We are led to believe from the editorials and exchange department that the *Index* pro-



## HARVARD.

The Harvard Legislature is dead.

Mr. Riddle has severed his connection with Harvard.

The *Crimson* and *Advocate* are now delivered at the students' rooms.

One of the performers on the horizontal bar at the Summer Circus in Paris, is a graduate of '76.

## WILLIAMS.

The fall athletics passed off very successfully.

The subject of physical training is receiving special attention this term.

A subscription of one dollar was collected Tuesday, from each student in Williams College, as a contribution to the Garfield monument fund at Cleveland. The amount raised among the members of the college will probably exceed \$300. President Carter and his wife have each subscribed \$100.

## YALE.

There are about 154,000 volumes in the library.

The *Banner* is the oldest college annual in existence.

The students of the undergraduate department are divided as follows: Seniors, 158; Juniors, 222; Sophomores, 167; Freshmen, 224.

## CLIPPINGS.

## WESTERN TELEGRAPHIC UNION.

A dainty youth from Oberlin  
All on a summer's day,  
Went out to walk upon the mall,  
And met a maiden gay.

The maiden worked a telegraph;  
But then, she was so neat  
The youth just gave one rapturous look,  
And tumbled at her feet.

Her eyes a perfect battery,  
Smiled on him from above,  
And through his zinking heart there shot  
*Electric shocks* of love.

He rose, and seized her by the hand,  
And called her his attraction;  
"Now shan't we close the circuit, dear?  
I love you to distraction."

She said she thought he was a cell,  
But still their *polls* drew nearer:

What next? *Electric sparks*, of course,  
For what could there be clearer?

He wooed and won her on the spot,  
Exactly where he found her.  
They did the business with *despatch*,  
And sealed it with a "*sounder*."

R. R.

## NOT WORLDLY-MINDED.

"Fair maid, than all others more artless,  
Thou lov'st not the world's empty show,  
Thou lovest the beauties of nature,  
The flowers and the soft, fleecy snow."

"Oh, yes; truly spoke," quoth the maiden,  
"I love not the world; but of old  
I so loved the flowers, that I chose one  
For my motto in life,—marigold."

—Crimson.

## GO SLOW.

When you a pair of bright eyes meet,  
That make your heart in rapture beat:  
When one voice seems to you more sweet  
Than any other voice you know—

Go slow, my friend, go slow!  
For brightest eyes have oft betrayed.  
And sweetest voice of youth and maid  
The very falsest things have said,  
And thereby wrought a deal of woe;  
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

—University Record.

Prof. Political Economy—"What word, meaning money in Latin, shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?" Junior—"Bullion."—*Argo*.

Co-education: Student (looking at the vacant seats) to Prof.—"Where have all the class gone?" Prof. (with a glance at the couples sojourning beneath the trees) —"Gone to grass."

It is with deep regret that we are compelled to hold one of our oldest professors responsible for this: "In the rise of the drama a rude cart was the first stage of the Greeks."—*Am. Student*.

Clergyman—"No, my dear, it is impossible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of *asses*." Smart young lady—"And is that why you call them 'Dearly beloved brethren'?"—*Speculator*.

Timpkins says his church ought to organize a base-ball nine. They have a man who balls first and second base. The organist can always get a short stop on the organ, while the minister, seeing he has a good field, pitches into the congregation, who have to catch it.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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#### TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

**LATIN:** In six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

### *COURSE OF STUDY.*

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

### *EXPENSES.*

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

### *THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.*

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 29, 1882.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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# BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. IX. No. 10.

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*DECEMBER, 1881.*

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LEWISTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '82.  
1881.

# THE BATES STUDENT.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

Published by the Class of '82, Bates College.

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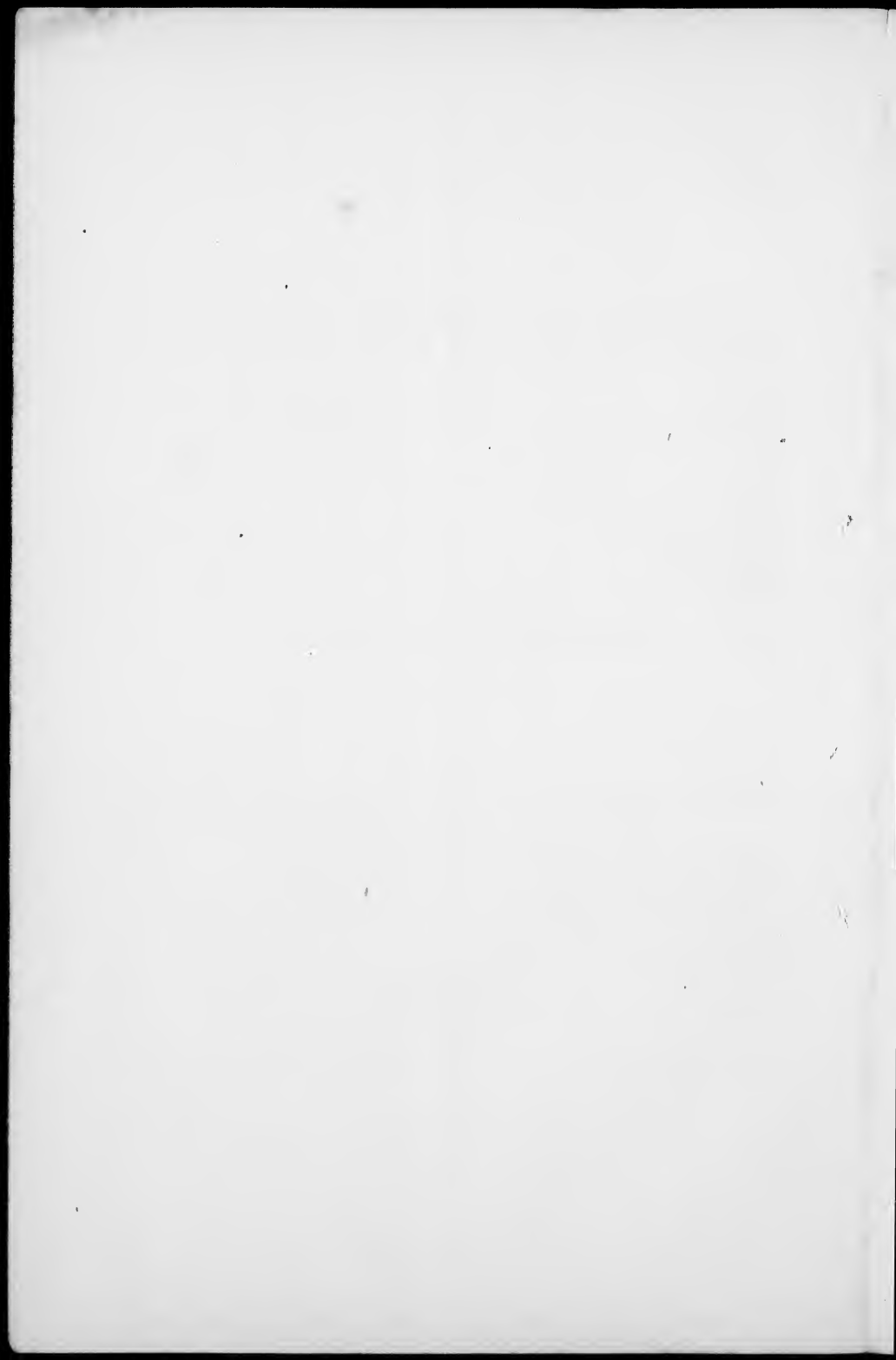
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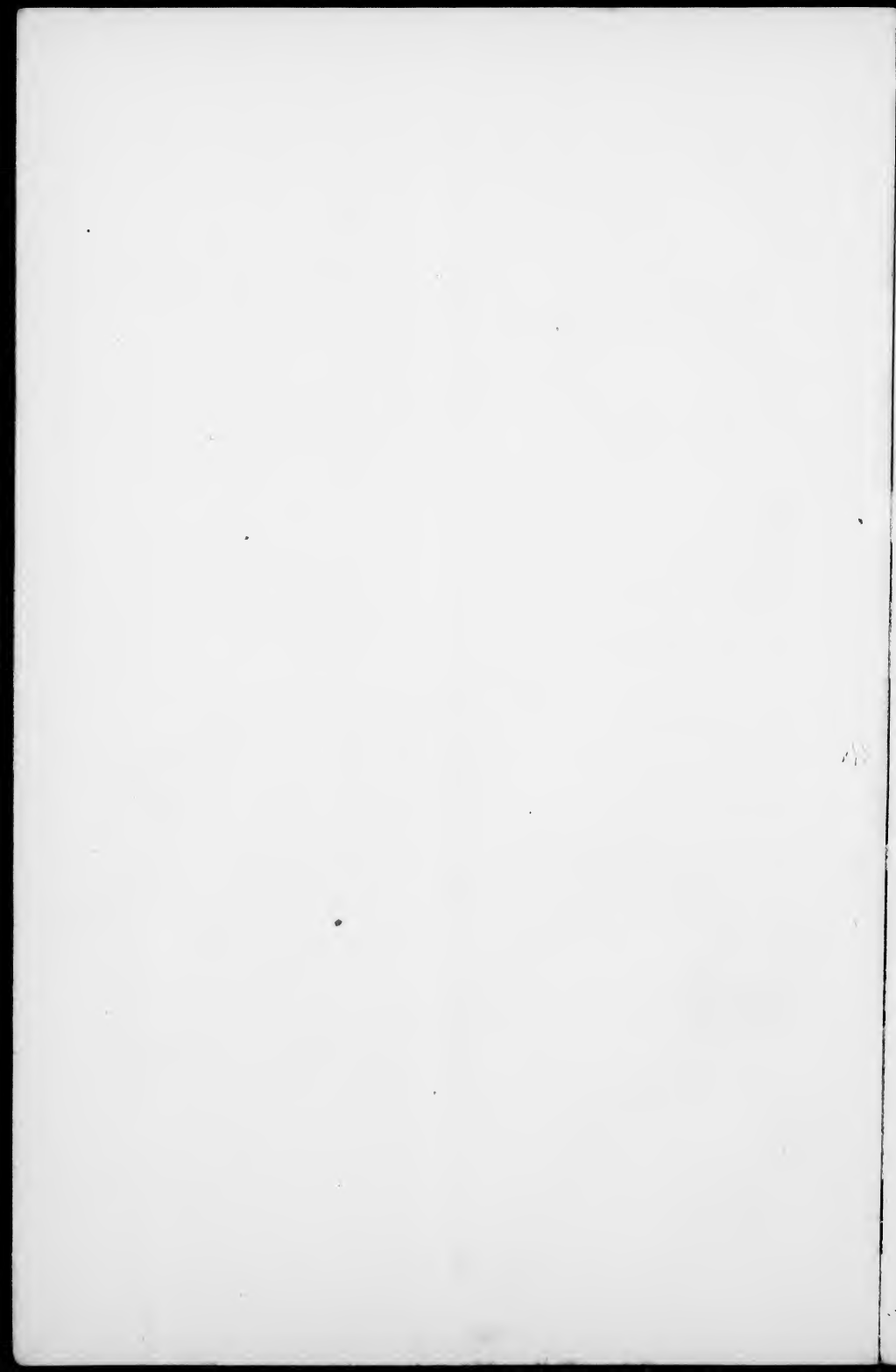
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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1881.

No. 10.

ETERNITY OF THE PAST.

BY H. B. N., '81.

HUMAN life is bounded by two eternities. There is an eternity behind us as well as before us, and out of that eternity we ourselves have come. Of the eternity before us we can know little. It is that other eternity called the past which is most significant to us. For upon the past depends both the present and the future. As this continent of ours, even before it had appeared above the surface of the waters, was distinctly outlined in nearly its present form, so is the future outlined and bounded by the past.

The present century is but the crystallization of the ideas of all past centuries; it is the grand resultant of all the civilized forces that have ever existed. We owe the freedom, happiness, and prosperity of our country to-day not alone to those brave men who fought and bled for us on the battle-field of the Revolution and the Rebellion; our debt of gratitude extends back to Leonidas fighting at Themopylæ, to Miltiades at Marathon, to Cromwell and his soldiers; in short to that whole army of martyrs, warriors, orators, and poets who, by their example and their silent influence have laid the foundation of every free government on earth. Every one who has ever struck a blow for liberty has contributed to the grand result.

We should study the past then in its

bearing upon the present. Many of the events of history when taken alone are dark and gloomy, but when viewed in their relation to subsequent events are illumined with meaning. Out of the suffering and death of the early martyrs, watered by their tears, and fertilized by their blood has arisen the noble title of Christianity. Up from the blood and slaughter of the French Revolution has sprung a noble republic. Out of the darkness of the Middle Ages has blossomed the grand flower of modern civilization.

Thus the moulding influences of the past have ever been at work shaping the lives of men and nations. It is only by studying these influences that we can correctly interpret the present, or judge of the future.

The past then is a solemn inheritance bequeathed to us for our instruction and guidance by the good, the great, and the wise of all lands and all ages. Let us bow down at the feet of History and reverently listen to the words of admonition and wisdom that she speaks to all men and nations. In no uncertain tones she utters her words of warning. With one hand she points to the Past, rich in the varied experience of centuries; with the other she directs us to the Future, richer still in the grand possibilities which are open to all.

Carlyle calls history "the letter of in-

structions which the old generations write, and posthumously transmit to the new." It is indeed a letter not only of instruction, but of admonition and inspiration as well. Like the eternal sun it ever shines for the light and guidance of mankind. It speaks to us not only of the rise and fall of nations—the births of Empires and Republics—but it tells us of the struggles and aspirations, the thoughts and deeds, the successes and failures of the human race.

From the great men of the past then we should learn lessons of moral and political wisdom, by their experience we should be instructed, by their failures we should be admonished, and by their grand deeds and words we should be inspired. What a sublime inheritance is ours! Since we have for our instructors and our guides the great men of all past generations, those shadowy men, who, having lived and died now live again and forever through their undying thoughts.

The poets of all ages have drawn their inspiration from the past. In art, philosophy, and literature the world still looks for its grandest models to ancient Greece and Rome. In the words of the eloquent Sumner: "All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, and from another the printing press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue."

Mankind is moving in a circle whose diameter is ever increasing. Every new generation receives an added impulse from the one behind it. Thus with a constantly accelerating speed and in accordance with the great law of progress, mankind is ever advancing. The Present, *our* Present, will soon be merged in the Past. It is only a little island floating between two eternities. Yet within its shores is gathered all that was valuable in the ages gone, and in its bosom slumbers the germs of all that will be valuable in

the ages to come. On this hand-breadth of time we are workers. Out of the eternal past it is ours to mould the eternal future.

## PRODUCTS OF SORROW.

BY B. S. R., '81.

SORROW touches the tenderest chords of our nature. Philanthropy, patriotism, or religion may arouse our whole being and prompt to noble action; but sorrow, with its soft and tender strains, rings itself into the very depths of our soul. Some of the richest and most valuable contributions to literature are but the children of sorrow. David of old, out of sorrow's night, sang his immortal Psalms. Tasso, Dante, and Milton have given to the world the most exalted songs of the Christian era. For eleven long years Cowper groped his way in sorrow's dark night, but he gave to the world, which would otherwise have been lost, some of the best hymns sung in our churches to-day. In Memoriam, Enoch Arden, and Evangeline are all founded upon the sad experience of human life.

When a nation is plunged in ruin or sorrow the heart of some bard is moved to preserve in verse a record of the event. When this nation was plunged in sorrow because one of our strongest pillars had been ruthlessly torn from under us, many were moved to catch up the Nation's tears and crystalize them in verse. While some of the poetry written on the death of Garfield is weak, sentimental rhyme, there have been many touching and worthy lines written on this sad event. We have before us "A Canadian Tribute of Sympathy," written by A. M. Macbar, showing the tender solicitude of other nations toward our land in its deep grief. From this poem we quote the following:

"And far across the Sea that rolls between

Old England and the New, the grief is shared.  
Both nations bow their heads in sorrow bared,  
And with the mourners weepeth England's  
Queen!

From Biscay's Bay to Tiber's yellow wave  
Wherever freeman's hearts beat true to-day  
Unseen, they join the long and sad array  
That bears the martyred ruler to his grave!"

We notice another written by M. G. McLelland. The writer represents the death of the President as revealed in a version to a negro. He sees the sufferer with the angel Israfil bending over him, when lo,

"De silver cord was loosened and de golden  
sands were run;  
An' de soul of James A. Garfield had done  
winged its flight above,  
To de golden gates of Heaven an' de God of  
peace an' love."

The little poem entitled "*E verini dal martirio a questa pace*," by Longfellow, is deep and full of meaning, and characteristic of our honored poet:

"Ah me, he sighs, how dark the discipline of  
pain,  
Were not the suffering followed by the sense  
Of infinite rest and infinite release!"

To the number of excellent poems before us yet unnoticed, we turn in doubt which we ought next to mention. Let us, however notice the one written by Ray Palmer, D.D. Every line contains some rich and helpful thoughts. We select a single stanza:

"Full well I know the greatly good die never,  
That sun and stars their luster shall outlast;—  
In heaven's eternal galaxy forever  
Undimmed they shine—forgot the bitter part."

There are many other productions of a similar nature which we would gladly mention if space allowed, but we forbear with a single reference to three productions, by two Bates men. One by C. E. Sargent, '83, and two sonnets by W. P. Foster, '81. As they have all been published in the STUDENT we will make no

quotation from them. Suffice it to say that they compare favorably with the best poems which have reference to this great national calamity, and show no mean poetic ability.

## MARTIN LUTHER.

BY MISS N. R. L., '83.

ON the 17th of August, 1505, there entered the monastery of the Augustines at Erfurt a slight, thoughtful, young man twenty-one years of age. Immediately the convent was surrounded by students and friends desiring an opportunity to dissuade him from taking the vows. Who was the object of so much attention? It was the most promising scholar of the renowned University of Erfurt, Martin Luther. What motive led him to forsake friends and such brilliant prospects for the future? It was a noble motive; it was to live what was then considered the most righteous of lives, a life devoted to masses, fastings, and prayers. Many know that they are living wrongly but have neither the desire nor force of character to seek and do the right. This fidelity to duty characterized his life and gave him that Herculean strength necessary on so many occasions.

True nobility can nowhere be better traced than in this monk, who, from the very greatness of his soul shook the foundation of Catholicism. Man, in the highest sense of the word, is exemplified in Martin Luther. You require a soldier to be brave. What warrior ever needed or displayed more courage than Luther during his career? He attacked the sale of indulgencies, authorized by the Pope himself, gave his reasons for doing this and contended so valiantly that he diminished and nearly exterminated this practice. Having the right on his side he dared re-

fuse to yield to Cajetan sent from Rome to Augsburg to subdue him. He refuted Dr. Eck, a distinguished scholar of the day, in a manner which clearly proved the superiority of biblical to scholastic doctrines. Neither the entreaties of his friends nor the memory of the fate of Huss could keep him from the Diet of Worms, one of the most august assemblies ever convened. Here, as a true commander, he restrained his impulsiveness that it might not be detrimental to his followers. When on the threshold a prominent general said to him "you have before you an encounter such as neither I nor any other captains have seen the like of, even in our bloodiest campaigns."

The best physician will amputate the limb to save the life. Luther, to reform the church, to save its life, strove to do away with the formalism and popery that had supplanted Christ's teaching. You demand something more than profound scholarship in a teacher. The ablest instructor endeavors to inculcate a love for study and arouse a worthy ambition. It was Luther's successful teaching that made Wittenberg the leading University of Germany. As a writer he was voluminous. During his life he issued seven hundred and fifteen publications. Most of his works were hastily written, notwithstanding which his exposition on the Lord's prayer is spoken of "as never yet surpassed in genuine Christian thought or in style," and his translation of the Bible is the one now commonly used throughout the Protestant churches of Germany. No wonder a man who combined such rudimental qualities of greatness has stamped his life indelibly on many a page in the history.

That the leader of the Reformation must have been a great man is indisputable. Had he not been a reformer, the versatile genius of Martin Luther would have rendered him distinguished in either

law, politics, or literature. His life-work, the Reformation, was not preconceived, it was the outgrowth of his performance of duty. Step by step God fashioned him for his instrument in this great struggle, an instrument not always smoothly polished but never ineffectual. His love for music; his interested work for the schools; his heart-rending submission at the death of his beloved daughter Magdalene, and his benevolence accord pleasantly with his sincerity, earnestness, and ceaseless toil.

Words are hardly powerful enough to express the intensity of his nature and the ardor with which he yearned to diffuse the tidings of free salvation. Grandest of all, with Luther as leader, religious freedom spread without bloodshed.

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#### JOHN MUIR.

TWENTY years ago there were but few students at the University of Wisconsin. The school was yet on its trial—a severe trial, too, out of which it has become triumphant. But among those few students were many who have since made a name in their various lines of work. Among them came a queer genius whose name heads this article. There were many there who had genius: the Vilas brothers, the Parkinsons, High, Hale, Fallows, Rattan, Ed. Coe, G. W. Bird, and others more or less known in the land. But this John Muir was a queer genius then. Where he came from, I do not know. He was of Scotch parentage, studious, inclined to have but few companions yet social; was a lover of quiet fun and long rambles in the country, and like many others who had their way to make, "cooked himself," that is, cooked his frugal meals in his room. In all these things, he was not singular; his remarkable trait was his love of practical mechanics and invention.

In the brief sketch I am able to give, there is no room for a full account of all his work, a few samples must suffice.

He seemed to need few tools; an ax, saw, jackknife and gimblet were his chief weapons, while almost anything served as material. His clock served as a center about which several of his most interesting machines clustered. This was in the form of a scythe and snath, hung in an old, gnarled bur-oak grub, where Father Time is supposed to have left it. The scythe was split length-wise, and in the opening thus formed was a train of wheels constituting the works. The motor was a heavy stone, concealed under the roots and moss from which the clock rose on the table. The year, month, day, hour, minute, and second were indicated by index arrows on the various paper dials. The pendulum was also an arrow with a heavy copper point. His study desk was provided with a spring trap door, under which moved a rack in which his books were set up separately on their backs. He arranged his study hours for each lesson and connected the machinery of his desk to the clock, so that at the appointed moment, the trap door opened, dropped the book into its rack, moved this along, threw up the next book and closed the trap under it. His bed was a machine, utterly destructive to the "little more sleep" of the sluggard. It was hung on a pivot, and supported at such a height that, when turned up, it stood nearly perpendicular, foot down. The foot was held up by a lever. Beside the bed, was the lamp stand, on which the fluid lamp, then in use, was placed at night. To this bed the clock was connected and then set for rising. In the morning the machine took off the extinguisher, struck a match, lighted the lamp, and then withdrew the lever, letting the bed down and bringing its occupant out on his feet. I have known him to satisfy the curiosity of visitors by

putting them into the bed wrong end to, and so bringing them out head down. In summer time, he connected this bed to the east window by a linen thread. A sun-glass was so adjusted as to burn off this thread when the sun came to the right position.

Judge Griswold and myself roomed opposite him, and he arranged signals by which we were often called in to see a bit of fun, in particular, with his "loafer's chair." This was a wooden chair with its bottom split. Apparently to cure this split, an awkward chunk was nailed over it, near the front. This caused the sitter to spread his knees. As soon as the supposed loafer, but real victim, leaned back, he pressed a concealed spring which fired an old pistol directly under the seat. The wonderful leaps of the victims were worth the seeing. Nor did John forget the ladies, who sometimes came to see his machines. Out of a raisin a huge, vicious-looking, black spider was made, which was so suspended as to drop just before the face of the fair visitor when she was well seated in his best chair. It was delicious to hear them scream.

John taught school near Madison, one winter, his clock built his fire for him every morning. Perhaps some of his pupils, seeing this, will tell us more of the curious things he invented for their instruction and amusement. It only remains to say that John now has the reputation of knowing more of Yosemite Valley and the Nevada mountains, than any other living man. He is the author of the article (illustrated by himself) on the pines of California, in the September *Scribner*.—*Wisconsin Free Press*.

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Drs. Agnew, Hamilton, Barnes, and Woodward, four of the six physicians who were in attendance upon President Garfield, were graduates of the medical department of the Pennsylvania University.

## EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

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WITH the present issue of the *STUDENT* the connection of the class of '82 with the magazine ceases. We have erred for we are human, but conscious that we have performed our duty as well as we have been able, we retire from the management with something of satisfaction with the work we have done, and are prepared to receive all criticism whether favorable or adverse, with a spirit of calmness and resignation. We made no promises in starting which we have not endeavored to fulfil. We have sought to treat all classes with fairness, and while sustaining our own dignity, and while at no time yielding the right of condemning wrong wherever found, have tried to deal with other journals justly and courteously. We have endeavored to keep aloof from politics and all that is not pertinent to college interests. The field of college journalism is so limited that a college paper is somewhat dry at the best, and if readers have found the *STUDENT* so, they have only to remember that that is a failure common to all alike. The future may witness a change in this respect. We hoped to bring about a change in the management of the *STUDENT*, but farther than this we have seen fit to advise no change. We pass the magazine over to our successors as we took it, and retire, thanking all for the courtesy and encouragement extended to us during the year.

The *STUDENT* has once during the year editorially called the attention of the Faculty to the general complaint upon the unreasonable length of the examinations. No notice seems to have been taken of the matter at all judging from the examination at the close of the fall term. The boys do not complain particularly of the severity of the tests, but on all sides

we hear complaints upon their unnecessary length. A slow writer, and of course there are many such, cannot possibly write twenty difficult questions in the time allotted. It ought to be possible to get a test of a student's ability and efficiency with twelve or fifteen questions. There ought to be a change in justice to all concerned, and before another term closes we trust there will be.

Probably the greater number of those students who intend to spend the hot months at some summer resort have already secured positions. For the benefit of the new class and all those who have not already provided themselves with places, we would say that it is usually advisable to apply for a position as early as possible. Employers begin to make up their lists of employees early in the spring. The earlier the application the greater the likelihood of securing good places.

As this number of the *STUDENT* will visit our readers during the holiday season we take this opportunity to wish them all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Although as schoolmasters, clerks, or book agents, the majority of our students are scattered throughout New England and will, therefore, miss the pleasant family gathering at home, yet, as college men, they are so cosmopolitan in their tastes that they will be sure to enjoy themselves whatever their surroundings may be. Christmas with its good cheer, is to us the gladdest festival of the whole year. The music of the jingling sleigh bells, the show windows of the stores crowded with the richest treasures of art or manufacturers' skill, the ruddy glow of health which animates the

faces of youth and maiden, never seem one-half so attractive as at this season. It is a time when people are studying to make each other happy; a time when old hatreds melt away and gratitude kindles new fires upon the altar of the heart. It is fitting that our churches bring out their choicest music to usher in the birth of the infant Saviour. Joy and praise should be on every life. While we are singing our Christmas carols let us not forget those who are less fortunate than ourselves. Kind words, a loving smile, and a few shekels will make a sad heart happy again.

In closing our work upon the *STUDENT* we feel it our duty, as well as privilege, to say a word or two for our printers. Not a small amount of the success of a college paper depends upon its typography, and, since the typography of the *STUDENT* has never been criticised adversely by our exchanges, we justly conclude that our printers have done their work remarkably well. Although we owe our hearty thanks to the entire force of compositors in the *Journal* Job Office for the uniform courtesy and consideration, yet the *STUDENT* feels itself specially indebted to Mr. L. E. Timberlake who has taken such a marked interest in its welfare ever since its conception in 1873. We bespeak for our successors the same watchfulness and enterprise which have always characterized the dealings of the *Journal* with us.

We have never felt the value of college friendships as we have since our entrance upon Senior year. The three past years have been drawing us nearer to each other, and now, the bond which was once but a mere thread, has become a chain. There is a subtle element in this fellowship that is hard to analyze. Classmates in whom we once found nothing specially interesting, have somehow developed hidden

powers of mind and claim our respect and consideration. Men who were our fellows in the fitting school, and with whom we felt ourselves thoroughly acquainted, have changed so much that we find in them new traits of character for study. Next June, when we have passed through the ordeal of graduation and separate to try our fortunes in the busy world, another phase of class interest will develop itself. To watch the varying prosperity of our classmates in their struggle for fame will be not the least profitable outcome of college life. That our undergraduates may improve the opportunities now within their reach for forming valuable acquaintanceships among their fellows, is the earnest desire of the *STUDENT*.

An editorial in the November number asks this question: "Would it not be a good plan to change the form of the *STUDENT* during the coming year?" No! we do not approve the change we presume intended by the above question. It may be true "the folio form is now used by all the leading colleges, but we have doubts about its being more convenient and attractive to the students." To our uncultivated eye the folio form is homely and ungainly. The editorial admits that "the present magazine form makes the *STUDENT* a convenient volume for library shelves." Very true! But the writer fails to add the equally true fact that the folio form would render it extremely convenient for the waste-basket. A neat magazine rarely meets that fate,—a newspaper often.

For several terms past a large number of our students have been taking a great interest in the works of Shakespeare. They have manifested this interest at different times by forming Shakespeare clubs, from which we think the members have derived no little good. We hope this interest will continue, and we will venture to say a

few words about the organization and management of such clubs.

In general the simpler their machinery the better. A president and a secretary—who may also act as treasurer, if there are any fees or assessments—with the addition of two or three directors to arrange the exercises, are all the officers needed. The meetings should be held as frequently as possible, in order to keep up a good interest. The directors should plan the work of every meeting in advance, and assign the parts in the play to the members who are to read them. This gives each one a chance to prepare himself a little, and preparation should be the rule; it is no use to try to read Shakespeare at sight.

Variety may be given to the meetings by having a short paper on the play, by some member, before the play itself is read, and by introducing before, or after, or at intervals during the reading, such poems or prose selections, as are connected with the play that is being read.

Occasionally an entire evening may be devoted to miscellaneous reading selected with reference to the time of Shakespeare. The readers may sit while reading (we call to mind a delightful series of such Shakespearean nights) or they may stand, having their "exits" and "entrances" as on the stage. Of course not much attempt can be made at appropriate costumes or action, though slight suggestions of the former may sometimes be given for the fun of the thing, and as much of the latter may be allowed as each reader is inclined to add. This reading with half acting is frequently done with good effect.

It adds much to the interest and efficiency of the meetings to have a criticism, by one of the members, upon the exercises of the evening. In such a club as we have been describing, it is sometimes well to devote an evening, or part of one, to the discussion of a play, or a character,

or some subject connected with the poet and his works

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Whenever examination approaches it is amusing to watch the different expressions that pass over the faces of the boys while discussing the merits and demerits of the method adopted, the probabilities of the questions that will be asked, and the possible results. Those who have been absent considerable, and those who have not done faithful work during the term, always exhibit the most concern, which is perfectly in accordance with the workings of human nature. It is generally from this portion of students that come complaints respecting the severity of the tests. So far as our observation goes, the tests, although searching, are no more difficult than can be expected, and the fact that in almost any case only a very small minority fail to get the required per cent., tends to show the justness of this view. It of course remains entirely with the professor to select the class of questions to be asked, and if so disposed, they could give such tests as would cause every individual member of the college to fail, and if such an occurrence should happen, it would be an indisputable evidence of unfairness; or if even half of a class should fail, the same conclusion would result. It, therefore, becomes the duty of the instructor to make out such papers as will enable the average scholar, who has done faithful work during the term, to pass without any shadow of doubt. This, it seems to us, is a fair way to look at the perplexing question of examination.

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Lewiston beats the world for runaway teams. The famous Olympic games of the ancient Greek, the bloody sports of the amphitheatre at Rome where the fierce gladiators fought half famished wild beasts, were tame compared with some of the scenes for which Lisbon Street is noted.



The horse is said to be the noblest animal ever created. The symmetry of his limbs, the gloss of his shining coat, his astonishing strength and fleetness, all these things have more than once aroused the poet's muse—and no wonder! Take a horse that weighs 1400 pounds, fasten him to a milk wagon or coal cart, leave him unhitched in the street and every thing is ready for a first-class entertainment. A small boy is pretty sure to come along firing snap-crackers or rattling a tin pail; this arouses the poetic beast. Starting he finds himself free and at once strikes into a swinging gallop. Realizing his opportunity, thirsting for renown, and desirous of showing his dexterity to the largest possible number of spectators, he carefully avoids all back streets and charges straight for Lisbon Street which is usually thronged with people and carriages. As he turns the corner his thundering chariot takes the wheel from an elegant carriage and overturns a countryman's wagon. And amid a shower of milk, eggs, and butter the three horses start abreast to see which will reach the post-office first. We are never able to tell which wins the race because our view is obstructed by the large quantity of kindling wood rotating in the air. If one or two prominent business men are thrown headlong upon the curbstone and picked up senseless; if a child is run over and its young life crushed out by the heavy wheels; if a lady is hurled violently from a demolished carriage and several of her bones broken, so much the more spirited is the whole affair. Meanwhile, from every doctor's, apothecary's, carriage maker's, and undertaker's establishment a group of smiling faces show that their business is booming. Strange as it may seem these runaways that destroy so much property, break so many bones, and kill a child now and then, do not seem to attract much attention. Every day horses are left standing unhitched in our

streets, and the municipal authorities raise no objections.

### LOCALS.

Only the sound of a light guitar  
As he stood alone in the night.  
Like a mariner watching his guiding star,  
He gazed on that glimmering light.  
Only a door that opens—aha!  
The sound of a stealthy tread.  
Only the voice of an angry pa,  
And "sick em" was all it said.

B. G. Eaton, '82, is teaching at West Minot.

L. T. McKenney, '82, is teaching at Mechanic Falls.

A large number of the students have been canvassing.

Vacation! Why canst thou not abide with us forever? "If not, why so; if so, why not?"

The boys now do not say "Will you smoke?" but "Will you fumigate?" Not "Will you take a glass of beer?" but "Will you irrigate?"

If there is any one who does not believe there is a time when "patience ceases to be a virtue," let him teach a district school.

On Thanksgiving morning Mr. John H. Rand, Professor of Mathematics at Bates, and Miss Emma J. Clark, of the class of '81, were married at Lewiston by President Cheney.

Six members of Bates, '81, have married. They are Miss Emma J. Clark, H. E. Foss, R. E. Gilkey, C. L. McCleery, E. T. Pitts, and C. W. Williams. "Peace to their ashes." Who is the *next victim*?

Speaking of the possibility that the attendants in the Hospital for the Insane might sometimes be harsh to the patients, a lady thus soliloquized: "Well, I don't suppose they can afford to be angels for three dollars a week."

Mr. S. A. Lowell, '82, is reading law in Judge Wing's office at Auburn.

During the last week of last term two students originated a dispute about "the divine inspiration of the Scriptures." In the course of disputation one called the other a blatant ass, and the other retorted by calling his opponent an incorrigible hypocrite. The discussion was amicably settled at last by each agreeing in the sentiment uttered by the other!

He—"If there is any person in this world whom I honor and love—" She (suddenly interrupting and looking up awfully sober)—"William, ain't the sky soft!" He—"Yes, but to return; if there is any person in this world whom I honor and love—" She—"William, my arm's asleep." He—"I'm sorry; but, as I was saying, if there is any person in this world whom I honor and love, it is *my mother!*"

One of the Seniors recently invited a classmate to make him a visit. The expense of the journey would have been about fifty cents. He declined to accept the invitation on the plea that he was at that time financially embarrassed, and then in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm made this remarkable statement: "Economy is what this country needs and must have. I will give my countrymen an example." *Great head.*

Many funny things are said and done in other places as well as in college halls. In a chopper's camp up in the backwoods of Maine there were two men who frequently amused the company by reciting *extempore* rhymes upon whatever subject came up. One night poet number one composed a few rhymes about poet number two that caused a general laugh. After this had subsided the men all said it was necessary for poet number two to "fire up" a few rhymes in order to save his reputation as a poet. "Well," said he,

"what shall I take for my subject?" "Oh," said poet number one, "take me. I took you for mine." By the way, this poet number one, Thomas Ward by name, had a large family of children, who were noted for being a little light fingered. "All right," said poet number two, "Here goes":

"Hope to the Lord that Thomas Ward never will proceed  
To fill the land with children of such a cussed breed;  
For corn and meal they say they'll steal, and  
all that's good for food,  
And post and rail they never fail to steal for  
firewood."

A student remarked the other day that the Faculty couldn't consistently find fault with any of the boys in college for getting married now, since one of their own number have committed that gross impropriety. If example is better than precept, what, gentlemen of the Faculty, can you expect in the future? Remember the influence of him, who in preaching fails to practice what he teaches. The boys will not fail to follow their superiors, although *haud passibus aequis*.

One of the students, while away teaching, is in the habit of attending prayer-meetings in the place. He visited one this winter, conducted by the pastor, who, during his exhortation, was seen to throw his hands above his head, inspire freely, throw back his shoulders and shout, "Sell out!" Somewhat astonished by this action and these words on the part of the reverend gentleman, our friend ventured to ask a genial looking gentleman beside him whether the clergyman had said "sell out!" or "shell out!" He was informed that "sell out!" was the phrase used, an abbreviation for "sell out to the Lord." This same minister loves to dwell upon the idea of being "bolted to the rock of ages," and the "probable certainties of God!"

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, the second and third divisions of Sophomore prize debates occurred, the following were the programmes:

SECOND DIVISION.

Cornet Solo. Prof. L. W. Ballard.

PRAYER.

Song. Miss Helen Nash.

DEBATE.

*Question.*—Was Hamilton's theory of government superior to that of Jefferson?

AFF.

E. R. Chadwick.

NEG.

Miss E. L. Knowles.  
F. C. Farnham.

Song. Miss Helen Nash.

After a long deliberation the committee of award divided the prize between Miss Knowles and Mr. E. R. Chadwick.

THIRD DIVISION.

*Question.*—Was Lord Bacon underestimated in his own age?

AFF.

M. L. Hersey.

W. H. Davis.

Violin solo.

NEG.

E. F. Burrill.

G. C. Evans.

L. W. Ballard.

The debates of Hersey and Evans were particularly interesting. Mr. Evans' argument was strong and eloquent. He received the prize.

The debates of the fourth division came off Thursday evening, November 17th.

PROGRAMME.

Duet. Miss Helen Nash and Mrs. G. C. Young.

PRAYER.

Song. Mrs. G. C. Young.

DEBATE.

*Question.*—Will the name of Lincoln be as distinguished in history as that of Washington?

AFF.

C. W. Foss.

C. A. Chase.

D. L. Whitmarsh.

W. S. Poindexter.

NEG.

Harrison Whitney.

Aaron Beede.

A. S. Mariner.

Song. Miss Helen Nash.

The prize was awarded to Mr. Whitmarsh.

Cornell has received \$500,000 by the sale of some Western lands, and has \$200,000 more left.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### *Editors of the Student :*

The Kennebec County jail at Augusta is a handsome building of stone, and contains at present some hundred and fifty "boarders." As this was my first term in jail I had to stay only about two hours. Going up the stone steps and ringing the bell I was admitted to the office, and thence ushered through the massive iron door into the guard-room where the prisoners were exercising by walking back and forth. The turnkey not entering with me, I explored the premises alone. There were several men arrayed in fine linen, slippers, red stockings, and diamond rings, whom, from the style they put on, I took to be officers. I afterward discovered that they were some of the "tony citizens" of Augusta, who had been selling liquor and been induced to board a while at the county's expense. One of these I questioned on the minutiae of jail life, which he fully described and pointed out the cell where Merrill, the China murderer was confined while there. He informed me that the county pays one dollar and seventy-five cents per week for each man's board.

The turnkey is the only officer in charge of the prisoners, and he walks apparently unconcerned among them with the keys in his hand. There is no apparent reason why they couldn't dispose of him, take the keys and walk out, if they were so disposed.

The State House also will well repay a visit. As we go up State Street, the last house we pass before reaching the capitol is that of Maine's most distinguished ex-Senator, President Garfield's Premier. Standing guard over the entrance to the grounds, and pointing toward the waters of the Kennebec, stands like a grim sentinel, a heavy, iron cannon. Silent, weather-beaten, and black as the powder that once woke its thunder and hurled its iron death through the regiments of Maine, it stands a trophy of the valor of the First

Maine Cavalry. By them it was captured from the rebels in the memorable campaign of Lee's surrender. If this grim monitor could tell its own mysterious history, what a romance it might unfold. Perchance from its iron lips pealed the first thunders of civil war, and speeded the first shot that smote the doomed walls of Fort Sumter. Perhaps it was the gun which turned the tide at Bull Run and drove the patriot army from that bloody field.

Passing on into the building, we first notice a group of people watching the fish in the aquarium, formed by the fountain in the center of the rotunda. The fish are large and handsome, and in any other place would well repay an hour's observation, but there are other things of greater interest to us.

From the walls look down upon us the portraits of the English colonial governors, of Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield, ex-Presidents, and of Webster and Blaine, ex-Secretaries of State. The regimental colors\* of Maine inscribed with the names of the battles through which they passed are preserved in large glass cases. How full of meaning are those colors, torn by the storm of battle. How eloquently they speak to us of strong arms and true hearts from their powder-grimed and blood-stained folds! How beautiful the fancy of the poet Owen, whose lines, dedicated to the regimental colors hang from the case which contains them! They tell us how the spirits of Maine's dead heroes are marshalled nightly in the rotunda of the capitol and taking those sacred colors from the wall, fight over again the battles of their country. In the cases are also seen twelve flint lock muskets, with polished barrels and fixed bayonets. These, too, are historic, for they belonged to the soldiers of the British General Burgoyne, who, on the seventeenth of October, 1777, surrendered his entire army to the American forces, at Saratoga.

These relics of the past, loaded as they are with the deepest meaning, eloquent with the story of the fathers' struggles and triumphs, make this truly a sacred spot, a shrine where the patriot may receive new inspiration.

W. H. COGSWELL.

### LITERARY NOTES.

*The Wyoming Literary Monthly*, Devoted to the Study of Literature, Original Literature, Current Literature, and College Life. C. Wells Moulton, Publisher, Buffalo, N. Y. This is the latest venture in the periodic press of our country, and a venture, too, which promises to occupy high ground in college circles. The magazine is, as its title page indicates, a magazine devoted to the interests of the colleges of our country. It proposes to act as a sort of review for the college press, and at the same time present choice articles of merit from students in every section of the United States. The present number contains the following articles: "Early English Literature," "Geoffrey Chaucer," "A Short Talk About George Elliot," "Hawthorne and His Works," "Mulum in Parvo," "Vagaries of College Life," "Vacation Rambles," "The True Aims of Culture," "Open Congress," —a department for the discussion of important questions, "Sans Souci," "Prize Questions," "Literary News," "Our Colleges." The articles are characterized by clearness of statement and brevity of detail. We sincerely hope that the *Wyoming* will receive a liberal support.

*Our Little Ones and The Nursery*, The Russell Publishing Co., 149 A, Tremont St., Boston. What a difference there is between the books and papers which our little folks have to read now and those which used to engage our attention when youngsters. The magazine now before us

is crowded with nice stories and beautiful pictures for the little folks. Oliver Optic knows what children like, and has spared no pains in the preparation of good things for their amusement and instruction.

*Resources of Oregon and Washington.* David and W. G. Steel, Publishers, Portland Oregon. This magazine is published in the interests of the great Northwest. The articles are entirely upon the resources, condition and future prospects of this new country. It is especially valuable to people who are dissatisfied with the East, and want to go West and "grow up with the country."

We have received a pamphlet entitled *Education in Charleston, S. C.*, containing Mayor Courtney's address upon the "Disabilities of the Unaided South in Public School Facilities. The address contains some very strong reasons why the government should assist the South in its efforts to advance the cause of education south of Mason and Dixon line.

In accordance with the object the Society for Political Education (New York) has proposed to itself, it has issued, as No. 4 of its pamphlet publications, a small tract on the subject of the *Usury Laws*, and has succeeded in putting within sixty-six pages all that can be said for or against these laws. This little tract will supply a long-felt want, for treatise on the usury laws are not accessible to the public. The letters of Jeremy Bentham and the essay of Turgot are buried in the complete works of these writers, and the best writings of less-known economists on this subject have usually been issued as pamphlets, and it is therefore difficult, if not impossible, to obtain them. This issue by the society contains: first, an abridgment of Jeremy Bentham's letters, which have not suffered by the abridgment; second, the more important sections of a letter by John Calvin on usury, which possesses

more historic than economic value; third, a speech of Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., in the Massachusetts Senate, which embodies a clear and comprehensive exposition of the subject; and, fourth, a brief notice (which might well have been longer) by David A. Wells, on the present status of the usury laws in the United States, which contains some new and suggestive statements regarding the effect of these laws.

Vick is on hand, as usual. His *Floral Guide* for 1882 has just appeared, and is, in every respect, ahead of anything we have ever seen in the seed catalogue line. Two beautifully colored plates adorn the first two pages, and are alone worth the price of the book. Mr. Vick then gives us one of his familiar talk upon flowers and offers valuable suggestions as to their care and nourishment. Then follows a description of each of the various kinds of plants, bulbs, and vegetables which he has for sale. The illustrations, which accompany these descriptions are highly prized by the ladies in making their selections. As we have tested the quality of Mr. Vick's seeds, we can recommend them to our readers. Send ten cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for one of these valuable catalogues.

The following miscellaneous periodicals have been received since our last issue: *Normal News*, *Beamans Monthly Bugle*, *Presbyterian College Monthly*, *Our Home*, *Stockbridge's Musical Herald*, *Good Templars Record*, *Chi Delta Crescent*, *Washington Weekly World*, *Zion's Day Star*, *Soul & Bugbee's Legal Bibliography*, *Catalogue of Yale College*, *The Treasury*, *The School Room*.

♦ ♦ ♦  
MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES,—FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Hey diddle diddle,  
The orchestra fiddle,  
The flute goes off with a shriek,  
The bass-viol groans,  
And grates on the bones,  
Of the hearers, unable to speak.

## EXCHANGES.

As the class of '82, with this number, closes its connection with the *STUDENT*, it becomes the duty of the exchange editor to take leave of his contemporaries and retire to the quietude of private life.

When we accepted the management of this department we were wholly unacquainted with the magnitude of the college press in the United States. We had learned from our predecessor that there were quite a number of periodicals published exclusively by college men, but their character and influence upon public opinion were not so clearly defined. A twelve-months intimacy with the best college publications of this country has, however, revealed to us the truth in regard to these matters. We know of only one important college which is not represented in our exchange list, but Wellesley has not as yet made a venture in the field of journalism. As there are in the United States three hundred and sixty colleges and universities, and as fully one-half of this number publish representative periodicals, each one of which reach from one hundred to five thousand students and alumni, the magnitude of the college press becomes at once apparent. The influence of these papers is a marked feature of college journalism. The topics discussed are usually those relating to the institutions they represent or to the great questions connected with college life and instruction. There is no better place for the statement of grievances, either real or imagined, or for suggestions upon matters relating to instruction or government. A college faculty, unless prejudiced, will listen to the voice of the students as expressed by the college periodical. Besides acting as an exponent of opinion and scholarship, these periodicals serve to keep alive the public interest in the institutions they represent. This is well illustrated in the case of our own magazine.

As the *STUDENT* penetrates the sanctum of all the more important papers, it has been effectual in claiming for our college an attention, which, under ordinary circumstances, it would probably never have received. Our duties, as editor, have brought us in contact with the interests of a large number of students. We have had a fine opportunity to watch the thermometer of opinion and literary merit in the best colleges. We have read, criticised, and admired these productions with great interest.

Although college duties have not allowed us to examine thoroughly each paper upon our table, yet we have endeavored to keep track of the excellencies of each and the improvements made. Our relations with the exchange editors of other papers have always been pleasant. The *Index* man has allowed us to live out our days, the university magazines have given us a high position among their exchanges, and the college world in general has extended to us the right hand of fellowship. Everything has run smoothly, and so, instead of yielding our pen to our successor with a sigh of relief, it will be with a feeling of reluctance. During the coming year we shall miss *all* the faces which have visited our sanctum during the past twelve months; but especially shall we miss the bright verses of the *Yale Record*, *Acta Columbiana*, and *Harvard Advocate*; the wise counsel and jovial laugh of Ephraim in the *Argo*; the sweet smile and sound common sense of the *Vassar Miss.*; the choice literary feasts of the *Yale Lit.*, *Hamilton Lit.*, and the *Cornell Review*; and lastly, the funny pictures and sayings of the society artist in the *Columbia Spectator*. Those who desire to know how the *BATES STUDENT* is regarded by the college press will be interested in the criticisms upon the last pages of this number.

The first number of the *Tech.* from

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is very creditable to the students of that school. Its quaintly engrossed cover, its clear typography, and its varied contents, bespeak considerable enterprise and ability on the part of its editors. The characteristic sketches by art students will prove one of the best features of the paper. We bid the *Tech.* a hearty welcome and predict for it a successful future.

The *Leigh Burr* and *Phi-Rhonian* are two fresh arrivals—the one from Pennsylvania and the other from our sister city of Bath. The *Leigh Burr* has been favorably received by our contemporaries and we see no reason for disagreement. The *Phi-Rhonian* is very young and has much to learn, but we do admire its push and independence.

Our exchange list includes the following papers: *Amherst Student*, *Acta Columbiana*, *Archangel*, *Argo*, *Argus*, *Athaneum*, *Alabama University Monthly*, *Beacon*, *Brunonian*, *Berkeleyan*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Boston Times*, *Chronicle*, *Colby Echo*, *College Mercury*, *College Olio*, *College Rambler*, *College Record*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Concordensis*, *Cornell Review*, *Campus*, *Cornell Sun*, *Crimson*, *College Courier*, *Cap and Gown*, *Collegian* and *Neoterian*, *College Transcript*, *Dartmouth*, *Dennison Collegian*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Hamilton Lit.*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Knox Student*, *Kenyon Advance*, *Hobart Herald*, *Illini*, *Lantern*, *Leigh Burr*, *Lassell Leaves*, *Musical Herald*, *Madisonesis*, *Musical Record*, *Stockbridge's Musical Journal*, *Monmouth Collegian*, *Northwestern*, *Niagara Index*, *New York World*, *Occident*, *Oberlin Review*, *Our Home*, *Philosophian*, *Polytechnic*, *Reville*, *Phi-Rhonian*, *Princetonian*, *Queens College Journal*, *Sunbeam*, *Targum*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Tuftsian*, *Tech.*, *Transcript*, *Southern Collegian*, *Student Life*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *University Monthly*, *Univer-*

*sity Press*, *University Portfolio*, *University Herald*, *University Magazine*, *Volante*, *William Jewell Student*, *Wyoming Lit.*, *Wabash*, *Yale Lit.*, *Yale Record*, *Central Collegian*.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'67.—Prof. John H. Rand was married, Nov. 24th, to Miss Emma J. Clark, '81.

'68.—O. C. Wendall, now Professor at the Harvard Observatory, paid a short visit to Bates during the fall term.

'70.—I. W. Hanson, Esq., who for a few years past has so efficiently filled the office of Clerk of Courts in this county, retires from office at the close of the present year. He will doubtless resume the practice of law.

'71.—L. H. Hutchinson, Esq., the popular Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, will spend the winter in Florida.

'75.—F. H. Hall is practicing Law in Washington, D. C.

'79.—F. P. Otis is about opening a law office in or near St. Louis, Mo.

'80.—W. A. Hoyt still has charge of the Rockport High School.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox is studying medicine at Elk River, Minn.

'81.—C. A. Strout is principal of Warner High School, Warner, N. H.

'81.—C. L. McCleery has a position on the *Lowell Morning Mail*. C. S. Haskell is teaching at East Wilton.

There was also a cuss they called Mac,  
Who got kicked at the end of his back,  
For sparking a girl  
With a dizzy long curl.

N. B.—The old man watched through a crack.  
—*Occident*.

## COLLEGE WORLD.

## COLUMBIA:

President Barnard's annual report gives the whole number of students attending last year as 1591.

The *World's* college chronicle, by a typographical error, changes our "Summer School of Mathematics" into a "Bummer School of Mathematics."

The plans for a new college library building have been filed. The new building is to be erected on the north side of Forty-ninth Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues, and is to cost \$250,000. It is to be 120 feet long, 106 feet wide, and 101 feet high.

## HARVARD:

Greek readings are as popular as ever.

The Glee Club has received eight new members.

The students are now obliged to pass 40 per cent. instead of 33½ as formerly.

Some \$300,000 has been given the college during the summer, it is understood.

The choice of officers at the Senior class elections meets with the hearty approval of the *Advocate*.

Morning prayers have an influence which they did not command last year. This influence is owing greatly to Dr. Hale and Dr. Brooks who have come out from Boston every morning.

## YALE:

Something like the Harvard Annex has been organized at Yale. A class of ladies has been formed to receive lectures and instructions from Profs. Sumner, Williams, Brewer, and others.

Yale Seniors are obliged to be in the class room seventeen hours a week, and have the privilege of extending the time to twenty-one. They have petitioned to have the required time lessened, but their petition was not granted.

The Glee Club contemplates giving concerts at the following places, if halls can be procured, during its Western trip in the Christmas vacation: Cincinnati, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, and probably New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS:

Princeton has 537 students.

Cornell has a class in Arabic.

President Carter has become quite popular among the students of Williams.

The will of the late Mrs. Jennie McGraw Fiske, of Ithaca, N. Y., makes a bequest of \$200,000 to the Cornell library fund.

The Sophomores at Amherst finished analytics last week, and celebrated the important event by a torch-light parade.

The Oxford caps are now worn at the following colleges: Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, University of New York, Dartmouth, and Columbia.

## CLIPPINGS.

Come, naughty Soph'more, come blow your  
horn,  
Rouse up the Faculty, who'll wish they'd ne'er  
been born.  
Where are the Faculty, who'd like to be in bed?  
Chasing the Sophomores, all of whom have fled.  
—*Williams Athenaeum*.

Natural History: 1st Junior (who didn't get a prize)—"What poisonous plant did the New Testament revisers find in prosecuting their labors?" 2d Junior (who did get a prize, sarcastically)—"They found hell-a-bore, and threw it out."—*Williams Athenaeum*.

A Junior dreamed the other night that his girl was singing to him, and he was so much affected that the big tears began to roll down his cheeks. This, however, wakened him, but the music still went on. It was not his girl, alas! but the clarion voice of a Thomas cat singing his girl's name,—“Ma-ri-ar.”



HIS LOSS.

He moans and sighs;  
Tears from his eyes  
Gush forth unchecked.  
His bosom heaves,  
He inward grieves;  
His future life is wrecked.

You fain would know  
Why this is so—  
Why he does feel so sad.  
You shall not wait;  
I'll tell you straight,—  
He's lost his liver pad.


—Acta.

Junior recitation in Rhetoric: Prof.—  
“Mr. —, how would you define science?”  
Junior—“Science is that which it is necessary to know in order to know something about anything.” That man ought to lecture at the Concord school.—*The Dartmouth.*

“ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.”

(Modern Version.)

In the light of the moon they sat on the beach,  
And what was the harm?  
For perhaps he was trying that maiden to teach  
All about the bright stars, and the names we  
give each;  
Or perhaps he was turning his hopes into  
speech—  
But where was his arm?  
Now that maid seemed to have a rather fair  
form—  
But what hid her waist?  
Well, perhaps 'twas to shield her from some  
coming storm,  
Or perhaps 'twas to keep that dear maiden  
warm,  
Round the waist of that maiden's rather fair  
form  
His arm he had placed.—*Ex.*

The  of the Yonkers girl of the .  
are small, tapering, and beautifully shaped.  
Her II are as brilliant as the \*\*, and she  
is without a ||. Her frown is a †, and her  
figure excites !!! of surprise and a hanker-  
ing ~ her.

Old Gentleman—“Well, my boy, what  
are you crying about?” Boy—“I-I-just  
d-dropped ten cents into the water, sir,  
an' my little brother was a-lookin' over an'  
he f-fell in, too, sir.” Old Gentleman—  
“Oh! my, that is dreadful. I will run  
and procure aid immediately.” Boy—  
“Please do, sir; I want them ten cents  
awful bad.”—*Ex.*

SHORT AND SAD.

He stole the fruit, the wicked lad,  
And took it home to eat.  
He said, “I feel it's wrong to steal,  
But stolen fruit is sweet.”

But he was mad, and he was sad,  
And he was woeful sick;  
Why was he mad, why was he sad?  
Why, he was melon-cholic.

—Amherst Student.

AMONG OUR CRITICS.

The BATES STUDENT is a college paper  
very attractive in its appearance and gen-  
eral make-up.—*Alabama Univ. Monthly.*

We consider the BATES STUDENT an  
honor to the institution it represents. The  
literary and editorial departments are well  
sustained.—*College Courier.*

The BATES STUDENT, although not ex-  
tensive or sumptuous in get-up, is by all  
odds the best college journal that comes to  
us from its part of the world.—*Acta Co-  
lumbiana.*

The BATES STUDENT comes to us with  
a new colored dress, which quite becomes  
it. We regard the STUDENT as one of our  
raciest and most readable exchanges.—  
*The Argosy.*

The February number of the BATES STU-  
DENT is very acceptable, the poems being  
especially good. The college is fortunate  
in having a poet who figures creditably in  
*Scribner's*.—*Brunonian.*

We welcome the BATES STUDENT as  
one of our best exchanges. In form and  
style it is neat. It is well printed. The  
editorials are good, but some of them are  
a little lengthy.—*Wabash.*

The BATES STUDENT, for a periodical  
which appears monthly and in pamphlet  
form, could well afford to furnish its read-  
ers with more matter. The general char-  
acter of its articles is not bad but it is de-  
cidedly too small.—*Yale Record.*

The September number of the BATES  
STUDENT is, as far as we are able to judge,  
a philosophical journal. All of its articles  
in the literary department are upon philo-  
sophical subjects. If the STUDENT is to  
any extent an index of the college's char-  
acter, Bates must be much given to specu-  
lation.—*Hamilton Lit.*

Now comes the January number of the BATES STUDENT. This is an "old friend." Its literary department contains two valuable articles, "Commerce and Liberty," and "The Student in Politics." The editorial department is filled with sensible, practical articles.—*William Tewell Student.*

The BATES STUDENT, published by the Junior class at Bates College, is a magazine bearing much resemblance to the ordinary college paper. Its columns are occupied by intelligently written articles, varied with an occasional poem. The editorials are abundant, and bespeak an acquaintance with the subjects treated.—*Dartmouth.*

A newly elected editorial staff on the BATES STUDENT has effected notable improvement in that magazine. The magazine is now select in contents, and neat in type and binding. The best article of its kind in the present number is the poem, "Morning by the Sea." This is especially excellent for powerful description and rhythmic grace.—*Tuftsian.*

Judging from the character of some of the more recent numbers of the BATES STUDENT, we take it that the inclinations toward college rowdiness, which were manifested in the early part of this college year, has been completely subdued. The paper has ever been manifesting true loyalty to the college, and has always placed itself in opposition to every thing which has a tendency to detract from its general welfare.—*An Exchange.*

The next candidate for Ephraim's favor is the BATES STUDENT. The best feature of the STUDENT, in his judgment, has always been its poetry. Although it is seldom of a light or humorous character, it is generally sufficiently interesting to command a reading. Indeed some of it compares very favorably with the serious poetry of the *Advocate*. The poems of Mr. Foster are worthy of especial notice and are really excellent.—*Argo.*

The BATES STUDENT comes to us in the form of a magazine. It is a very readable journal and possesses a more than ordinarily attractive literary department. The two articles, "J. G. Holland" and "Modern Political Assassinations" were especially good. The former exhibits an imagination and use of language of no mean order, although in some places the author soars so high that we

fear for the safety of his landing.—*Madisonensis.*

The BATES STUDENT is sent to us regularly, and we always endeavor to peruse its pages. The literary part of the number before us is filled with articles which we advise the managers to stereotype, and use them every four years. The editorials are on the old stand-by subjects, although well written; while our contemporary, the exchange editor, in a burst of eloquence, defines the responsibilities of his office, and then commences his attack on the *Chronicle*.—*College Argus.*

There is one obvious criticism to be made upon the BATES STUDENT. The paper is neat and attractive, the editorials vigorous and live, the exchange notes discriminating. We may be allowed to suggest to the BATES editor the propriety of making his local items a little less local in point and interest. Obscure allusions and inscrutable witticisms should be conscientiously excluded from the local department of a college paper. The effort should be to render every paragraph easily intelligible to every reader. Altogether we enjoy the STUDENT.—*Northwestern.*

The BATES STUDENT declares that public sentiment is strongly against the existing institution of co-education at Bates College. This is probably the reason that we find all Johns and no Marys on the editorial staff. The new Board are to be congratulated on their first "Editors' Portfolio." The subjects are all interesting and so well treated, that beginning with the first we were beguiled into reading all the eight editorials. The STUDENT aims at improvement. We have only one suggestion to make,—a little more care to avoid occasional breaches of good taste.—*Vassar Miss.*

We offer our congratulations to the BATES STUDENT on the class of literary articles which it publishes; they are invariably good, and, in fact, we think are the best we have yet seen in any college journal. The editorials are good and pertinent to subjects important to the students and the interest of the institution. We heartily agree with the editor in his last editorial, which says, in effect, that much so called stupidity is the result of thoughtlessness, if by thoughtlessness he means a lack of concentration, a sort of dreamy and divided application to the subject in hand.—*Wabash.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 29, 1882.

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